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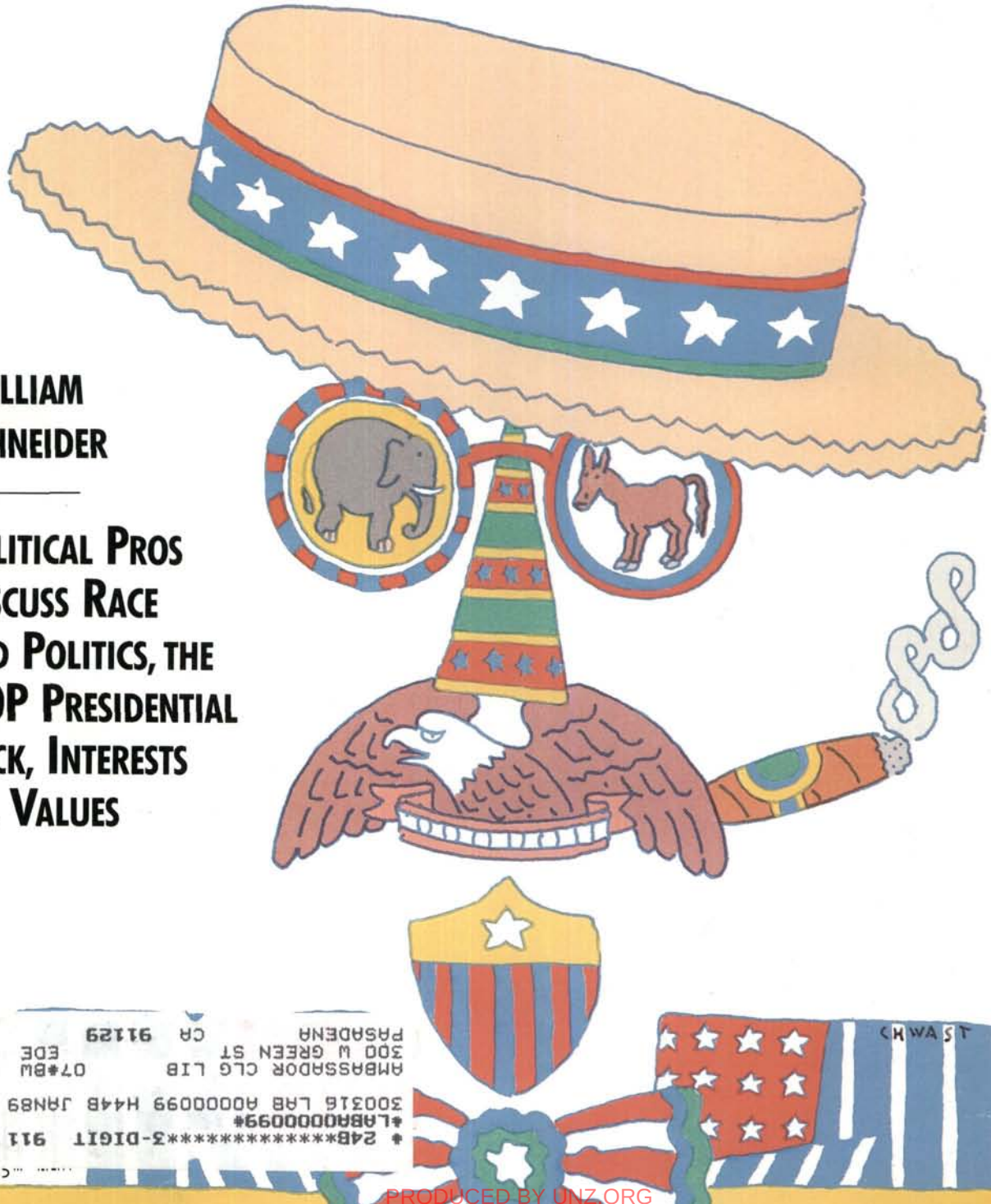

by William Schneider

Political Pros Discuss Race and Politics, the GOP Presidential Lock, Interests vs. Values

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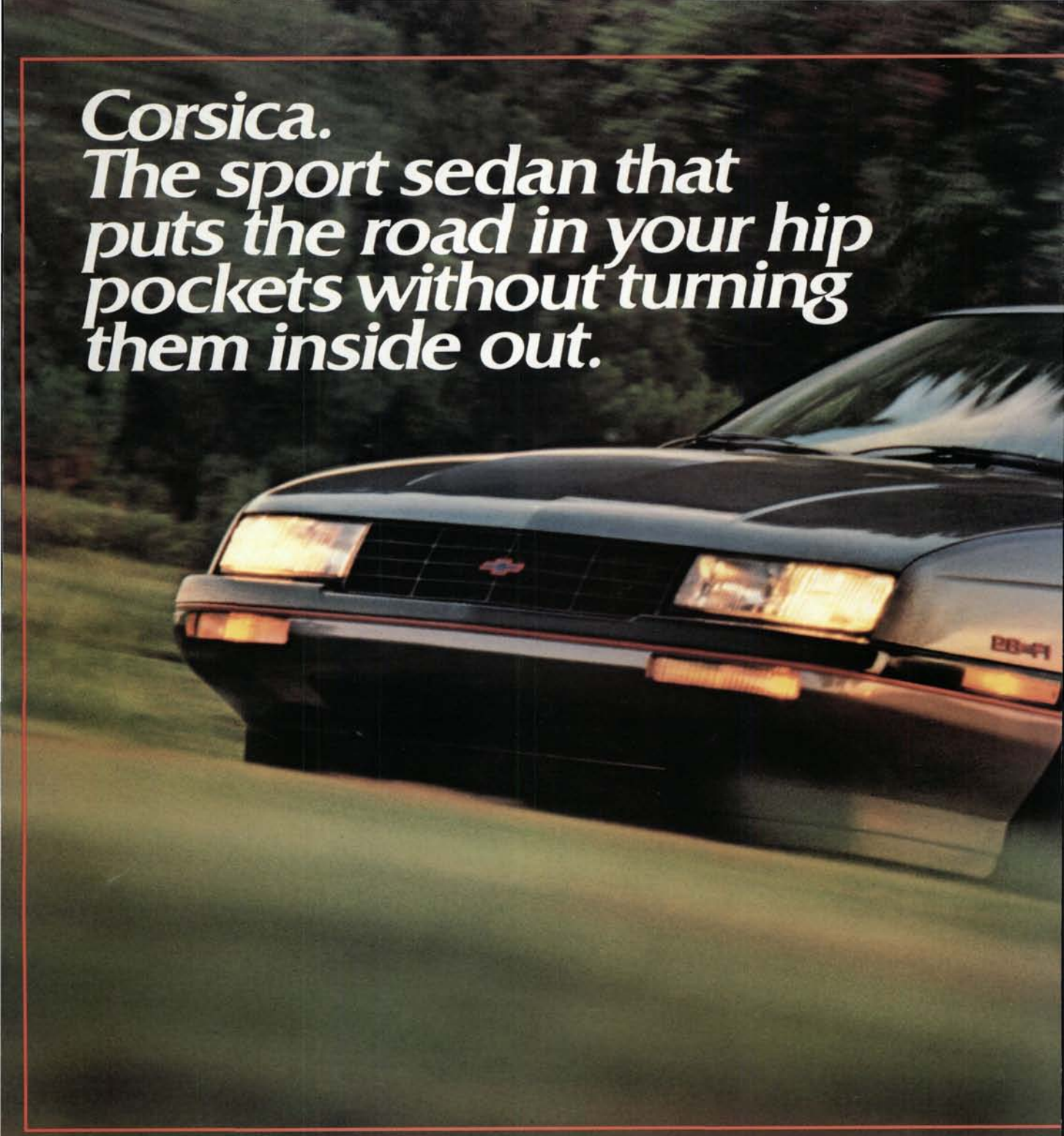

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VOLUME 262 NO. 1

The Atlantic

JULY 1988

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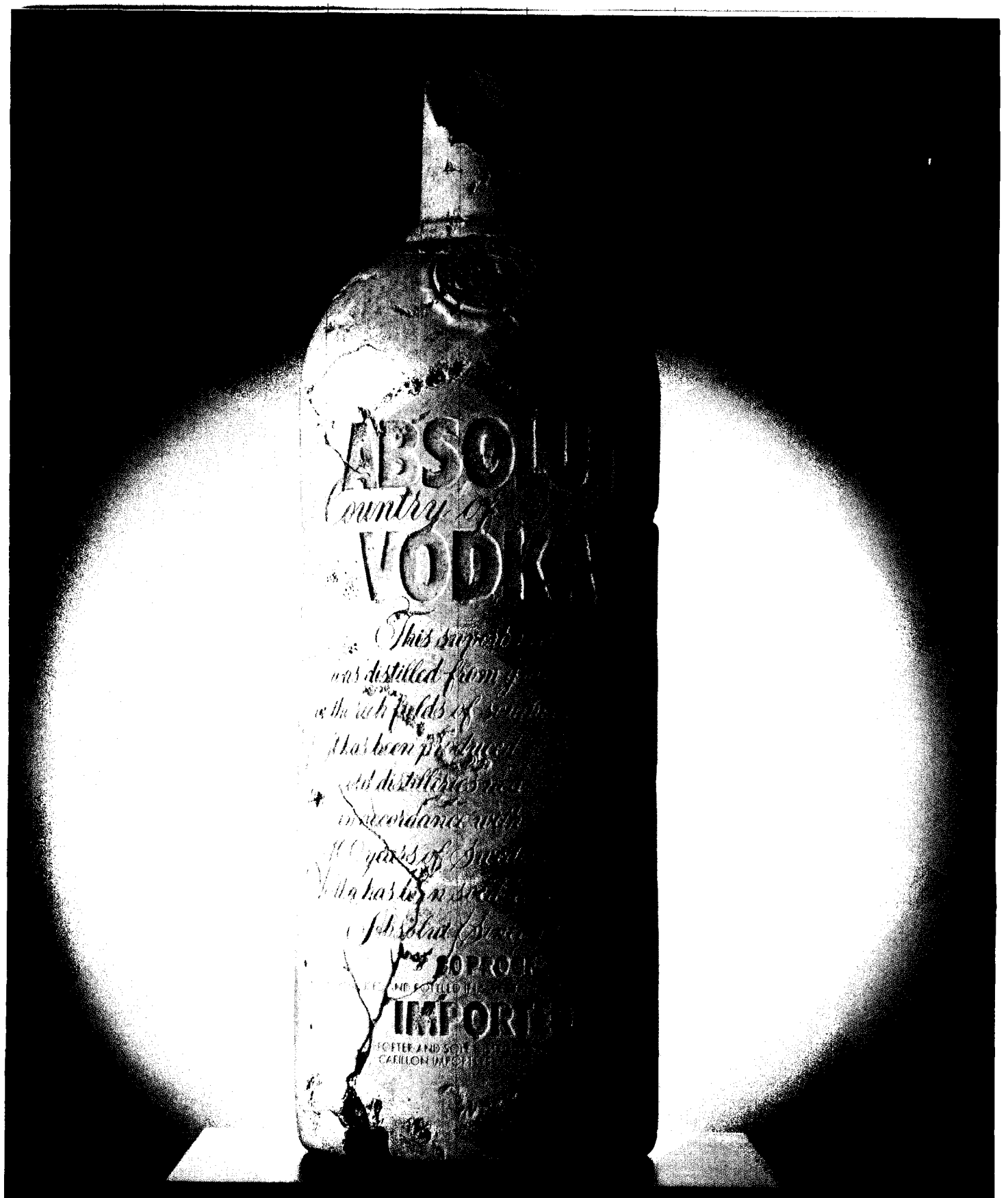

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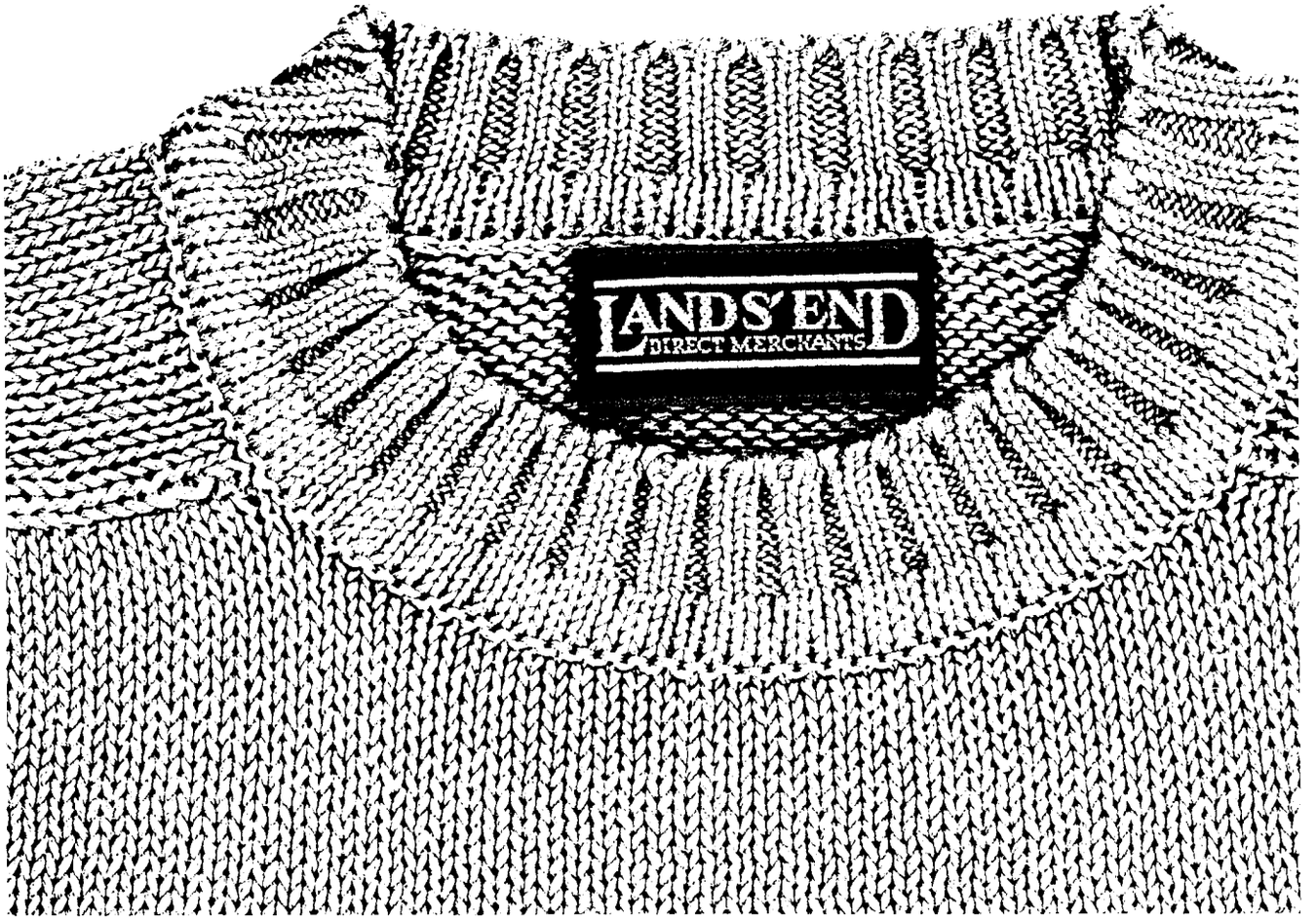

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UNIVERSE AS COMPUTER

Robert Wright's excellent article on the computer scientist Ed Fredkin's theories ("Did the Universe Just Happen?" April *Atlantic*) fails to mention the most important *scientific* (as opposed to metaphysical or philosophical) objection to Fredkin's world view.

If the universe is a cellular automaton—that is, a locally connected, deterministic computer—then the programming rule is a "local hidden-variables theory" and must satisfy Bell's inequality; but the experimental work of Aspect and others has shown that the universe *actually violates Bell's inequality. This is* why Feynman could not accept Fredkin's theory: a locally connected computer cannot reproduce the long-range correlations that quantum mechanics predicts and experiments confirm.

Fredkin and others have attempted to get around this problem, and they may even succeed someday, but right now this is why Fredkin's world view is not more widely accepted among physicists.

JOSEPH SHIPMAN
Melrose, Mass.

If the universe is a computer, or even if it appears *as if* it is a computer, how can one explain the existence of an emotional, illogical, and irrational species such as we are? If anything, the shortcomings and flaws of the most highly developed creature in the world seem to suggest the very opposite of our being the result of design by some machine (algorithm) based on logical principles.

One can comprehend the universe as a result of randomness much more easily than as the product of any conscious force, be it a humanoid silver-bearded Ur-Father or some electrical-engineer geek sitting megalomaniacally behind the console of an endless computer. Certainly either of the latter could have made a better world than this one.

P. M. MARGEL
Tucson, Ariz.

Most scientists would argue that any theory of existence that does not allow for prediction is useless. Furthermore, Fredkin's contention that the universe is not behaving *as if* it were a computer but actually *is* a computer goes far beyond what science in its present state could assert with confidence.

WILLIAM D. SHARPE
Cambridge, Mass.

Although design abounds in nature, no reputable scientist can afford to acknowledge the Designer. The very quality that got the scientist where he is stands in the way of his going further.

JOHN E. SCHAEFER
Oak Harbor, Wash.

While thoroughly enjoying Robert Wright's article about Edward Fredkin, I was disappointed to find that *after one brief quote from Fredkin's* wife, Joyce, she is never mentioned again. Wright describes Fredkin's childhood, his education, his teaching and industry positions, and even how he spent some of his money (he bought an island). But though the author writes at some length about Fredkin's social alienation, he fails to tell us how and when Fredkin obviously overcame that alienation—at least long enough to meet and marry the woman who is his wife.

MARY COLACURCIO
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your article on Edward Fredkin's theory that the universe is a computer was fascinating. However, Stanislaw Lem suggested the same concept in 1971, in his essay "Non Serviam" in *A Perfect Vacuum: Perfect Reviews of Nonexistent Books*. And Douglas Adams, in his best-seller *A Hitchhiker's Guide to the Universe*, concluded that Earth was a computer designed by superintelligent beings to find the answer to "life, the universe, and everything" (which, to the consternation of its creators, turned out to be "42"). Apparently, Fredkin is not a lone man in his digital wilderness.

RAY A. BALESTRI
Dallas, Texas

Robert Wright replies:

It is true that Fredkin's theory doesn't exactly dovetail with the aspect of quantum mechanics mentioned by Mr. Shipman. But in fairness to Fredkin it should be stressed that the two are not logically incompatible. Fredkin has offered a reconciliation that, although not widely accepted and not intuitively ap-

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pealing, cannot be wholly dismissed.

I thank Ms. Colacurcio for giving me a chance to plug my book, *Three Scientists and Their Gods*, from which the profile of Fredkin was adapted. In the book the profile is much longer, and Fredkin's wife and his life and work generally are treated in greater depth.

Abortion Questions

In his article "Justice in the Middle" (March *Atlantic*) Gene Sperling uses narrow thinking and an erroneous premise to reach some of his conclusions.

First, Sperling quotes a 1981 Supreme Court ruling to indicate that no right is "more sacred" or "more carefully guarded" than the right of every individual to control or possess his or her "own person." Sperling then replaces "person" with "body" in his thinking in order to use the right to privacy as a springboard for a right to abortion.

Sperling's emphasis is solely on a woman's right to control her body after pregnancy. To be consistent, he should state that this right ought to apply before pregnancy as well. If the goal is not being pregnant (the same as the effect of abortion), the right to privacy or right to control one's body must be exercised by abstaining from intercourse or by avoiding the risk of pregnancy (using natural or artificial means—depending on one's moral and religious beliefs). No other way of looking at the matter is logically consistent.

Sperling also writes that a fetus has "the potentiality of life." A fetus is alive and has been so since conception. If it were not alive, there would be a spontaneous abortion rather than a live birth. If a fetus is not alive, would Sperling care to tell us when "life" begins?

Ray Mueller
Chilton, Wis.

Sandra Day O'Connor may well prove to be the Supreme Court's new swing vote in the abortion-privacy area. Gene Sperling is correct in asserting that the Court will not withdraw the abortion right by inching back the scope of the individual privacy guarantee. He is also quite right in questioning *Roe* v. *Wade*'s viability-trimester framework in view of the rapid technological advances being made in prenatal and neonatal care (not to mention *in vitro* fertilization and gestation techniques). However, neither O'Connor's current standard of review

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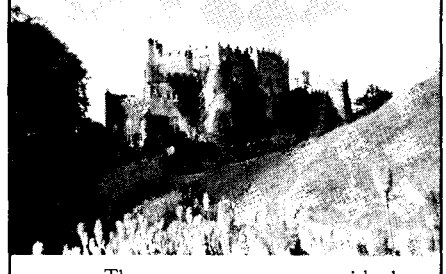

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nor the test proposed by Sperling will effectively protect the right to choose an abortion.

In her most recent abortion opinion (*Thornburgh* v. *American College of Obstetricians*) O'Connor said that state abortion regulations should not be subject to strict judicial scrutiny unless they impose an "undue burden" on the abortion right. In other words, a law that does not constitute an "absolute obstacle" or "severe limitation" to the abortion right will be upheld in most cases. Only a finding of irrationality or an unlawful state purpose will be grounds for invalidating the law.

Under this narrow standard O'Connor would have upheld every abortion restriction that the Supreme Court has struck down since 1983, including burdensome reporting requirements for physicians, informed-consent provisions that were clearly designed to dissuade women from choosing abortion, and fetal-care provisions that actually subordinated the health of the mother to the "potential life" of the fetus. Applying O'Connor's standard, the Supreme Court effectively deprived indigent women of the right to choose, by holding that the denial of Medicaid benefits for abortions did not impose an undue burden on the right to have an abortion.

Sperling's balancing test, if adopted, would require states to provide a "*meaningful* avenue" for the exercise of the abortion right. However, in light of Justice O'Connor's prior opinions and the restrictive statutes that she voted to uphold, her "meaningful avenue" would be nothing but a series of roadblocks. Though in theory Sperling's proposed standard offers hope for continued protection of the abortion right, O'Connor's application of the standard would not result in any real accommodation of that right.

Finally, Sperling correctly notes that anti-abortion statutes "single out women to make serious bodily sacrifices for the sake of another's life," a trade-off that is unprecedented in American law. Unfortunately, many state courts recently have taken the view that, at least in the late stages of a pregnancy, the woman's bodily integrity must give way to the interest of possible fetal survival. Judicial interventions in pregnancies are occurring with alarming frequency. The recently publicized case (currently before the D.C. Court of Appeals) of a dying cancer patient who was forced to undergo a caesarean section is only one tragic example. There are many similar cases that remain unreported and therefore unpublicized.

Thus the state's interest in preserving potential life has apparently superseded the woman's rights of privacy and bodily integrity. This is exactly the sort of intrusion that *Roe* meant to prohibit. If this appalling trend continues, a woman's right to control her body, particularly with regard to her childbearing role, will soon be nonexistent.

SUSAN N. PRALL
New York, N.Y.

Gene Sperling replies:

Mr. Mueller suggests that because I refer to a fetus as having "the potentiality of life," I have taken it upon myself to decide for everyone when life begins. He is wrong. I was simply quoting the exact words of the Supreme Court for defining the status of the fetus. I share Mr. Mueller's concern over the ability of individuals to make a definitive statement about when fetal life is truly full human life. This inherent shortcoming does not prevent any of us from making and living by our personal, moral, and religious decisions regarding this complex issue. The question the Supreme Court must decide, however, is when, in the face of this inherent uncertainty, the power of the state should be used to override the privacy and liberty interests of women who are making this personal and extremely important choice for themselves.

The end of Ms. Prall's thoughtful letter, in fact, mentions a case in Washington, D.C., that poignantly displays how the willingness to give a fetus legal protection in conflict with a woman's interest can lead courts to make chilling life-and-death decisions. In that case a woman with cancer wanted to try to carry her fetus to term. The D.C. Court of Appeals refused to allow her to, stating that the "slim chance" of saving the twenty-six-week-old fetus through an unwanted caesarean section outweighed the dying woman's interest in her remaining days. The court tried to mask the degree to which it was playing God by stating that the woman was likely to die soon anyway. But all life is temporary. Many would argue, in fact, that one's last days are among the most significant.

When such a case was portrayed in a recent episode of *L.A. Law*, the mother died on the operating table but the child was saved. Real life was less kind: neither survived.

SEX AND HORMONES

As a mathematician and a woman, I have learned to be suspicious of articles on the effects of sex hormones on behavior, whether they appear in the popular media or in scientific journals. Winifred Gallagher's article "Sex and Hormones" (March *Atlantic*), for example, suggests that high testosterone levels are a good explanation for the accomplishments of Elizabeth I of England. Is the subtext here that a woman can succeed only if she is really a man? Is it that hormones, not intelligence, dedication, and hard work, are the cause of human greatness?

Gallagher seems to assume that whereas hormones affect behavior, behavior does not affect hormones. Thus we read of high-T women, as if one's testosterone level were an inescapable and permanent attribute.

Gallagher also seems to assume that if behavior is affected, it is by hormones. Thus we read that while high-T women tend to have trouble in relationships, they have success on the job. If you've ever tried to work long hours and sustain a relationship, whether you were a corporate lawyer or a waitress, you might hypothesize that hormones have less to do with the romantic problems of successful women than do lack of time and sheer physical exhaustion.

Here is a conservative hypothesis to explain the high-T correlation with success: testosterone levels do seem to affect one's energy. People with more energy try to do more. Extending the hypothesis to cover romantic problems: people who try to do more often end up trying to do more than they can handle. Period.

JUDITH ROITMAN
Professor of Mathematics
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kans.

Winifred Gallagher replies:

To consider the effects of reproductive hormones on behavior hardly implies an unspoken assumption that they rigidly predict it. Like all human behavior, accomplishment, success, and human greatness result from the combined influences of nature and nurture. Excluding the effects of either is simplistic and potentially dangerous: consider men and women affected by treatable hormonal imbalances who are told that their psychological and physical symptoms are "natural" and should be "lived

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through," or are caused by repression and feelings of inadequacy.

Philippine Bases

James Fallows argues in "The Bases Dilemma" (February *Atlantic*) that the U.S. military doesn't really need to maintain the U.S. facilities at Clark Air Base and Subic Naval Station. We disagree and, for the record, would like to correct several errors in fact, and misrepresentations of life at Clark, contained in the article.

The Military Bases Agreement doesn't simply "expire in 1991." As originally drafted, the MBA was for a ninety-nine-year term. It was amended in 1959 and the term reduced to twenty-five years, effective in September, 1966, after which it would continue indefinitely unless terminated by either party upon one year's notice. That means that the U.S. presence could not be unilaterally terminated under the agreement until September, 1992, at the earliest.

Fallows advocates the freezing of any capital investment for Clark and Subic. We experienced a freeze in the 1970s, following similar logic, and are now paying the price, with a physical plant requiring repairs and an old, deteriorating runway that needs immediate attention for the safety of our pilots and military-transport passengers.

Fallows refers to the "bars, massage parlors, and brothels" in neighboring communities, claiming that "many of the [American] dollars get no further than that." An exaggeration. Millions of dollars are spent on operations and maintenance services and supplies, housing rentals, utilities, wages, and personal purchases of handicrafts and furniture, for example. The amount spent in the "entertainment industry" is hardly a large percentage of our total economic impact. Fallows also quotes a source as claiming that "attendance at the brothels is pervasive through both the officer and enlisted corps" and that "admirals and generals regularly went along with everybody else." Hogwash. Going to a local bar or disco to have a beer, socialize with friends, and dance to the music is not immoral to many of us, and that's all that many service members do. The word *pervasive* is based more on legend and myth than on reality. A majority of Clark military members are good neighbors—working with community groups, orphanages, and schools. Last year the Clark U.S. community provided more than $5.5 million in humanitarian efforts and services. Does that sound like a community of immoral "ugly Americans?"

Major Thomas J. Boyd
Director of Public Affairs
Department of the Air Force
APO, San Francisco, Calif.

James Fallows replies:

The agreement governing the bases does expire in 1991, in the sense that from then on either side may terminate it. Since termination requires one year's notice, the earliest the bases could be gone is, as Major Boyd says, 1992.

Decisions about capital spending in the late 1980s are different from those made a decade ago. In the 1970s the United States knew it would have at least fifteen more years to use the bases and amortize the investment. Now we're only guaranteed a few years more.

I am sure that most people at Clark and Subic are "good neighbors." I am also sure that if most Americans got a look at the base-side settlements of Olangapo and Angeles City a different metaphor for the Fil-Am relationship would come to mind.

The main point of my article was not that we "don't need to maintain" the Philippine bases. I said that of two bad choices—to stay or to go—the less bad might be to leave voluntarily over the next decade or so rather than (unlikely) being shoved out or (more likely) getting caught in, and aggravating, the increasingly nasty predicament of the Philippines.

Advice & Consent

We are grateful for Alfie Kohn's intelligent and balanced coverage of the home-schooling movement in the April *Atlantic*. To his report we must add, however, that this educational alternative is not "obviously impractical" for the working parent but is in fact practiced by quite a few such parents. At *Growing Without Schooling* magazine we frequently hear, and publish, stories about home-schooling families with parents who work outside the home or at full-time home businesses. Several of these are single parents.

Susannah Sheffer
Editor
Growing Without Schooling
Boston, Mass.

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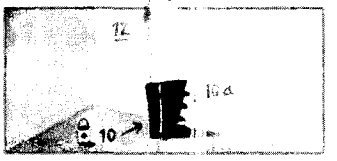
THE JULY ALMANAC

ARTS & LETTERS

July 9–14, the annual meeting of the American Library Association. One hot topic will be the FBI's Library Awareness Program, which is aimed at curtailing the outflow of "proprietary, sensitive, and other information" to unfriendly countries and the recruitment of students as foreign spies. FBI agents say the program is "to alert [librarians] to this potential danger" but have not made it clear how to recognize agents of a hostile power. "Even if they told us how, it's against our professional ethics," says Patrice McDermott, of the ALA. The FBI has also asked permission to examine circulation and data-base-search records.

DEMOGRAPHICS

If you plan to travel around the country this month, be sure to bring some foreign-language phrase books: more foreigners visit the United States in July than in any other month. At the Grand Canyon's Back Country Reservation Office, according to one park administrator, "English is almost a second language." The 8.9 million tourists who came to the United States last year revealed different national tastes. West Germans particularly favored the Grand Canyon, being outnumbered as overnight back-country hikers there only by people from Arizona and California. According to an informal National Park Service survey, Britons are the most likely of all foreigners to visit Philadelphia's Independence National Historical Park—perhaps for its echoes of lost empire. Canadians are the foreigners most commonly sighted at Gettysburg National Military Park. An official at the battlefield explains that Canada, ever mystifying, is the home of several Civil War re-enactment clubs.



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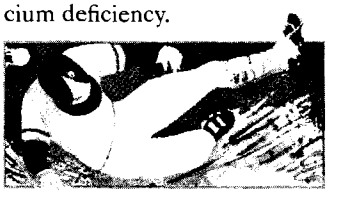
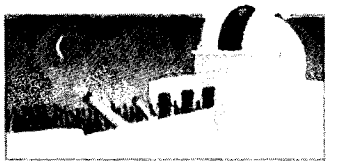
FOOD

Over the three-day July 4 weekend Americans will consume soft drinks at a rate (a pint and a third a day per person) unequaled in any comparable time period during the rest of the year. Soda pop surpassed tap water as America's favorite drink in 1986, and its lead is likely to widen. According to a soft-drink industry spokesman, "There's nowhere to go but up." Classic Coke, which survived an assassination attempt in 1985, is still the most popular carbonated drink in America. (New Coke, the assailant, is a miserable No. 9.) One new beverage trend: an increase in milk-drinking by adults, spurred by concern among women about osteoporosis, which is associated with calcium deficiency.



HEALTH & SAFETY

Some 32 million people will play 4 million softball games in July, and, according to the Centers for Disease Control, in 7.2 games out of 100 someone will be injured by "the impact of rapid deceleration against stationary bases"—that is, by sliding into second or third. The average cost of medical care for these injuries, most of which will involve the ankle, is estimated to be $1,223 per injury, or $2 billion annually for the nation as a whole. A study conducted in Michigan in 1986–1987 suggests that the use of breakaway bases, which are dislodged more easily than are moored bases, would reduce the number of sliding injuries to softball players by 96 percent. The CDC was careful to allay players' fears with respect to one important issue: "The umpires did not have difficulty with judgment calls when the bases released."

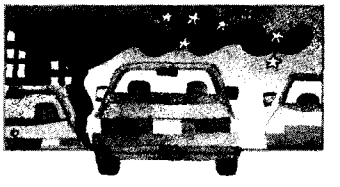


THE SKIES

July 13, New Moon. 15, in what will probably be the largest coordinated amateur astronomy effort the world has ever seen, thousands of people in North and South America will hunt at sundown for the reappearance of a thin lunar crescent and report their observations to the U.S. Naval Observatory and NASA, enabling astronomers to construct a geographic model of lunar-crescent visibility. 28, Full Moon, also known this month as the Thunder Moon.

ENVIRONMENT

July 1, the start of summer's "dog days," so named for Sirius, the Dog Star. The evaporation of hydrocarbons from automobile fuel tanks, a major factor in air pollution, is at its peak now, owing to the heat. The Environmental Protection Agency has proposed two sets of regulations to deal with the problem. One, which would require the sale of less-volatile gasolines in summertime, is favored, not surprisingly, by automakers. The other, which calls for improved vapor-recovery systems on new cars, is favored by oil companies.



GOVERNMENT

July 1, the legal drinking age in Wyoming will be raised from 19 to 21, making 21 the drinking age in all 50 states. Also on this day the speed limit on most of Virginia's rural interstate highways will be raised from 55 to 65 miles per hour. Forty states have enacted higher highway speed limits since 1987, when Congress voted to allow states to exempt rural interstates from the lower speed limit imposed nationwide in 1974, and raise the speed limit to 65 mph. The National Academy of Sciences has estimated that the 55-mph speed limit has prevented 2,000-4,000 fatalities as a result of automobile accidents every year. The House (July 1–5) and the Senate (June 30–July 4) will recess for the Independence Day holiday, and again for the Democratic National Convention, which meets in Atlanta on July 18.

50 YEARS AGO

James Hilton, the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, writing in the July, 1938, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "I do not think that the whole or even the chief value of a schoolmaster can be measured by the knowledge he imparts. Much of that knowledge will be forgotten, anyway, and far more easily than the influence of a cultured and liberal-minded personality. Indeed, in a world in which the practical people are so busy doing things that had better not be done at all, there may even be some advantage in the sheer mundane uselessness of a classical education. Better the vagaries of *tollo* than those of a new poison gas; better to learn and forget our Latin verbs than to learn and remember our experimental chemistry; better by far we should forget and smile than that we should remember and be sad."

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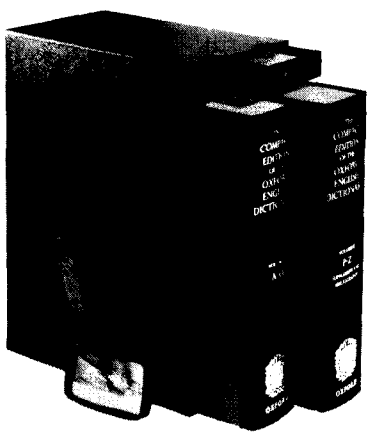

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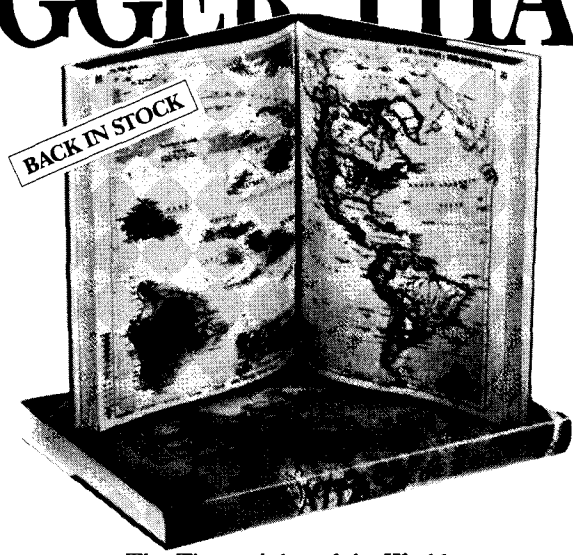

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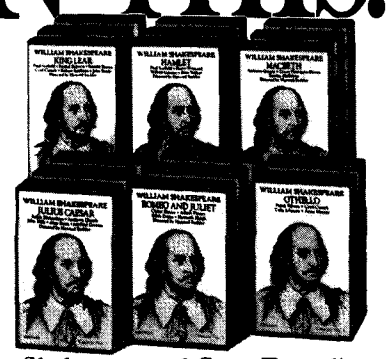

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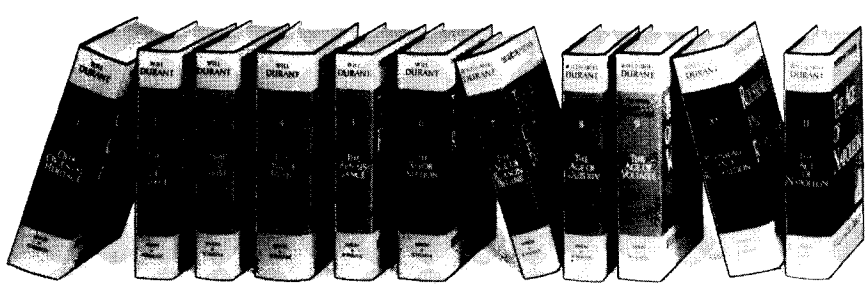

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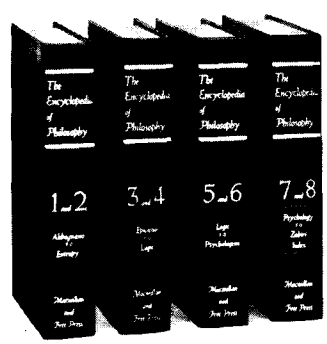

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

EPHEMERAL STATES UPDATE

BACK IN JANUARY, I wrote an essay for this magazine called "Ephemeral States." It concerned imaginary countries that ordinary people have attempted to establish, for one reason or another. At the end of my essay I noted that, prompted by a comment from an official at the State Department, I had decided to start a country of my own. I claimed sovereignty over the sun, which I renamed the Solar Atlantic Empire, and declared myself its Lord High Suzerain. And I mentioned that I would be interested in hearing from potential citizens.

Since then I have been if not deluged then at least well moistened by the response. As a result, the population of what I have taken to calling "my vast empire" has swelled. I have been able to name appointees to the offices of Chief of Police, Exalted Prime Minister, Miss Milky Way, and Minister of Defense, among others. I have received international recognition in the form of a letter from a man in British Columbia, who now serves not only as Canadian Ambassador to the Solar Atlantic Empire but also as Solar Atlantic Imperial Ambassador to Canada. I have also granted citizenship to Mrs. Goss's fourth-grade class at Lindbergh Elementary School, in Kenmore, New York. (Mrs. Goss is the SAE's Minister of Education.)

The first of Mrs. Goss's students to get in touch with me was Matt Roberts. "I was wondering if I could have Saturn, and Pluto?" he wrote. "I would keep Saturn for our class, and Pluto would go to Disney World." Roberts now serves the SAE as Most Honorable Minister of Saturnian and Plutonian Affairs. Like the rest of Mrs. Goss's class, he was studying the sun in science. "I am taking your advice and using my power wisely," he wrote in another letter. He would like to be a lawyer.

Joshua Gibbons, a classmate of Roberts's, also wrote. "We enjoyed reading your article. 'We, meaning Mrs. Goss's fourth grade class.' We would like to be part of your solar committe. Would you please tell us what the flag looks like. Would you like some ideis?" Gibbons, now the SAE's Chairman of the Committe on Ideis, is at work on a flag.

Most of Mrs. Goss's other students have requested and received government appointments, except Louis Reboy, who wrote, "Right now I am writing laws. Oh yeah, can I be the president of Solar Atlantic Empire?" No, Louis, you may not. But you may be a disgruntled colonel in my army and attempt to overthrow me. (Reboy is not easy to please. When I sent him and his classmates a copy of a book I had written, he responded, "Thank you for the book and I hope we like it. Maybe you might change Solar Atlantic Empire to Empire of america.")

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDALL ENOS

On my suggestion, Mrs. Goss's students have formed a country of their own. It is called Catskill Island. According to one of Mrs. Goss's students, Jodie May, Catskill Island was named for a Siamese cat who visits the class and "does some pretty weird things." Catskill Island's flag was designed by Angela Ruslander (whom I have also named governor of my new solar province of Rusland). Ruslander's flag is a secret. "I stapled two pieces of paper together so no one will see it," she wrote.

The SAE's Pacific Correspondent, as he has asked to be called, is Oren Matthew Swain, a student at the University of California at Los Angeles. Swain signs his name (Oren) Matt(hew) Swain. "I shall emediately begin a citizenship drive," he promised in his first letter, "but for the protection of your Lordship's sanity I will not advocate letter writing except to the most interested potential citizens." In closing, Swain described himself as "one who is glad to have found a pertinant cause other than Nuclear Disarmerment, the Donation of Blood, and the Fighting of Drug Hysteria in America." As is evident from the letters of Gibbons and Swain, the Solar Atlantic Empire's official language is a variant of English in which certain orthographic improvements have been made. Aspiring citizens should note these improvements and incorporate them into their own writing emediately.

Kyle Hoepner, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the SAE's Imperial Composer, a title that neatly encompasses both

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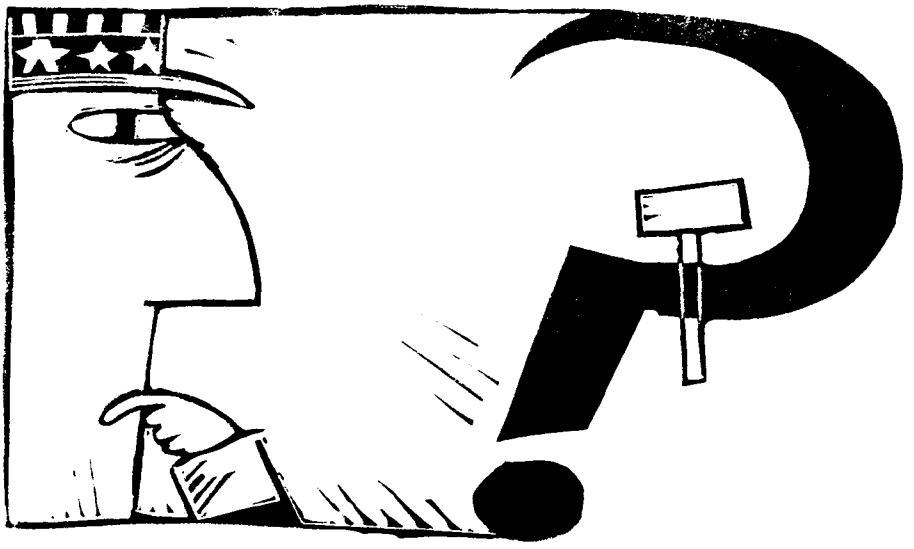
his avocation (writing music) and his vocation (setting type). Hoepner pointed out that "any great and glorious empire should have a suitable anthem and ceremonial music to serve as the outward and visible (or, in this case, audible) trappings of its rightful authority." He has kindly provided these. I like to play my anthem in the evening, while I march around the house. Hoepner is a graduate student in music and a winner of both the New England Conservatory's George Whitefield Chadwick Medal and the SAE's Order of Incomprehensibly Stupendous Musical Merit.

Although I thoroughly enjoy my great authority, my correspondence with Mrs. Goss's fourth graders and others is becoming an enormous drain on my time and resources. Here, for example, is an excerpt from the latest missive from Chairman Gibbons:

> Where were you born? When and where do you get your idas? When did you decide to become a writer? Were you a good student in school? Is writing easy for you? Is there any one thing you need to become a writer? What gives you the most satisfaction about writing? Are you the only one in the lord high suzerain of the sun scandall? How do you write when you give your article to your editor?

Pacific Correspondent Swain, who apparently prefers a career as planetary correspondent to that of a grind, has been untiringly helpful on the epistolary front. But the burden of sovereignty is still too heavy. For this reason I am most eager to appoint a Postmaster General, whom I would empower to conduct the official correspondence of my vast empire. Any takers?

—David Owen



WASHINGTON

WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT GORBACHEV?

The days of the lumbering Soviet bear are over

AMERICANS LIKE reform. So we take it almost for granted that the rise of Mikhail Gorbachev is good for America—that a more modern Soviet Union that looks and acts more like the United States will pose less of a danger to our security. This sense of reassurance is based partly on an unstated premise that as countries grow more like each other, politically and economically, they are less likely to threaten each other militarily. Perhaps we should remind ourselves that in the years before 1914 optimistic European statesmen undoubtedly reassured themselves with the notion that Britain and Germany were becoming more alike. How could two such modern nations go to war?

Let's consider an alternative scenario: the possibility that as the United States and the Soviet Union grow more alike in the future, their rivalry may become more dangerous, rather than less so. In this analysis let's assume that Gorbachev and his advisers truly want a "breathing spell" in foreign affairs, so that they can concentrate on modernizing the Soviet economy. And let's leave aside the complex issues of how Soviet economic modernization and political liberalization will affect Moscow's military capabilities.

Let's focus instead on the nasty problem of what happens when things go wrong—when the superpowers face a sudden foreign-policy crisis that neither desires, such as a new Mideast war. How will the new Soviet leadership behave in such a crisis? Will Gorbachev be less dangerous than his recent predecessors, or more? Here we may have reason for concern.

Let me begin by offering a model for how Soviet-American crises have been resolved in the nuclear age. I like to call it the "pushmi-pullyu" model, after Doctor Dolittle's mythical two-headed beast, which tugged in opposing directions but managed to avoid a dangerous break. The Soviet-American relationship has involved a similar process of action and accommodating reaction. I would argue that this action-reaction pattern has been crucial to coexistence and stability in the nuclear era. When one side has pushed, the other has tended to give way.

What's interesting is that in most major superpower crises since the 1960s the Soviet Union has eventually given way. Indeed, during the Brezhnev era Soviet actions seemed to follow a pattern of belligerent rhetoric and occasional adventurous forays when America didn't seem to be looking, and generally cautious behavior during crises. The troubling question is whether this pattern will hold during the Gorbachev era.

Crises put a premium on quick and bold decisions. The side that can act quickly and boldly has an enormous comparative advantage in crisis management. Until recently the United States had just such an advantage, and that is one reason why we have managed to dominate the few nuclear crises that have arisen.

As evidence, let's look at some superpower crises through the prism of Henry Kissinger's memoirs. (His account is inevitably self-serving, but other officials involved in formulating policy at the time agree with its overall thrust.) Here are three examples:

• Jordan, 1970. The locus was the Washington Special Actions Group. Under Kissinger's direction it sent carefully calibrated signals to the Soviets as Syrian tanks moved into Jordan. These included putting the 82nd Airborne on full alert, with the expectation that the news of this decision would leak, and sending a reconnaissance plane to Israel to pick

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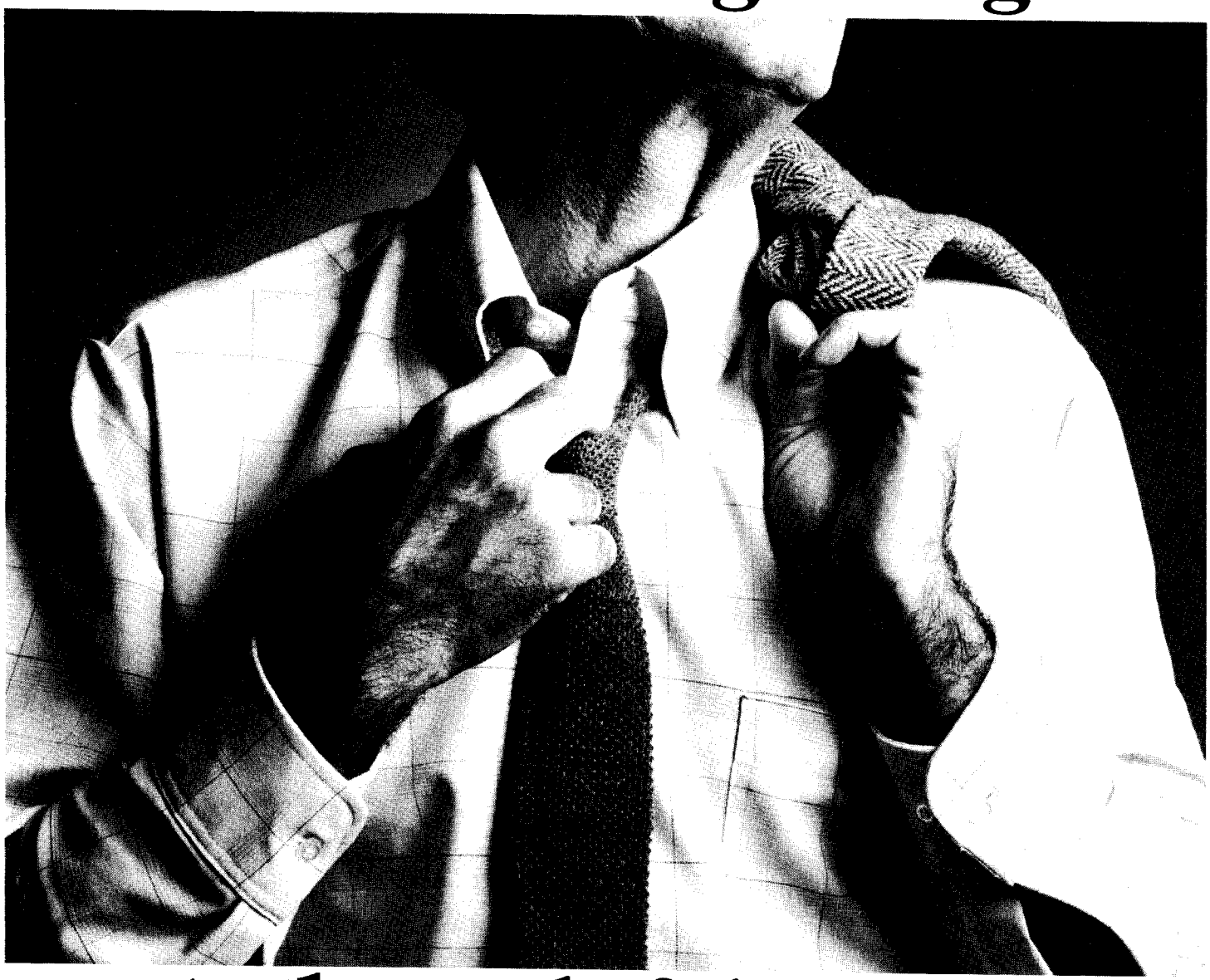

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up targeting information, again with the expectation that the Soviets and the Syrians would learn of the decision. The United States quickly and boldly made a show of force, and, in Kissinger's words, "the Soviets . . . backed off."

• Cienfuegos, 1970. The dustup over Soviet construction of submarine-tending facilities in Cuba was a small-scale replay of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. When in the fall of 1970 the United States received evidence that such facilities were under construction, President Nixon and Kissinger moved promptly and decisively—and in private—to force the Soviets to stop. This quiet diplomacy worked: the Soviets backed down. Kissinger writes, "By great firmness in the early stages of construction, we avoided a major crisis, yet we achieved our objective. Military construction was halted. . . ."

• The 1973 Mideast war. This was probably the most dangerous superpower confrontation since the Cuban missile crisis. As in the Jordan crisis, the United States moved quickly and boldly to convey determination by means of military movements and alerts. At the height of the crisis, on the evening of October 24, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin delivered a message from Brezhnev threatening to send troops unilaterally to Egypt to rescue the Egyptian army. Shortly thereafter Nixon fired a warning shot by ordering all military commanders to move to a higher state of readiness, known as DefCon III. When the desired response was not forthcoming, Nixon put the 82nd Airborne on alert. Brezhnev got the message. Within about twelve hours, Kissinger writes, "the Soviets had backed off."

Notice a pattern? In each case, once the crisis was under way, the Soviets gave ground. Not only that, but, according to Kissinger and other American participants, the Soviet decision-making process was often sluggish. One National Security Council official recalls that at some points during the 1973 Mideast war, for example, the Soviets "seemed to be twenty-four hours behind events."

THE SOVIETS WERE sluggish during the Brezhnev era in part because of the collective-leadership ethos of the Soviet system. This was a generation that had seen the madness of Stalin's one-man rule and was determined that it shouldn't be repeated. For the Brezhnev generation, the Politburo was supreme—even if collective decision-making by such a large body slowed the Kremlin's ability to respond to crises.

Gorbachev is different. One NSC official who has seen the old Soviet style and the new explained recently, "You have the sense that a bunch of younger guys may be capable of quicker decisions—and gutsier decisions. Gorbachev probably has a self-confidence that his predecessors lacked. The older generation remembered how weak the Soviet Union had been. There was a sense that Brezhnev, for all his bluff, would back down. It used to be almost a foregone conclusion that we would win in a crisis. Now it's indeterminate, and that's a little scary."

Soviet crisis management may prove more robust under Gorbachev for several reasons. First, the new Soviet leader may be less deferential toward the Politburo as the seat of executive authority and more inclined to act "presidentially" in a crisis. Gone is the mentality that led Brezhnev to take the Politburo with him to negotiate with the Czech leadership in 1968. Gorbachev's advisers, especially the former ambassador Dobrynin, have seen the American presidential system in action and have studied the crisis-management techniques of Kissinger and others.

Second, Gorbachev seems to be encouraging changes in the intelligence organizations which may give the Soviets quicker and better information in crises. U.S. intelligence experts say that previous Soviet leaders have been hamstrung during crises partly because of a tradition of concentrating the analytical function at the very top. Whereas American intelligence agencies encourage analytical judgments at every stage of the process—so that it's not unusual for a middle-level bureaucrat to speculate about what the Soviets will and won't do in a crisis—the Soviets have tended to give their decision-makers facts only. Deciding what these facts mean has been left to the Politburo and its most senior advisers. "Stalin was his own intelligence analyst," one Reagan Administration official remarked last year. "That's why he was surprised in 1941 by the Germans." In contrast, this official noted, "it's clear that Gorbachev wants his people in national security to behave differently."

Similar changes may be taking place in what Americans call the "interagency process"—the task of coordinating the activities of the various agencies involved in national security. Traditionally, experts say, the Soviet general staff and the KGB have worked separately, and their views and activities have been compared only at the highest levels of government. There have been few interagency groups and senior interagency groups ("IGs" and "SIGs," in bureaucratese) in Moscow, in other words. That may sound like an enormous advantage for the Kremlin. But experts argue that the Soviet approach has often meant an overload at the top. U.S. officials believe that Gorbachev may be changing this, too.

Soviet diplomacy is already losing the sluggishness of the Brezhnev years. In 1987 Moscow was on the move diplomatically around the world, negotiating quietly with the Chinese to ease border tensions, adjusting its policy toward South Africa to reassure whites there, expanding ties to South America and Southeast Asia, re-establishing diplomatic contacts with Israel after a twenty-year break, patching together a peace accord among the feuding factions of the PLO, expanding ties with the Gulf Arabs, talking to both sides in the Iran-Iraq war. Lebanese politicians reported that the Soviet ambassador in Beirut was the most active diplomat in town, making the rounds among the warlords and dispensing proconsular advice in the way that the American ambassador had in earlier years. It was a small-scale demonstration that in the Gorbachev era the Soviets can play America's game and win it.

THIS ANALYSIS ISN'T meant to imply that Gorbachev is a warmonger or that the danger of war with the Soviets has increased markedly. The point is simply that the free ride of the early Reagan years is over. The next American President won't have the luxury of negotiating with a weak and slow-moving Soviet Union. During a crisis that might escalate into nuclear warfare, a more efficient Kremlin leadership with an American-style approach to crisis management may be less willing to give ground than Brezhnev and Gromyko were. In the pushmi-pullyu model, that means that when the Americans push, the Soviets may push back, and quickly, straining the relationship. Someone has to give, and under Gorbachev it will not automatically be the Soviets.

What, then, should the next American President do? First, he should understand that however admirable *glas-*

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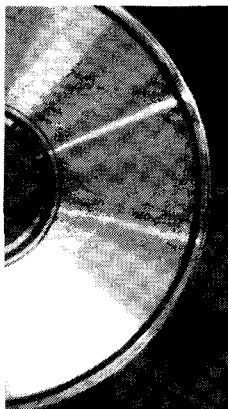

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nost may be, Gorbachev's accession hasn't necessarily made the world a safer place. In a crisis Gorbachev may prove more willing to take risks, and far cleverer in his actions, than his recent predecessors. His arms-control bargaining, for example, shows that he gives ground on small issues to gain a broader initiative.

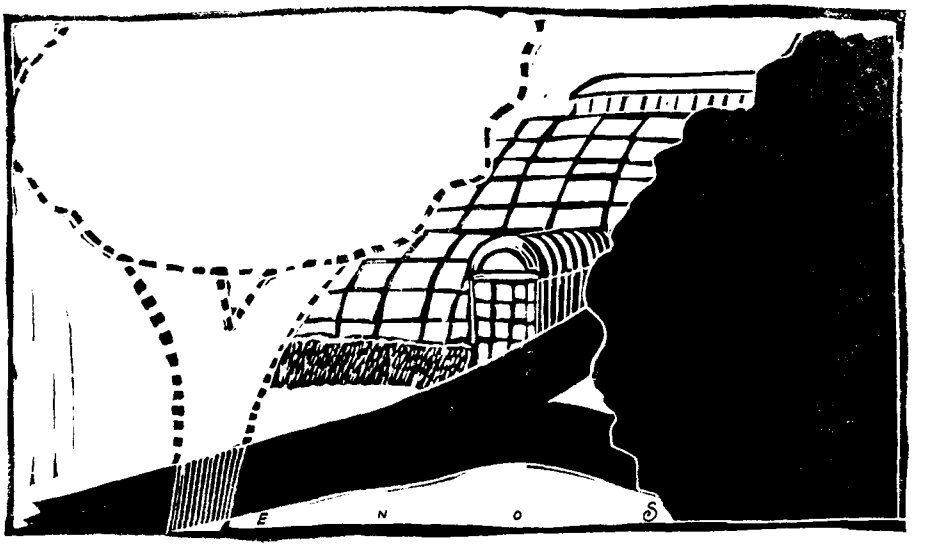
The tensions inherent in Gorbachev's accession were defused during the Reagan years partly by the unlikely role reversal that took place in Soviet-American diplomacy. As the Soviets grew more rambunctious, the United States became more like the Brezhnev-era Soviet Union: cautious, methodical, secretive, inclined to let the other side take the lead in negotiations. Reagan and Shultz seemed increasingly to be the stodgy oldsters and the Gorbachev team the impulsive youngsters. This role reversal certainly eased tensions in the mid-1980s, but it isn't likely to last in a new Administration.

Second, as the next President contemplates the prospect of a future superpower crisis, he should make sure that our own national-security process has the flexibility and discipline needed to protect American interests. At the same time, he should probably seek to increase, where possible, the number of rungs on the ladder of escalation. Otherwise, facing a Soviet leadership better able to match him in climbing quickly and boldly, he may too soon find himself at the top of the ladder.

Finally, if the next President concludes that Gorbachev is likely to be a formidable adversary in a nuclear crisis, he should take steps to prevent such a crisis from occurring. That means using diplomacy creatively to solve problems before they reach the level of Soviet-American confrontation. This is especially important with respect to the Middle East, where the next regional war could contain the seeds of the Third World War.

As citizens of the world, we cannot help but applaud Gorbachev's bold and courageous efforts to make the Soviet Union a more open and dynamic society. As citizens of the United States, with our own interests at stake, we should take a more prudent view. We had the good fortune, during the Brezhnev years, to deal with a country that talked tough but usually folded its hand in a crisis. Gorbachev's Soviet Union is more likely to stay in the game.

—David Ignatius



ENGLAND

RESTORING KEW GARDENS

Britain's worst storm may prove a boon to its botanical collection

THE TIME IS December, 1987. Just to the west of the azaleas, more or less in the center of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, two uprooted southern beeches lean crazily into the crown of a beautiful London plane tree. Three or four more trees are dead on the ground around the plane; those trees have already been marked for eventual disposal. One particularly fine casualty has an *A* label on it and will be used for veneers; another is suitable for furniture. A lute maker has claimed some samples of *C*-grade lumber and will build one complete instrument, which, along with illustrations of all the intermediate stages from tree to finished lute, will form an exhibit for the botanical gardens' museum.

But first the two askew trees must come down and out. Kew's tree surgeons usually climb the trees that demand their attention, but to lop the branches off these they'll use a large cherry picker. The Kew tree gang wears armor—Kevlar-lined boots, and pants made of eleven layers of ballistic nylon, which can clog the chain of a saw before it cuts through to a leg. In addition, they are taking pains this year to avoid carelessness. "You have to know what is going on in a tree when you're topping it," says Roger Howard, the tree-gang supervisor. "We've cut so much recently that we're getting fed up with cutting."

But cut they must, now and for years, as they attempt to repair the damage inflicted in the worst disaster ever to strike the Royal Botanic Gardens—popularly known as Kew Gardens. In the space of eight hours, between midnight and daybreak, on October 16, 1987, Kew, one of the oldest botanical gardens in the world, was torn apart. A storm of a severity essentially unheard of in Britain swept in from the southwest, and its winds cut like Paul Bunyan through woodlands across the width of Britain.

At Kew, just to the west of central London, some 500 trees were demolished and another 500 so badly damaged that they require major tree surgery. Among the dead are some that will be impossible to replace. The hurricane claimed an Iranian elm planted in 1761, two years after the Princess Augusta founded Kew. Another elm, this one from the Himalayas, survived Dutch elm disease only to collapse in the storm. The Queen is said to be quite distressed that a walnut she planted in 1959 has predeceased her. All together, the mess created during one night of wind is expected to take Howard's crew three to four years to clear completely.

The losses at Kew, however, will have consequences that extend much further than the confines of the gardens' nearly 300 acres. Kew is an independent body, paid for by the British government at a cost now running to about $20 million a year. Kew's age and tradition, together with that rather comfortable level of funding, has enabled the gardens to accumulate a collection unique within the botanical community. The herbarium, for example—probably the world's largest—contains between five and six million dried plant and seed specimens (no

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one knows the precise figure) from all over the world.

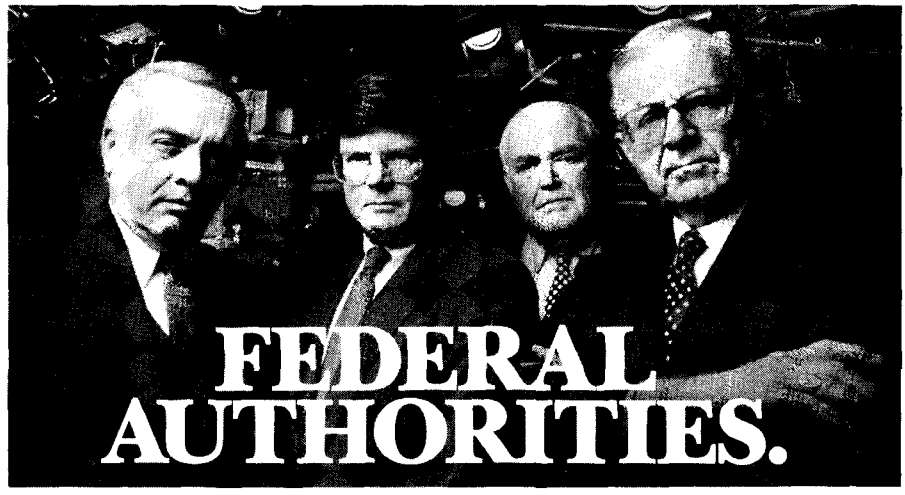
What makes Kew the most significant botanical gardens in the world, though, is not simply its collection of plants. The living collection at Kew provides a laboratory in which to observe plants in action. Kew is famous for its greenhouses and its collection of tropical plants, but at the heart of the gardens stands the arboretum, a collection of 16,000 tree and shrub specimens from the earth's temperate regions. The thousand trees lost or nearly lost represent 10 percent of the total number of trees within Kew's grounds. Each tree represents a decision, taken as long ago as two centuries, about what Kew ought to contain.

For roughly the past two decades Kew's staff has sought to change the gardens, or the plants to be grown there. Now—the silver lining—the destruction wrought by the storm has given them greater latitude than anyone has had since the turn of the century to press the pace of that transformation. While the rest of the world's botanical-garden community watches closely, what will emerge from the wreckage, over a period of decades, is a garden designed to be a particular kind of scientific tool.

Kew has had to choose what plants to try to salvage from the debris left by the storm, what to abandon, and what to bring into the gardens from outside the collection. The up or down choice comes first: which trees—or, more properly, which trees' genes—to save and which trees to turn into compost. As soon as the storm had subsided, the nursery staff at Kew set out to collect the genetic stock of the most important specimens that had fallen.

Unfortunately, the propagation of new plants from old cuttings is not a very straightforward operation, and the savagery of the storm created the worst of conditions for it. "If we know we are going to propagate a tree," Martin Staniforth, the nursery supervisor, says, "we can control the timing, select the material." The storm knocked down mature trees, with relatively few new, fast-growing shoots of the sort suitable for propagation. Compounding the difficulty, the trees were knocked over as they were shutting down for the winter, when what growth they still maintained was approaching a seasonal low.

In effect, Kew's nursery staff had to try to persuade many plants to ignore the signals of age and seasonal change. Staniforth took several of the rarest



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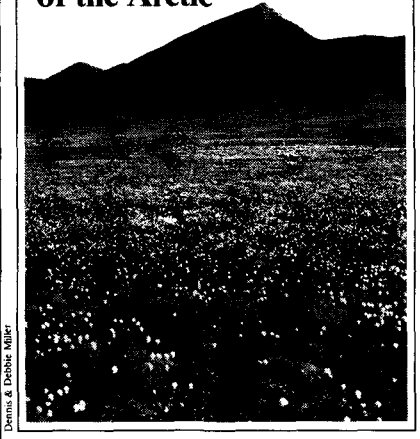

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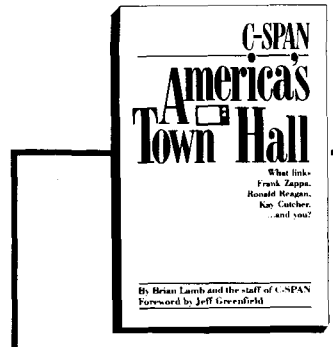

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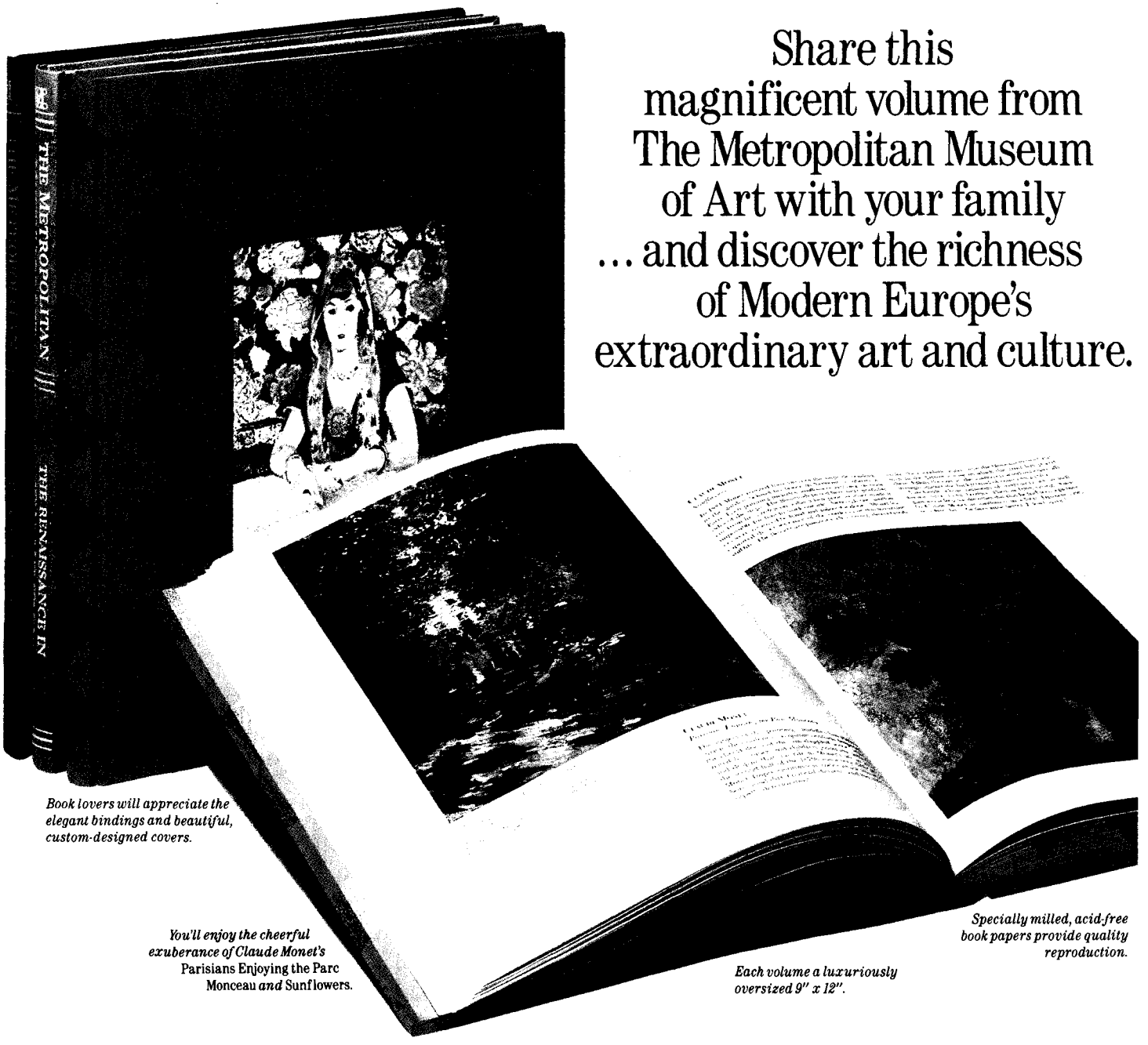

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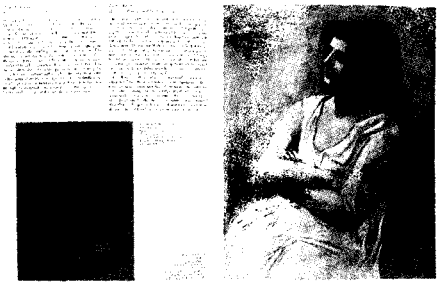

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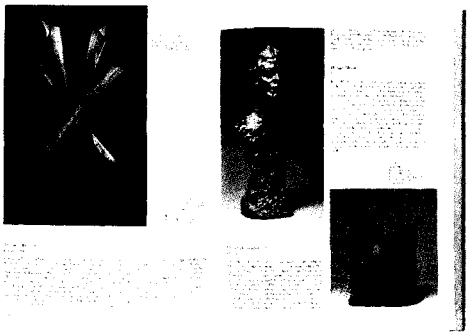

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plants, however, and decided that "the plant was ready for a winter—right, we'll let it have a winter." Winter in this case occurred in one corner of a refrigerator room, where about thirty packages of twigs and branch tips were stacked. "It's like keeping lettuce in a fridge," Staniforth says. "We wrap the cuttings in damp newspaper and place them in plastic bags. The material will keep for up to six months, lying dormant."

The delay gave Kew time enough to acquire plants for root stock. Staniforth hopes to save an extremely rare Syrian apple tree by grafting, and is trying to propagate the only male osage orange Kew possesses. Some species cannot be grafted, so Staniforth is attempting to root some cuttings in soil—an effort, basically, to convince the plants that spring has come; several have put up some shoots. In all, Staniforth is making special efforts to save about fifty plants.

Finally, Kew is taking advantage of its special expertise in a new technique to save plants for which conventional propagation methods hold little promise. Using the tools of biotechnology, Kew's micropropagation unit is trying to raise young plants from tissue cultures. Trees with very hard or pithy wood have resisted conventional propagation techniques—they had to grow from seed or, up until now, they didn't grow at all.

The goal of micropropagation is to take a culture of the plant—just a piece of tissue—and produce a whole plant that can be grown and eventually placed in the garden. Doing that requires careful manipulation of growth regulators in the culture medium, and it requires good starting stocks—cells that are still young and dividing regularly. Unfortunately, the timing of the storm meant that most of the shoot and bud cells had shut down. "We try and force material to divide," says Michael Fay, the micropropagation supervisor. "We place the shoots in a sugar-rich solution to break dormancy—it's worked with some plants here."

However, the technology is still new and is not always successful. A Kentucky coffee tree that was once spectacularly formed seems to be doing well. A sweet chestnut and the only specimen in England of a southern buckthorn from the United States may also ultimately return to the garden. But even if each attempt succeeds, the microprogation unit will produce clones of no more than fifty of the trees destroyed by the storm—a number of them trees that Staniforth is also working on. Only sixty or seventy trees out of the 500 down, then, will be replaced by genetically identical specimens.

In other words, Kew will be abandoning more than 85 percent of the trees lost in the storm. Over the next decade the missing trees will be replaced by new plants, selected according to criteria most of the dead trees could not meet. Most of those trees had been residents of Kew for a century or more, and had been collected in an age whose standards were different from our own; they are being sacrificed now to the demands of modern scientific precision.

THE SCIENTIFIC PROGRAM at Kew includes several lines of research. One is classical botany, the attempt to characterize plants and their life cycles in detail, and to connect what one sees in a particular plant grown under controlled conditions—its shape, its color, its response to conditions of weather or soil, its rate of growth, its vigor, and so on—with what one knows about that kind of plant in the wild. The storm has given an additional spur to several other lines of research. One of these is biochemistry, which has assumed great importance in recent years: the chemicals that plants produce in seed, leaf, bark, trunk, and root have all been studied intensively. The storm has provided researchers with a major new source of root material to analyze. Roots process all kinds of substances for a plant; very little is known about how they do it or about what possibly useful chemicals may be involved. Tree-ring research is another line of inquiry, pursued worldwide; ring growth patterns in Kew's now greatly enlarged collection of wood show, for example, the impact of the Industrial Revolution on London's environment.

The essential precondition for any of this work is that every plant examined must possess a meticulously kept pedigree. Thus Staniforth and his staff of five spend a quarter of their time in the nursery simply maintaining the records that track each plant from its source to its eventual presentation as a full-grown specimen in the gardens. These records preserve the details of where the original stock was collected, what part of the plant's range it comes from, how it was propagated, and under what conditions it grows at Kew. These details sound basic, but this is the data that makes Kew function as something other than an ornamental garden. "So little is actually known about plants," Staniforth says, that "any information is gratefully received."

(By these scientific standards even ordinary plumbing accidents can have a dire effect. In 1987 Kew also suffered from a flood, in the basement of one of the buildings housing its collection of dried plants. The plants bobbed safely in their plastic bags, but their labels floated off; to botanists, an unlabeled plant specimen is almost no specimen at all.)

A plant that comes complete with the right level of detail—usually the first collected specimen to be rigorously characterized—can form what is called a type specimen. A type specimen need not be typical—an apple tree native to Syria may look considerably different at Kew from the way it would in the wild—but it is the yardstick against which to check whether or not another plant (in a garden, in the lab, or in the wild) is of that species. Type specimens, and by extension every plant in a research collection, create the essential context for the conduct of science: material, all from one source, for experiments that can be repeated, varied, and checked by others.

KEW'S GOALS HAVE changed repeatedly since the gardens were established, two and a quarter centuries ago. Kew began as a royal garden, the hobby of a princess. But it was founded during the creation of an empire, and from the mid-nineteenth century on, Kew acted as the headquarters of a network of gardens throughout Britain's tropical possessions, devoted to the cultivation of commercial plants. It was, if you will, one of the first national laboratories. Kew and its satellite gardens studied the horticulture of rubber, coffee, tea, bananas, and the like.

Once the empire was up and running, however, Kew's role became redundant—any further work on tea, say, could best be done in the mountains of Ceylon or Darjeeling, not in London. Accordingly, by the 1930s Kew had become a refuge for botanical curiosities, collected by peripatetic English naturalists. Under a series of old masters of landscaping, from Capability Brown to William Mesfield to J. D. Hooker, Kew gained the beautiful form as a garden that it has largely retained—at a significant cost, as twentieth-century science would reckon it. Ian Beyer, Kew's depu-

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ty curator, says, "Kew began to go wrong in the twenties. The garden had been designed by eminent people, and for fifty years or so, everyone was afraid to touch their work."

Instead of continuing to build the scientifically important collection, Kew began to grow what Beyer calls "botanical-garden flora"—material traded back and forth between gardens. Thus every garden in Europe might possess specimens propagated from one particularly admired plant. By the late 1960s, as a consequence of neglect and of the deliberate decision to raise plants about which little more was known than that they looked good, Kew and many other gardens were virtually useless as scientific institutions. Charles Erskine, the head of Kew's arboretum, estimates that even today, after two decades of catching up, more than half the trees under his care are of unknown origin, and are thus essentially irrelevant to a scientist.

Under normal circumstances this state of affairs would persist for some decades: one thing you can't do in a botanical garden, Beyer says, is "go through the arboretum and cut down the trees you don't like—even when you know that they have very little scientific validity." Given that a tree may stand for 150 years or more, this ethical delicacy has meant that change comes very slowly—Kew has been replacing at most sixty to eighty trees a year since the drive began to re-establish its arboretum as a scientific resource. In this context the storm, though it made an unholy mess, is not quite the disaster it originally seemed. The trees that died and will not be re-propagated yield to Kew the invaluable gift of space and the opportunity to cultivate the plants that its current curators choose—ones that will serve particular intellectual goals framed now, rather than two or three generations ago.

To gather new plants Kew mounts an expedition about every other year. Like the rest of the gardens' operation, the arrangements for such journeys have been changing. In the past the strategy was to go to an interesting place and grab anything that caught one's eye. Now, with a shift toward greater specialization, Kew and other botanical gardens will have to cooperate.

Kew, given its particular climate and geographical conditions, can grow just about any tree, plant, or shrub that thrives in a temperate zone. Kew's curators are planning an expedition to China and would like to go to Argentina, two regions whose flora are already familiar to the gardens' staff. But the strategy—to concentrate on specific groups of plants—and the decisions about where to go contain a surprise: Kew will not seek out exceptionally rare plants to conserve. If a plant is truly endangered, Beyer argues, the chances of re-establishing a population from botanical-garden stocks once the wild type has become extinct are almost nil; the same forces that knocked the species out once will do so again. Most members of the botanical community share this view.

In this argument a living collection should not be a kind of antiquarian museum, filled with curiosities that have nowhere else to go. Beyer and his colleagues wish to create a garden whose plants will yield knowledge likely to have benefits relevant to human needs. "I look at Ethiopia, or the Sudan," Beyer says, "and I see we are injecting a lot of money and food, and for what? They need firewood, fodder—they need irrigation. A botanical garden ought to work on the plants of economic importance."

The protection of species follows from this line of action—but only indirectly. The more work one does, the more one finds important economic implications in the research, which in turn create incentives to protect species. As a consequence, countries that possess the greatest reserves of plant species will tend to conserve the habitats essential for the survival of those species—or so the world hopes. However, once botanists make the commitment to gather information about plants in a scientifically rigorous fashion, the choice of which specific plants to preserve and study is more a political one than a scientific one.

The argument is about emphasis. Everyone concedes that gardens that own rare plants should maintain them, but the choice of which new plants to seek out is central to the definition of what a botanical garden ought to do—and here at Kew the choice is unequivocal.

One day two months after the storm one of Kew's gardeners walked a visitor down the Broad Walk, an avenue marked by the stately progression of pairs of tulip trees, planted in 1939. The trees are purely ornamental; they have no particular importance to any botanist. The storm destroyed several of them—perversely, usually one of a pair, not both.

No decision has been made about whether to replace the missing halves of pairs, replace whole pairs, or replace the whole avenue, perhaps with a different kind of tree. Ultimately, the Kew collection will be more significant than it was before the storm, with or without the tulip trees. But however Kew's gardeners repair the damage along the Broad Walk, their approach to the problem is emblematic of the process of thought they now bring to bear at Kew. Formerly the Broad Walk, when the trees were in flower, was a place of stunning beauty. "It is going to take a long time to recapture that," Charles Erskine said—but the Broad Walk will eventually become complete again in one form or another.

Erskine added, "We reap the benefit now of what our predecessors did. I won't see what I do; my children's children will."

—Thomas Levenson

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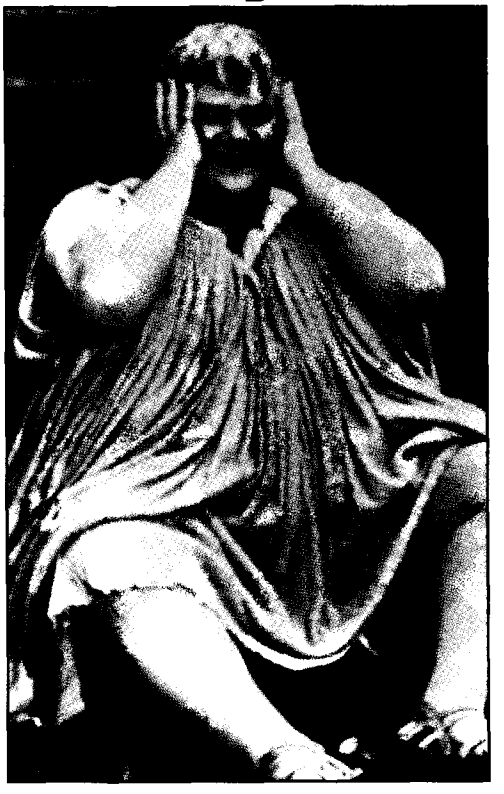

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WHAT EVERY AMERICAN KNOWS

BY STEPHEN BINNS

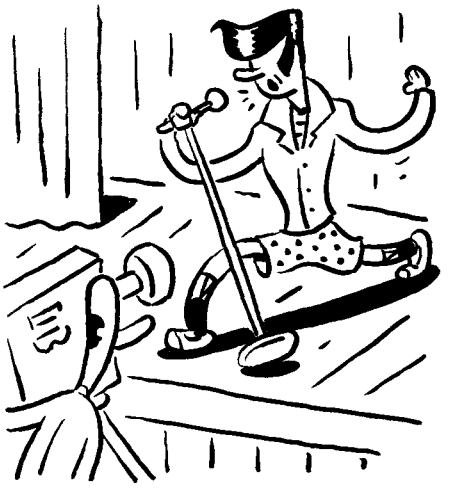
MOST AMERICANS BY now know the horror stories: the Kansas City man who confused Sacco and Vanzetti with the piano duo of Ferrante and Teicher; the Austrian-born physics professor at Northwestern who had the impression that he was from Australia; the Rahway, New Jersey, youth who revealed a complete ignorance of the Statue of Liberty, though he was standing inside its head when questioned. I was reading these sobering items aloud to a few colleagues recently. "I know, I know," one of them said. "But how seriously are we to take the gloom-and-doom boys? Is the day really coming when a casual reference to, say, the Netherlands will be met with gaping, dumbfounded stares? How much damage has Rousseau wrought? Just what do Americans know?"

Thus the idea for our project was born. Thanks to a generous grant from the university that shelters us, we spent the next three months in a comfortably equipped Ford Aerostar van, driving around and talking to (some would say grilling) our countrymen. We were searching for those things Americans hold to be true, the frame of reference on which we might begin to build. Here are our findings.

Truth is stranger than fiction. If Americans can come together on one thing, this is it. No one doubts the horror stories above, and we did not doubt the licensed electrician we met in Oklahoma who told us that his ninth-grade civics class had a substitute teacher on the day they were to discuss the McCarran-Walter Act—a Miss Walter, Miss Karen Walter. At the Writers' Workshop in Iowa City, Dr. Thom Questing told us of the time he was grading a student novella while listening to *All Things Considered.* He turned a page and his eyes locked on a word just as that very word was spoken on the radio. The word was *tostada.* "If a student turned that in to me as fiction, he'd be out of here so fast your head would spin," he said. "But it happened." Few souls were brave enough to assert that they know what truth is (though about a third of our sample said they would probably go along with the idea that truth is beauty). And, as Dr. Questing reminded us, our contemporary authors are constantly re-defining fiction. Even he declined to guess at what fiction is.

Some of the greatest cooks in the world are men. This little factual nugget became wildly popular in the wake of the women's movement, and is still alive in this time of post-feminist confusion. Curmudgeons have had a field day with it, but just as many men sensitive to women's issues have been known to mention it—as if to suggest that maybe it wouldn't kill them to get dinner started one day. Women's groups at first played it down but in the past few years have embraced it. Of course, no hard and fast evidence proves that such a thing is true, though most statistics continue to support it. Food, most Americans agree, is a matter of taste. "I don't doubt those Cajuns on television are worth every penny, but I'll take my mother's cooking any day of the week," said an optician we spoke with near the Crazy Horse monument in South Dakota. "My mother cooked with love, and you could taste that love in everything, right down to her cottage fries."

Elvis Presley was shown from the waist up on The Ed Sullivan Show. This seems to serve as a nice little cultural watermark, whatever its significance to individual Americans. For Troy Pendyke, of Madison, Wisconsin, it was "Calvinist America's last-ditch containment effort against the wiggling masses." For many, it is a wistful memory of a simpler and more innocent time, light-years removed from these days, when, according to Grace Hornsby, of Phoenix, Arizona, "people as soon gyrate themselves as say hello." For some, it is a symbol of just how far we have come and how many more doors are open to us now. "My God, if it weren't for Elvis, I'd probably be running a snowplow or something," said Prince, the rock star, at his sprawling purple home outside Minneapolis. "You know, when he was on *The Ed Sullivan Show* they showed him from the waist up. My God."



Ernest Hemingway was made to wear a dress as a young child. Those Americans who have read a books section of a Sunday paper, or have had to leaf past one to get to the restaurant coupons, reported seeing a baby picture of Hemingway in a frilly gown and long tresses, usually juxtaposed with a picture of an older Hemingway yanking in a swordfish or standing on a lion. This is especially true now

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIL MARDEN

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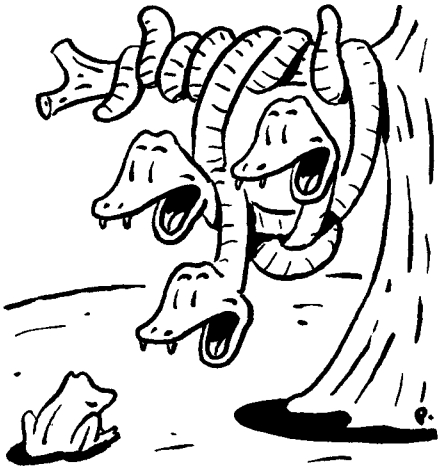
that Miguel Jones's *The Toddler Hemingway: 1900–1901* has inched up the best-seller lists. Jones devotes two full chapters to the gown and draws a great many psychological inferences from it. (Americans on the whole felt far less comfortable discussing Hemingway's work than discussing that of another twentieth-century author, T. S. Eliot. Dr. Richard Waycross, a professor of comparative literature at Oberlin College, attributes this to the Missouri boy's becoming a British subject, a "bold-faced and rather cynical scheme to get into both *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* and *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*." Dr. Waycross expresses real surprise that Eliot did not claim a pinch of Cherokee blood in order to qualify for the Viking Portable *North American Indian Reader*. He is currently working on a book that he describes as a plea for back-to-basics. "We've got kids out there who can recite the 'I should have been a pair of ragged claws' thing but who don't have the slightest understanding of its allusions and antecedents, or even of what a pair of ragged claws would look like," he remarked sadly.)

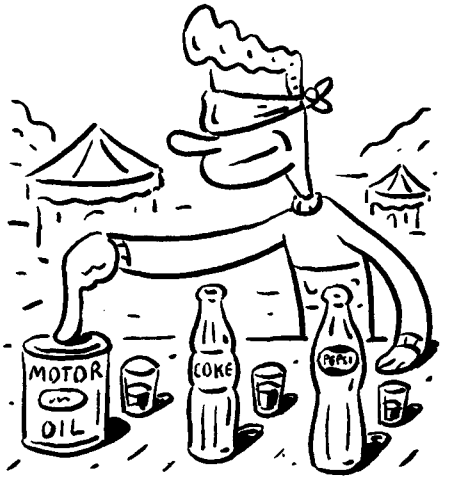
Snakes are not slimy. In the past few years Americans have witnessed what can only be called a zoological revolution and what, in essence, has amounted to a PR campaign for maligned animals. The nature shows on public television and the little placards at zoos cannot, apparently, go on enough about how pleasing to the touch is the snake, how industrious is the sloth, and so forth. A Logansport, Indiana, homemaker we talked to one Sunday afternoon at the Brookfield Zoo, near Chicago, connected the beginning of this animal-revisionist movement to about the time it became unlawful to feed zoo animals caramel corn and potato chips.



Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. Even Americans who skipped breakfast that morning, or just "grabbed some juice on the way out the door," knew this; they admitted they had done something wrong and confessed to a certain run-down feeling.

A little bit about the Bay of Pigs. Yes, we are a nation fairly shaky on geography, and yes, many could say only that the Bay of Pigs is "somewhere south of here," but Americans, we found, have a firm enough grasp of the Bay of Pigs incident to identify their own personal Bays of Pigs. For a former mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska, it was his city's loss of the Lincoln Dudes indoor soccer team, which pulled up stakes in the middle of the night and became the Denver Dudes. For a semi-retired funny-car driver in Columbus, Ohio, it was his first marriage. For many Americans, it was buying a new car just before the auto manufacturers announced 1.9 percent financing last year. A Utica, New York, commercial artist named Dave Stubbens, still in his twenties, claimed to have suffered a Bay of Pigs, a "Carter-era-like malaise," a "Davegate," two Teapot Domes, and a Yalta.

What he or she likes. Most Americans know when to quit, when they're not wanted, and when they've been had. Most know where their children are, enough to come in out of the rain, a bargain when they see one, right from wrong, whether they're coming or going, and a thing or two. But all Americans know what they like, and none can be told otherwise. A Cajun chef we met in Lafayette, Louisiana, likes red wine with everything, even prawns. No matter what anybody says, Roy Anders, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, likes New Coke ("It's sweeter, less fizzy"). A lot of Americans like their bananas to be turned a little black ("That's when they're good," one Kentucky woman insisted). Just about half of all Americans we spoke to preferred *Heaven Can Wait* to *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, and a small but adamant minority in this country misses eight-track tapes. At cocktail and dinner parties all over the nation we eavesdropped on many futile debates: Adidas versus Reebok, Fords versus Chevies, Disneyland versus Epcot. A Eugene, Oregon, family reunion was the battleground for a seemingly endless argument between a Spokane man and his Anaheim cousin—apples versus oranges. The Anaheim man, who was quite drunk and had the habit of jabbing his finger into his opponent's chest to punctuate each and every point, had his cousin right where he wanted him. "Just answer the damn question, Terrence: When have you had a mealy orange? If the orange is bad, you see it on the skin. We *loved* the Golden Deliciouses you sent down last year—that's not the point." (The argument seemed to have a deeper current.) The Spokane man, without conceding anything, finally broke away to join his wife. His cousin



would not let go, though his own wife tried to shush him. "Sweet as sugar! Restorative, for God's sake! Which would you reach for if you had a cold?" We caught up with the Spokane man later and discussed with him his stubborn refusal to give in when, clearly, his cousin had him dead to rights. We wondered how much influence Rousseau had had on his sense of truth. Some, but not much, he thought. Like most Americans, he had read *Émile* and occasionally dips back into it to reread favorite passages. "I know my own heart," he said. "I know it like the back of my hand." □

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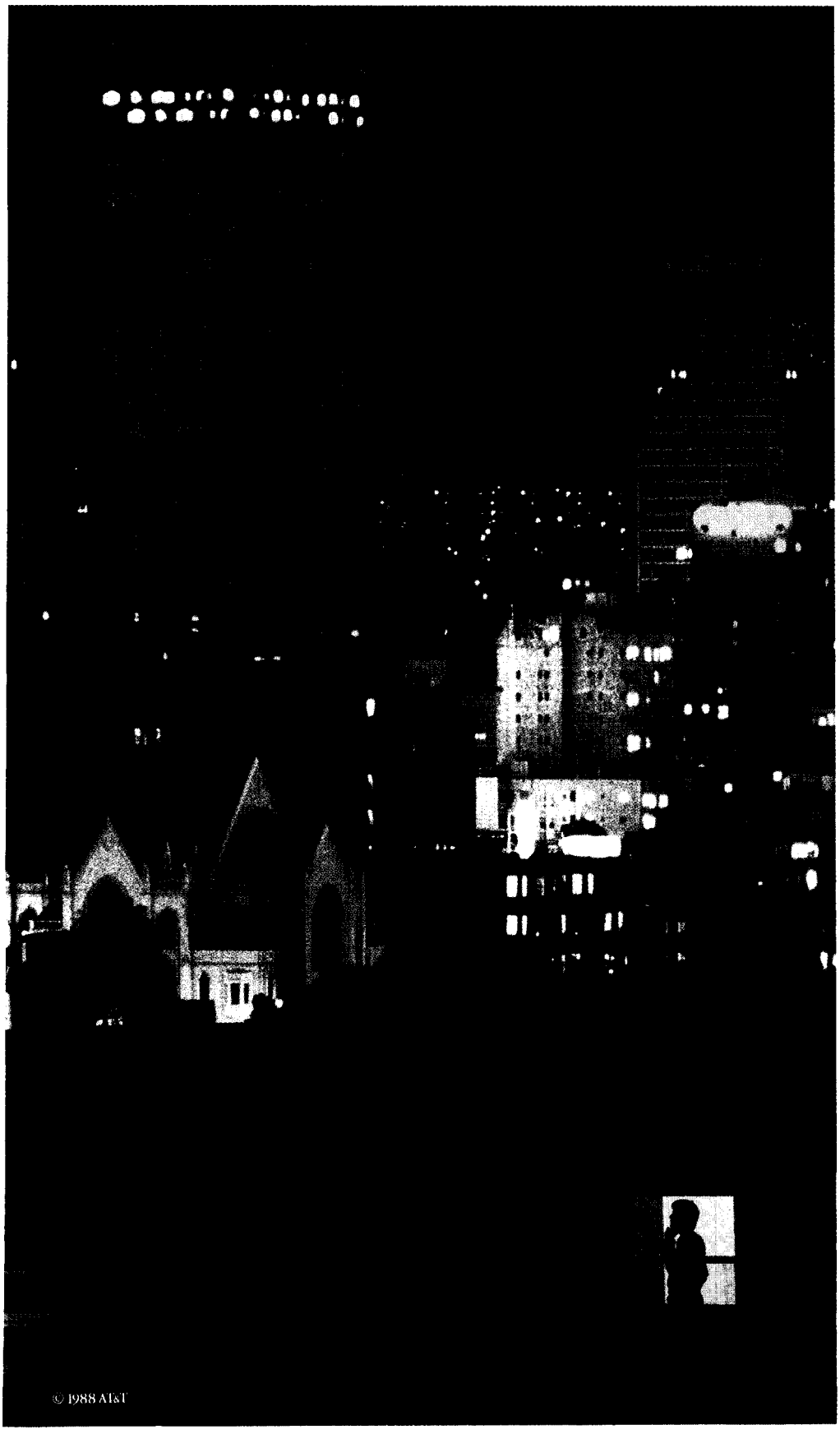

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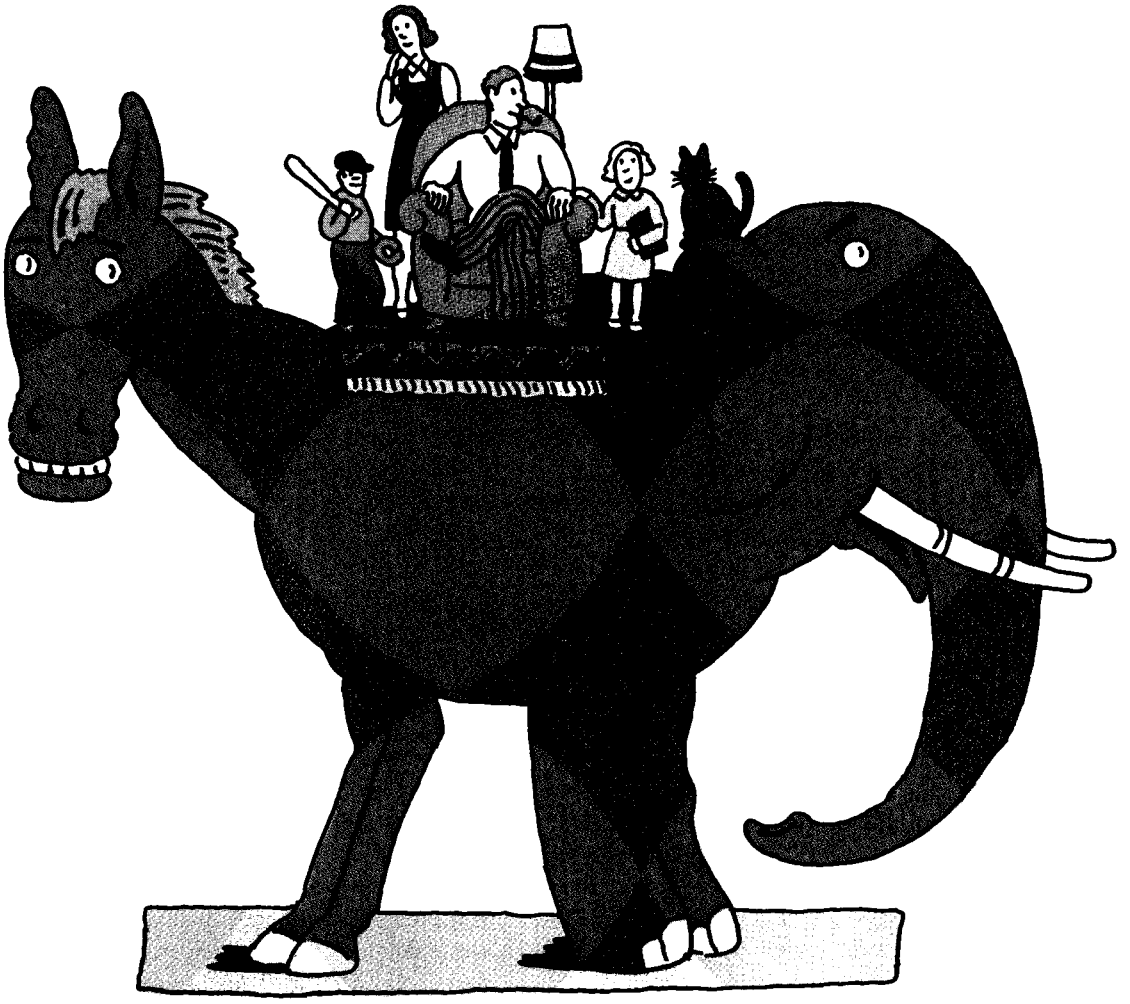

Our author visits the political pros in four battleground states and is reminded that the swing vote in the November election is not conservative or liberal, northern or southern, young or old, black or Hispanic—it's the white middle class

AN INSIDERS' VIEW OF THE ELECTION

BY WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

The Big Picture

THERE ARE TWO THEORIES ABOUT THE 1988 PRESidential election. One is that the Democrats can't lose unless they do everything wrong. The other is that they can't win even if they do everything right.

According to the first theory, the Democrats hold all the trump cards—the Iran-contra scandal, the stock-market crash, public disenchantment with Ronald Reagan, and George Bush's high negatives in the polls. All they have to do is play their cards right. The other theory says that the Democratic Party is in such a parlous condition that none of these advantages really matters. "The unpleasant truth is this," the political consultant Patrick H. Caddell wrote in a memorandum to major party contributors last year. "The party has never been weaker in our lifetime and the array of obstacles and trends never more alarming." Horace W. Busby, formerly a confidant of Lyndon B. Johnson's and now a Washington consultant, offered this prophecy one month before the 1980 election: "The hard-to-accept truth is that Democratic candidacies for the White House may no longer be viable. The Republican lock is about to close; it will be hard for anyone to open over the four elections between now and the year 2000." I interviewed Busby late last year and asked him if he saw any prospect that the Democrats could break the Republican lock in 1988. "No, I don't," he replied. Who did he think would be the strongest Democratic standard-bearer in 1988? "Michael

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"The electoral college, which Democrats prefer to ignore, is a Republican institution," Horace Busby wrote in 1980. "If a Democratic incumbency cannot hold it, it must be considered unlikely that a Democratic challenge can retake it."

Dukakis," he said. "Why Dukakis?" I asked. "Because," Busby replied, "he is the Democrat most likely to carry his own state."

It's fairly easy to find evidence for the theory that the Democrats are headed for a victory. Just look at the polls—and not only the "horserace" polls, showing Dukakis with a healthy lead over Bush. Gallup polls taken earlier this year showed the Democrats regaining a lead, of 42 to 29 percent, over the Republicans in party affiliation. In 1985, shortly after President Reagan's re-election victory, the parties were nearly equal in strength. In October of 1987 a *Time* magazine poll asked people which party would handle various issues better. The Democrats were rated five points ahead on "keeping the country out of war." Two years earlier the Republicans had been five points ahead. On "keeping inflation under control" the Republican advantage had shrunk from 10 points in 1985 to an insignificant one point by 1987. The Republicans were still ahead on "keeping the country strong and prosperous," but the margin was six points in 1987, down from 18 points in 1985. And this was before the stock-market crash.

The revolt against government is over. According to a CBS–*New York Times* poll taken in May, the American public is now evenly divided when asked whether it prefers a "bigger government providing more services" or a "smaller government providing fewer services." The *Times* reported, "Bigger government has not been this popular since November 1976, which is also the last time the Democrats won a presidential election." Moreover, tax resentment, a key source of public support for the Reagan revolution, has clearly diminished. From 1978 to 1986, according to polls taken by the Roper Organization, the percentage of Americans who felt that their federal income taxes were "excessively high" dropped from 41 to 26 percent.

Americans are in a mood for change. When people are asked in various ways whether they want the next President to continue Ronald Reagan's policies or change direction and follow different policies, a majority consistently opts for change.

If the evidence for Democratic optimism comes from the polls, the electoral college provides ample support for Democratic pessimism. "The electoral college, which Democrats prefer to ignore, is a Republican institution," Horace Busby wrote in 1980. "If a Democratic incumbency cannot hold it, it must be considered unlikely that a Democratic challenge can retake it." In Busby's view, the Republicans dominated the electoral college from the Civil War through the 1920s (the "Lincoln lock"); the Democrats held the advantage briefly, during the 1930s and 1940s (the "Roosevelt lock"); and the Republicans have dominated presidential politics since the 1950s (the "Eisenhower lock"). In the nine presidential elections from 1952 to 1984, thirty-nine states have gone Republican at least five times. Those states account for 441 electoral votes, or 171 more than the majority needed to win the presidency. "So long as the GOP holds that lock, Democrats are not competitive at the presidential level."

That does not mean the Democrats are not competitive at all. The Republican presidential lock coexists with a Democratic lock on the House of Representatives, which has had a Democratic majority for all but four years since 1930, and on state and local offices, where Democrats continue to predominate. Busby observed that "nearly anything you look at in American politics turns out to be sixty-forty." The Democratic percentages in Congress hover around 60 percent, while the Democrats can count on winning only about 40 percent of the presidential vote (43 percent in 1968, 38 percent in 1972, 41 percent in 1980 and 1984). "If you have a credible opposition, it's likely to get about forty percent of the vote," Busby explained. Americans, it seems, are governed by one-party rule—but by different parties at different levels.

In his memorandum, which was widely circulated, Caddell described the electoral college as "nothing less than an electoral Matterhorn" for Democrats. Caddell examined statistics from the past five presidential elections and came up with a startling conclusion: the national Democratic Party has no base. Only the District of Columbia, with three electoral votes, has voted for the Democratic ticket every time. Twenty-three states with a total of 202 electoral votes have voted Republican every time. One of those states, California, is the biggest prize of all, with forty-seven electoral votes. Add to this Republican base those states that have supported the party four out of the past five times, and the Republicans end up with thirty-six states and 354 electoral votes. That is well over the 270 votes needed for an electoral-college majority. Only one state, Minnesota, has voted Democratic four out of the past five times. A Minnesotan was on the Democratic ticket each of those times.

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What can the Democrats do? Caddell's rule of thumb is that in order to be electorally viable, the Democratic ticket has to be able to "compete to win" California, Illinois, Texas, New Jersey, and North Carolina. In the past five presidential elections the Democrats have won exactly three victories (North Carolina in 1976, Texas in 1968 and 1976) out of the twenty-five contests in these states.

The Democrats are the victims of demographic change and ideological change. The movement of population to the Sun Belt has shifted the balance in the electoral college decisively. In 1932 the Northeast and the Midwest accounted for 54 percent of the nation's electoral votes. By 1960 the Sun Belt states of the South and West had pulled even in population with the Northeast and the Midwest. Now the balance has reversed: this year the South and West hold 54 percent of the electoral votes.

Moreover, as the Sun Belt has gotten more populous, it has become more Republican. In the two Eisenhower elections, 1952 and 1956, about twice as many votes were cast in the Northeast and Midwest as in the South and West. In those days the South and West voted more Democratic than the Northeast and Midwest. By the time of the two Reagan elections, 1980 and 1984, the Sun Belt and the Snow Belt were casting about the same number of votes, but the party advantages had reversed. Republicans were now doing better in the Sun Belt than in the Snow Belt.

Population shifts within states have been as important as population shifts among states. In the northern industrial states population has shifted decisively from the cities to the suburbs—which is to say, from core Democratic to core Republican areas. Back in 1940 the urban population in these states outweighed the suburban population by more than two to one. By the 1970 census the suburbs were larger than the cities they surrounded. And as the suburbs got larger, they became more Republican. From 1960 to 1984 the Democratic share of the big-city vote remained roughly constant, at about two thirds. But the Democratic share of the suburban vote fell steadily, from just under half in 1960 to about one third in 1984. In other words, the Republican Party's base has been shifting with the population, to the fastest-growing states and the fastest-growing areas within each state.

Ideologically the Democrats have become more and more isolated on the left. Two broad streams of voters have been leaving the party since the 1950s—white southerners and white "ethnics" outside the South. Walter Mondale carried only 28 percent of the white southern vote in 1984. Mondale's Catholic vote, at 44 percent, was the worst showing by any Democratic presidential candidate since 1924. Beginning in the 1960s the Democrats made it clear that the party did not welcome the support of racists, hawks, and religious conservatives—voters who had felt at home in the Democratic Party of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. These losses would not have been devastating if the Democrats had managed to hold on to the economic issue. But Carter's failure and Reagan's perceived success in managing the economy had the effect of seriously damaging the party's economic credibility. Thus social- and foreign-policy liberalism has driven the conservatives out, and the economic issue no longer brings them back in—at least it doesn't in the absence of a major recession.

In order to win the presidency this year, the Democrats have to gain nine percentage points over the party's 1984 showing. An increase of that magnitude for a party out of power is relatively rare in American politics. It has happened four times in this century. The largest gain came in 1932, when the Democrats' share of the popular vote went up 17 points and Franklin D. Roosevelt was swept into office. The big issue was the Great Depression. The next-largest gain was in 1920, when the Republican vote went up 14 percent. The big issue was the return to normalcy after the Great War. The Democrats picked up 13 points in 1976, when Jimmy Carter was elected. The big issues were Watergate and the economy. The Republican vote went up 10 points when Eisenhower led the ticket in 1952. The big issue was the Korean War, with a dose of communism and corruption thrown in. If George Wallace had not been on the ballot, the Republican vote probably would have gone up by at least 10 points in 1968 as well (the Democratic vote fell by 18 points). The big issue in 1968 was Vietnam, along with racial violence and student protest.

There's a message here. If the Democrats want to score a gain of nine percent or more in 1988, they need a big issue. The Iran-contra scandal? It certainly looked like one when the scandal broke, at the end of 1986. Now it is not so clear. Congress and the press went into their Watergate mode and spent the better part of last year looking for the "smoking gun" that would tie President Reagan to the contra fund diversion. Not only did the smoking gun never turn up but the whole investigation diverted public attention from the one issue that really hurt the President—the fact that he sold arms to Iran. With Bush at the top of the Republican ticket, the issue may hurt. But not nearly so much as Watergate or Vietnam or Korea or the Great Depression did.

The stock-market crash is another candidate for the big issue of 1988. Here, too, the damage seems to be insufficient for the Democrats' purposes. The public did not show any sense of a crisis. According to the polls, most Americans felt unaffected by the October 19 crash. A survey taken by the Confidence Board, a business-research organization, found that consumer confidence dropped by only five percent after the stock-market plunge. In contrast, consumer confidence dropped 33 percent after the 1973 surge in oil prices. The principal effect of Black Monday was to create more pessimism about the economy. But the economic issue is still a brush fire in the hills to most Americans. They know there is danger out there, and the stock-market crash suggested that it is getting closer. But it is not here yet.

The stock-market crash was not a crisis. It was a warning. And by forcing both candidates to talk about the defi-

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cit, it does not play to the Democratic Party's strength. The instability of the world's financial markets does lend further support to the view that the United States must change its economic policies. And the desire for change always helps the party out of power. But to gain nine percentage points in 1988 the Democrats will need more than a national case of the jitters.

According to Horace Busby, "When electoral-college locks have been broken, as in 1932 and 1952, the winning party has benefited from a large infusion of new voters. FDR's 1932 popular vote was 51 percent larger than Al Smith's in 1928; Eisenhower's 1952 popular vote exceeded Dewey's 1948 level by 54 percent." Caddell made a similar point. "Both Eisenhower and Carter won by bringing over millions of 'new' voters—weak Democrats, Independents and war veterans for Eisenhower, and white Southern Protestants for Carter." What new voters are available in 1988? The Baby Boomers are one possibility. In Busby's view, both the Republican lock on the electoral college and the Democratic lock on lower offices "were set and maintained by those voters born before the 1940s." Younger voters could break those locks. In fact, Busby expects that to happen—but not in 1988. There is no issue like the Vietnam War around which Baby Boomers can rally this year.

The generation that is flexing its political muscle most conspicuously in 1988 is not the Baby Boom but the Senior Boom. Elderly voters have a real generational issue—the protection of federal entitlement programs that are under threat because of the deficit. Seniors are mobilizing to meet that threat. They might break the Republican lock if the Republicans are foolish enough to propose serious entitlement cuts.

EVERY ELECTION OFFERS VOTERS TWO KINDS OF choices: an ideological choice ("Which candidate is closer to my beliefs and values?") and a referendum on the incumbent ("Am I satisfied or dissatisfied with the way things are going?"). The Democrats cannot win an ideological election anymore. That is the message conveyed by the electoral-college data. In moving south and west and out to the suburbs, too many voters have shifted from the pro-government to the anti-government side. They identify as taxpayers, not as beneficiaries of public spending, and they are more likely to see government as interfering with them than as protecting them. They can get what they need from government by keeping the Democrats in charge at the legislative level. The Republicans seem to have the edge on executive qualities—leading and directing—while the Democrats are better suited to the legislative tasks of protecting and providing.

The Democrats can, however, win a referendum. That is the message conveyed by the polls. American voters want change, as long as it is not too much change. They want to preserve the two leading accomplishments of the Reagan presidency—lower inflation and a greater sense of military security. But they want the new Administration to correct Reagan's mistakes—the deficit, the Iran-contra approach to foreign policy, the sleaze factor—and to pay more attention to social and economic justice. What the Democrats have to do in 1988 is turn themselves into a usable opposition. If they present themselves as a liberal party, the electoral college will do to them exactly what it did in 1968, 1972, and 1984. But they can't become a conservative party either. Liberals are right when they say that faced with a choice between two Republican parties, the voters will choose the real thing every time. The answer is for the Democrats to define themselves as the party of change. Instead of posing an ideological choice, in which people are asked to vote their beliefs and values, the Democrats must do exactly what Ronald Reagan did in 1980—forget ideology and turn the election into a referendum, a choice between continuity and change. Once the Democrats win, they will have ample opportunity to convince the voters that their principles are correct. All they have to do is show that they work.

That, at least, is the hypothesis. In order to see whether it made sense, I spent two months recently traveling to key battleground states—Illinois, New York, Texas, and California. Together they will cast 136 electoral votes, or more than half of the 270 needed for an electoral-college majority. The four states include seven of the nation's ten largest cities. They exemplify the political cultures of their respective regions—the Midwest (Illinois), the East (New York), the South (Texas), and the West (California). If American politics turns on a Sun Belt–Snow Belt axis, then New York and Illinois will be allied against Texas and California. Then again, the economic trends of the 1980s seem to have split the booming coast states, like New York and California, from the troubled heartland areas, like Illinois and Texas. Together the four states capture all variations of the national condition in 1988.

Moreover, the four states I visited all have strong and intensely local political cultures. Chicago and New York City are famous for swallowing up national candidates and treating national issues as secondary to local concerns. It happened to Gary Hart in the 1984 Illinois primary, and it happened to Albert Gore, Jr., this year in New York. As for Texas and California, they are famous for seeing themselves as virtually different countries (in fact, Texas and California *were* different countries for brief periods in the nineteenth century). There is a reason why local factors may be unusually important in the 1988 presidential election: the election is expected to be a close one.

During 1984, according to *Public Opinion* magazine, Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale were matched against each other in 101 "trial heats" published by various polling organizations. A hundred of these polls showed Reagan ahead; Mondale was ahead just once, by two points, in a *Newsweek* poll taken on the day after the Democratic National Convention. In March and April of this year seven polling organizations published trial heats between George Bush and Michael Dukakis. Dukakis led in two polls, Bush led in two, and the other three were too close to call.

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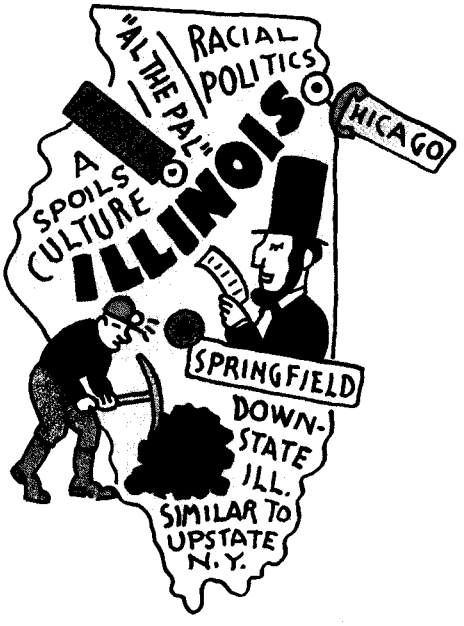
In May the CBS–*New York Times* poll showed Dukakis beating Bush by 10 points, while the Gallup poll, which showed Bush ahead in April, gave Dukakis a 16-point lead. "It will come down to gut feelings a few days before the election of whether we stick with good old George or make a change to a guy who seems competent and may do a little good," Edward J. Rollins, Reagan's 1984 campaign manager, told *The Washington Post* in April. In landslide elections, like those of 1964, 1972, and 1984, local factors are virtually irrelevant. The winning ticket does well everywhere. In close elections, like those of 1960 and 1976, everything matters—a candidate's appearance in a debate, a foreign-policy gaffe like Gerald Ford's liberation of Poland, what kind of local support each campaign has going for it in the key battleground states. With this in mind, I interviewed officeholders, party officials, consultants, and commentators to see how they assessed the outlook for November 8, 1988, in their state.

New York and Texas are supposed to be "core" Democratic states. Since 1952 their voting profiles in presidential races have been exactly the same. Both states voted Republican in 1952 and 1956; Democratic in 1960, 1964, and 1968; Republican in 1972; Democratic in 1976; and Republican in 1980 and 1984. Illinois and California have been less kind to the Democrats. Except for the 1964 Johnson landslide, both states have sustained almost perfect Republican loyalty since 1952. The one exception was the 1960 election in Illinois, when John F. Kennedy carried the state by fewer than 9,000 votes out of 4.75 million cast. That outcome, more than a few people suspect, had more to do with the way the votes were counted than the way the votes were cast.



OVER THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE years American politics has become more and more ideological. The moderate eastern establishment that used to run the Republican Party has been overthrown by a vigorous and populist conservative movement. The regulars who used to run the Democratic Party—politicians like the late Chicago mayor Richard J. Daley—were forced to accommodate to the highly principled, reform-minded liberalism that emerged with the New Politics movement in 1968 and 1972. In national politics, conflicts of interests (business versus labor) have largely given way to conflicts of values (liberal versus conservative).

The politics of values is probably more alien to Illinois than to any other state. Illinois politics has never been primarily about ideas and values. It is about interests—jobs, money, and power. Illinois politicos are not comfortable with the drift of American politics away from meat-and-potatoes issues and toward airier concerns, which they associate with East Coast and West Coast activists.

Tom Roeser, a Republican activist and the president of the City Club of Chicago, offered Representative Dan Rostenkowski as "a pretty good model" of the kind of regular Democrat who does well in Illinois. "He's a blue-collar guy. He's strong for labor. He's not running around to 'I am guilty' meetings of the black community. He talks about hiking taxes, but he also talks about fiscal responsibility. He certainly doesn't have an exotic foreign policy. He understands business. He could be a model for a lot of people who want to get the Illinois vote."

I spoke to James M. Wall, a former liberal activist and an ordained Methodist minister who now edits *The Christian Century*. Wall chaired the McGovern delegation at the 1972 Democratic National Convention, in Miami. He served as Illinois chairman of the Carter campaign in 1976 and 1980 and managed Paul Simon's 1984 Democratic primary campaign for the U.S. Senate. According to Wall, Carter lost Illinois twice because "he was still seen as a liberal Democrat." The problem with being a liberal Democrat, Wall explained, is that it entails a moralistic approach to politics that does not go down very well in Illinois.

Wall told me, "I interviewed George McGovern after the 1972 election, and he said to me, 'We made a terrible mistake casting this campaign in moral terms. The fact that we called the Vietnam War immoral said to anybody who supports the war or fights in the war that they were immoral.' Ever since then we've been in trouble."

Wall said that his views changed on the floor of the 1972 convention. "I had to confront a badly wounded bunch of Chicago regulars," he told me. "I realized that McGovern now had to win the election and would need the help of Richard J. Daley. I was confronted by a young woman who

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came on the floor of the convention in bare feet, wearing a granny dress and demanding to sit in the chair that belonged to the chairman of the delegation, a gray-haired, dignified old gentleman named John Tuohey.

"He came to me one morning and said, 'Would you look over there in my chair? She's sitting in it.' I went over to her and I said, 'That's his chair.' She answered, in the egalitarian style of the sixties, 'If I was elected, I can sit in any chair I want to sit in.' That's what changed me," Wall explained. "The arrogance of the sixties told me that we're not going to rule a pluralistic country with that kind of elitist attitude." "Have the Democrats changed since 1972?" I asked. "The damn party did it again with Mondale in '84," Wall replied, "making him take a woman for Vice President. Bad mistake. Making him do it. He had to do it. He looked like a wimp to do it. He did it."

Two of the most popular vote-getters in Illinois exemplify the moderate, pragmatic style of Illinois politics: the fourth-term Republican governor Jim Thompson, currently the nation's longest-serving chief executive, and the second-term Democratic senator Alan Dixon.

Almost everyone I spoke to described Jim Thompson as a lucky politician. "He's remarkably successful and remarkably lucky," Tom Roeser said. In 1982 Thompson barely defeated Adlai Stevenson III, by about 5,000 votes out of 3.6 million cast. In 1986 he defeated Stevenson again, this time by a somewhat more comfortable margin, though the strength of his victory was widely attributed to Stevenson's problems in the Democratic primary (Democratic voters nominated Lyndon LaRouche followers for lieutenant governor and attorney general, forcing Stevenson to resign from the Democratic ticket and run on a third-party line).

"Thompson has not been a fluke," said Vincent Demuzio, the chairman of the state Democratic Party. "He has been a hard worker. He's done very well with patronage." According to Roeser, Thompson "makes his deals with the Democrats in the Senate, and he gives them patronage." Roeser added, "The governor has been very much like a Nelson Rockefeller. He worships bigness and big government. He's not burdened with convictions particularly, so that consequently he can turn on a dime." It is precisely those attributes that make Thompson effective in the world of Illinois politics.

Senator Alan Dixon also succeeds in Illinois by steering clear of ideology. "Dixon understands how to address this split-party state," said Basil Talbott, Jr., a Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Sun Times*. "He's neither a conservative nor a liberal." Talbott, like several others I spoke to, contrasted Dixon with Paul Simon, his colleague in the U.S. Senate, who mounted an unsuccessful presidential campaign earlier this year. When Dixon and Simon were in the state senate together, both representing downstate districts, "they were both fairly progressive," Talbott said. "They would have called themselves liberals without objection. Over the years, however, Simon has maintained his ideology, and Dixon has changed as the state has changed. He now describes himself as moderate to conservative."

In discussing the national Democratic Party, Ed Murnane, a former Reagan activist and now the deputy director of the Bush campaign in Illinois, observed that "Alan Dixon is not really a factor in what the Democratic Party is." But he is a lot stronger in Illinois than Paul Simon. "Al is called Al the Pal," Murnane said. "Everybody likes Al Dixon. He's going to be re-elected. Dixon was up two years ago and nobody wanted to run against him. They are lining up to run against Paul Simon right now." Illinois Democrats could not have been impressed with Simon's performance as a presidential candidate this year. He carried no states but Illinois. Moreover, by suspending his presidential campaign and holding on to his delegates, Simon offended Jesse Jackson and created resentment among Chicago blacks.

Illinois's grand master of skillful, shrewd, pragmatic politics was, of course, Mayor Richard Daley. What Chicagoans have discovered in the twelve years since Daley's death is that his power was essentially personal. He did not leave much of an institutional legacy. "There was not a Democratic Party machine," one of the late Mayor Harold Washington's top aides told *The Washington Post* last year. "It was a Daley machine. It was almost a cult of personality. Once you removed the personality, it was all over."

"The Democratic machine had fallen apart by the time Harold Washington came along," Basil Talbott observed. He cited a number of factors that contributed to its demise. During the 1970s the courts ruled that the city could no longer fire people for political reasons. Urban crime increased. "A precinct captain doesn't want to go down the street and knock on the door anymore," Talbott said. Television also made a difference. Candidates could now communicate with voters directly, instead of through a political organization.

The key factor in the death of the machine was the rise of racial politics. Machines work best in an issueless environment. Machine politicians are concerned with material resources, such as jobs, contracts, and benefits. Once divisions over issues emerge, groups begin to see one another as opponents rather than competitors. Their goals become mutually exclusive.

The black-power movement introduced the politics of polarization into American cities during the 1960s. That made it difficult for political machines to survive. Blacks could no longer be bought off. They challenged the machines that had excluded them from power, and whites responded fearfully and aggressively. In a polarized environment candidates typically win overwhelming majorities from one race and almost no votes from the other. The days of across-the-board machine majorities are over. Racial politics destroyed the Chicago machine, and it endangers the presidential candidacies of both George Bush and Michael Dukakis. Neither is a particularly ideological politician, and so both ought to do well in Illinois. But racial politics creates pitfalls for each of them.

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The key factor in the death of Chicago's Democratic machine was the rise of racial politics. Machines are concerned with material resources. Once divisions over issues emerge, groups begin to see each other as opponents rather than competitors.

WHEN HAROLD WASHINGTON WAS FIRST ELECTED mayor, in 1983, Chicago experienced something new. Tom Roeser, who describes himself as a movement conservative, called it "movement politics." Movement politics is the politics of a cause. "There is a strong, militant, black-activist movement in Chicago," said Bruce DuMont, a leading Chicago political commentator. "Harold Washington was picked up and swept into office by that movement."

Washington's mobilization of black voters sparked a countermobilization of white ethnics, the people who had been the backbone of the Daley machine. The symbol of their resentment was "Fast Eddie" Vrdolyak, the leader of the anti-Washington movement in the so-called council wars of 1983–1986. Once the Cook County Democratic Party chairman, Vrdolyak left the party to run (unsuccessfully) against Washington for mayor in 1987. He has now joined the Republican Party, which nominated him for clerk of the Cook County circuit court this year, an important patronage position.

Vrdolyak symbolizes the white-ethnic problem that Democrats have been having in cities all over the country for the past twenty years. The rise of the black-power movement and the outbreak of urban violence in the late 1960s stimulated a law-and-order backlash among urban working-class whites. While conservatives and racist whites were leaving the Democratic Party in the South, "urban populists" were drifting toward the Republican Party in the North: George Wallace, meet Archie Bunker.

"There was no future for Ed Vrdolyak in the Democratic Party," David Axelrod, a Democratic political consultant from Chicago, told me. "The question is whether he can persuade ethnic whites that his case is exemplary, that there's no place for them in the Democratic Party either." Roeser described "a hemorrhage of white voters in the Democratic Party," adding that "Harold Washington and his followers really didn't cry at all when whites left the party. They saw it as strengthening their own hand."

The trend seems to be for white ethnics to *vote* Republican, particularly in national and statewide elections. But they rarely *become* Republicans, because the action in local races is still on the Democratic ballot. "It is still incredibly difficult for a Republican to get elected to anything in Cook County," Axelrod said. He noted that Vrdolyak did not bring any major white-ethnic committeemen with him into the Republican Party, even though Washington had cut off their patronage. They had their revenge, however, after Washington's death, last November. Twenty-four white aldermen joined with five blacks to make Eugene Sawyer Chicago's acting mayor. Sawyer, a black, was a staunch ally of the Daley machine who sometimes consorted with Mayor Washington's enemies during the council wars. Sawyer is the kind of black politician white ethnics feel they can "deal with."

Like Washington, Vrdolyak thrives on racial polarization. Republicans are actually of two minds about that. Ed Murnane is a good example of white-ethnic realignment. "I grew up in a Democratic family," he told me. "My father is a Democrat. I'm an Irish Catholic. The first campaign I was ever involved in was in 1960, when I delivered literature for Jack Kennedy. My family is an Irish, union, blue-collar family with a couple of priests and nuns, a typical Irish Catholic family. Everyone in my family, with the exception of my father, was an avid Ronald Reagan supporter in 1980 and again in 1984."

I asked Murnane whether he considered Vrdolyak a racist. "Well, he left the Democratic Party because he didn't get along with Harold Washington—so maybe," Murnane replied. Then he said, "Even if he is a racist, I'm not sure it's a negative issue in the Republican Party, because there are a lot of other people who feel the same way. A lot of people who moved from Chicago out to the suburbs did it for that reason. They see the city changing and they say, 'Let's move out.' So even if Vrdolyak said, 'I am becoming a Republican because there are too many blacks in the Democratic Party,' is that being a racist? Absolutely. Is that going to hurt him in the Republican Party? Maybe. Maybe not."

In the end, the race issue works both ways for Republicans. According to Bruce DuMont, Republican leaders were a little nervous about putting a candidate like Vrdolyak on the party ticket. "Vrdolyak's being on the ticket will increase black turnout in the general election. That will increase the likelihood of Democrats' carrying the state. The Bush people were not happy with Vrdolyak, because in their view, it will only ignite the black vote, and that will go against him."

Northern white ethnics and white southerners are the swing voters of American politics. "Take a look at the swing votes in the South that went for Reagan in 1980 and stayed there in 1984," DuMont said. "They're very much like the ethnic votes on the northwest and southwest sides

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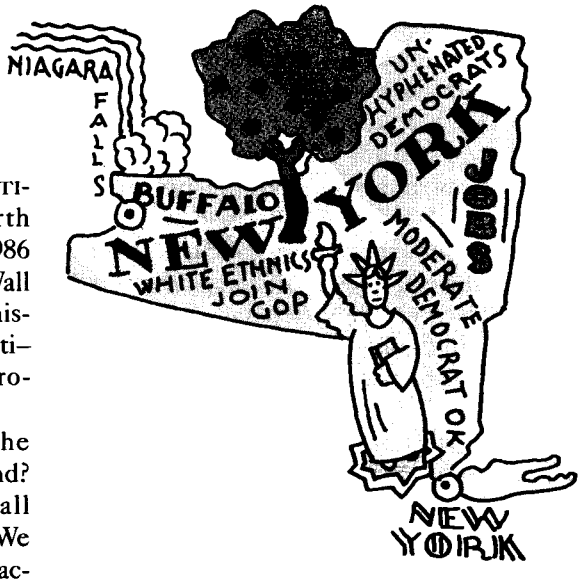
of Chicago." In fact, the South and urban areas like Chicago have developed similar two-tiered political systems. People continue to vote Democratic in local elections, where ideological conflicts are muted. But they leave the Democratic Party in large numbers when they vote for higher offices, where ideology is more salient. DuMont predicted that "just as the southern swing voters of 1980 and '84 aren't ready to move back to the Democrats for President, you'll find the same pattern in Chicago."

I asked DuMont if he thought the Republican Party was going to look more and more like Ed Vrdolyak, and the Democratic Party more and more like Harold Washington. "Yes," he replied. "It is already true in the city. I think it will now move to Cook County." In other words, the Chicago model of racial politics is not being contained. It is spreading. It has already spread to presidential politics. Racial antagonism was very close to the surface in this year's Illinois Democratic presidential primary. According to a CBS News–*New York Times* exit poll, Illinois Democrats who voted for Paul Simon and those who voted for Michael Dukakis had a two-to-one negative opinion of Jesse Jackson. Jackson voters were slightly positive toward Simon and slightly negative toward Dukakis. As in most of this year's Democratic primaries, the Illinois vote was deeply polarized along racial lines. Jackson carried more than 90 percent of the black vote but only seven percent of the white vote in his home state. In fact, a pattern became evident in the Democratic primaries this year: the higher the percentage of blacks in a state, the worse Jackson did among white voters. Thus Jackson did better among white voters in Wisconsin than in Illinois; he did better among whites in Connecticut than in New York. As an urban white ethnic, Michael Dukakis ought to have more appeal for white-ethnic voters in Illinois than George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, or Walter Mondale did. But those voters will be watching very carefully to see how his relationship with Jesse Jackson develops, especially at the Democratic National Convention.



I ASKED THE NEW YORK political consultant David Garth whether as a result of the 1986 tax-reform bill and the 1987 Wall Street crash, the Reagan Administration could be portrayed as anti–New York. The question provoked him.

"We in New York, we're the fucking country. You understand? We are not one of these small states. We're the power boys. We can't be hurt by some schmuck actor from California. We were not threatened by Jimmy Carter. We're New York. Hey, New York's got big balls. Koch has a big pair and so does Mario. I started to smile when you talked about Ronald Reagan hurting New York. That old fart's not going to hurt New York. He can't do a thing to us. Any way he turns, he needs us."

Welcome to New York.

No one would deny that New York is still the money center of the United States. But it is hard to argue that New York is what it once was, the imperial center of American culture and politics. Not after the narrowly averted fiscal collapse of New York City in the mid-1970s. Most revealing, perhaps, is what has happened to the Republican Party of New York. As the political consultant David Sawyer observed, "The Republican Party in this state was for generations the leader of the moderate establishment wing of the national Republican Party. That position has eroded completely."

Nelson Rockefeller, who dominated New York politics for thirty years, is gone. So is Jacob Javits, the U.S. senator whom Rockefeller nurtured and protected. And almost gone is the kind of moderate Republican politics they represented. New York Republicans have moved away from the George Bush style and toward the Ronald Reagan style. But then, so has George Bush.

There was no great mystery to how Nelson Rockefeller dominated the Republican Party. He did it with money. "One time we analyzed what each Republican county chairman in New York got from Rockefeller," John Burns, the chairman of the New York state Democratic Party from 1965 to 1971, told me. "They all got something—not necessarily out of the public payroll. Many were on the public payroll, but a lot of them were in other things that the Rockefeller family had control of. He owned the Republican Party." Rockefeller's power base was personal, not institutional or ideological. Did he leave a political legacy? Timothy Russert, a former aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Governor Mario Cuomo, said, "Rockefeller

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probably extended the run of moderate Republicanism in New York and other places, and for that he deserves credit. Could he have stopped the tidal wave of conservatism? There's no way."

There are two Republican parties in New York now. One is the legislative party that controls the state senate in Albany, which has its base in the rural areas of upstate New York. "That's where most of the control and the patronage and jobs and prestige come from," Joseph Crangle, the Erie County (Buffalo) Democratic chairman, told me. The state senate is the last refuge of Rockefeller Republicanism. Its leader, Warren Anderson, "is really a Rockefeller Republican," said Ken Auletta, an author and a columnist for the *Daily News*. "Those Republicans up there are really very moderate. Who passes tax increases? Who passes school aid every year? They're really not a Reagan party."

The other is the Republican Party in the New York suburbs, which is far more ethnic and conservative and activist. That is the Reagan party. Richard Rosenbaum, the state party chairman from 1973 to 1977 and one of Rockefeller's chief lieutenants, acknowledged that since the days of Nelson Rockefeller "there has been an erosion of the center of the party and a movement to the right," although, he added, the right-wing social issues like abortion and school prayer which "are near and dear to the hearts of true conservatives are not really part of the dogma of the Republican Party of this state." Kemp Hannon, a young Republican legislator from Nassau County, who is the minority leader pro tem in the state assembly, described what happened: "When the Republicans got wiped out at a number of levels, the people who came in had nothing to lose. They were like myself—younger, brighter, more educated, more concerned about the issues." What was the agenda of this new Republican Party? "It was the Reagan agenda," Hannon said, although he was careful to point out that in his view it was Reagan's economic and foreign-policy agenda, not his social agenda, that revitalized the party in New York.

Auletta observed that politicians who were regarded as right-wingers twenty years ago—John Marchi, who beat John Lindsay in the Republican primary for mayor of New York in 1969, and Alfonse D'Amato, who beat Javits in 1980—are seen as moderate Republicans today. D'Amato's election seemed to signal a sharp shift of the Republican Party to the right. But D'Amato moved quickly to the center and became a pragmatist. "He delivers," David Garth said, "much better than Federal Express." In Garth's view, the Republicans of New York have not exactly been Reaganized. "They've mostly been D'Amatoed." In other words, new forces in the Republican coalition have pulled the party to the right. But the inexorable logic of New York politics pulls those Republicans who get elected back to the center.

The new forces are mostly white-ethnic voters. Russert remarked that "all the ethnics who fled [Buffalo] and went to the suburbs became Republican." That is less true of the ethnics who fled New York City, a great many of whom were Jews who retained their Democratic loyalty. Among white Catholics, however, the trend is clear. "We've got to watch ourselves," said John Marino, the executive director of the New York state Democratic Party. "We've lost the Irish and Italian ethnic votes." Italian voters in particular have become a new and important Republican constituency. They tend to dominate the party in the New York suburbs.

In several interviews I advanced the hypothesis that Italian voters are now a core Republican constituency, just as Jewish voters are a core Democratic group. Auletta agreed with me, but Russert, who is a close observer of the polls in New York, cautioned that Italian voters are still split fifty-fifty in party registration, whereas Jews remain overwhelmingly Democratic. Nonetheless, he agreed that it is "becoming more and more true that Italian ethnics are likely to vote Republican."

Mario Cuomo clearly cuts into the Republicans' Italian vote. But it took some time even for him to establish his base. In his first race for governor, in 1982, Cuomo lost the white Catholic vote to the Republican Lewis Lehrman, who was Jewish at that time (he has since converted to Roman Catholicism). Cuomo carried Italian voters only narrowly that year. As Auletta recalled, Lehrman sent out millions of pieces of direct mail on the subjects of the death penalty and abortion during the last few days of the 1982 campaign. "He was playing right to the Catholics," Auletta said. "I spent the day with Cuomo. He was scared, literally scared, that the Lehrman thing would shift the tide and he could lose the race. Clearly, it was moving. The polls the previous week indicated a huge gap. No one expected Lehrman to do as well as he did. The only thing that would account for it was those mailings."

The 1969 Republican primary, in which Marchi defeated Lindsay for mayor, turned out to be prophetic. Conservative Italian voters have largely displaced old-line WASP liberals in the Republican Party. (When Lindsay eventually ran for President, in 1972, it was as a Democrat.) I asked Richard Rosenbaum whom else he would associate with the liberal wing of the Republican Party. "Have you ever heard of the dodo bird?" he replied.

Kemp Hannon insisted that the Republicans' success with ethnic voters has more to do with economic than with social issues. In fact, his advice to Republicans was "Avoid social issues." He explained, "We do not have a backlash effect in the Republican Party. I have not seen that." I presented this argument to one longtime observer of the New York political scene. I pointed out that most of the Republicans I had spoken to insisted that Republican gains in New York were due more to economics than to race. "The people you spoke to have to say those things," he replied. The reality, he said, was more complicated. In his opinion, Republicans are beneficiaries of racial tensions within the Democratic Party. "Politically, that's what the Republicans are living off, those tensions within the Democratic Party." He called the Republican Party in New York a "purely reactive" party. "I don't believe there has been a Republican

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who could carry New York with a positive appeal since Eisenhower," he said. "Republicans in New York are only 'not Democrats.'" That is why Republicans can pretend that race is irrelevant. In his view, "For Republicans to run a campaign that was anti-black would be a terrible error. The point is, they don't have to."

IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS NEW YORK IS STILL MORE Democratic than most states (Democrats have averaged 46 percent of the New York vote in the past five presidential elections, compared with 44 percent for Illinois and 42 percent for the nation as a whole). But it has trouble accepting liberal Democrats like George McGovern and Walter Mondale.

As Tim Russert observed, "New York is disposed to vote for a moderate or even a moderately liberal Democrat, but not a liberal Democrat. If candidates are viewed as isolationist in foreign policy, soft on crime, big spenders on domestic programs, and activist liberals on social issues, they're dead. They may lose New York by only ten points, as opposed to thirty points in Utah, but they lose." Foreign policy, he noted, is probably a more important issue in New York than it is in other states, because of the internationalist outlook of New York's ethnic constituencies. And that is where liberal Democrats have been most vulnerable. In fact, this spring the polls showed Dukakis leading Bush by six to eight points. "Dukakis has a very good chance of carrying New York against Bush," Russert said, "as long as he doesn't get trapped into a neo-isolationist foreign policy."

Joe Crangle, the Erie County Democratic chairman, complained about the tendency of outsiders to "Manhattanize" the New York Democratic Party. In Manhattan ideology is everything. "If you go down to Manhattan," Crangle told me in his Buffalo office, "people tell you immediately that they're a liberal Democrat or a conservative Democrat. If you went around here and asked people what kind of Democrat they are, they'd say, 'What do you mean? I'm a Democrat.' In upstate New York we're unhyphenated Democrats." He noted that George McGovern carried Buffalo in 1972 because he was simply "the Democrat."

Upstate New York in many ways resembles downstate Illinois. They are economically distressed regions (Crangle remarked that Buffalo has never climbed out of the 1958 recession). They are insulated from the racial and ideological conflicts of New York City and Chicago. And the Democrats continue to do pretty well in both places, particularly in comparison with the suburbs. The problem is that these areas are declining in population and remain largely outside the mainstream of Democratic Party debate. Crangle told me with some pride that in general elections upstate New York now casts slightly more votes on the Democratic line than New York City does. But he acknowledged that 70 percent of the state's Democratic primary vote still comes from the New York City area. The reason is turnout. New York City still has basically a one-party system, and so Democratic primaries are where the action is. New York City still chooses the candidates. Upstate "unhyphenated" Democrats have no choice but to vote for them.

In New York, unlike Illinois, race is an issue that people seemed uncomfortable dealing with—at least on the record. Off the record, however, they discussed the race issue as if it were a dirty secret. A disillusioned liberal I met with brought up "a central fact about American politics that is like having an elephant in the room." I asked him what he meant. "The central fact of American politics is race," he said. "The Democrats have black people, and the Republicans don't."

He explained that Democrats began to lose people's trust "in the late sixties and seventies, when we were pretending that the riots weren't really going on, that people weren't really getting hit over the head. You look at the slide in the Democratic vote. It is directly correlated with the crime indices." I asked him about the anti-government revolt of the 1970s, which brought Ronald Reagan to power. "What is it that people don't like about government?" he asked rhetorically. "Who is it that people don't want to pay taxes for?"

In his view, the Republicans don't even have to talk about "the social issue." "All they have to do is say to the Democrats, 'Jesse Jackson is with you.'" I asked him whether the Democrats could say back to the Republicans, "Well, Pat Robertson is with you." "How many evangelicals are committing robberies in Flatbush every day?" he retorted.

Edward Koch has been elected and re-elected mayor of New York by appealing to racial resentment. Mario Cuomo also has gotten elected and re-elected, and so has Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, although neither has made an explicit appeal to racial resentment. All three of these white-ethnic Democrats—a Jew, an Italian Catholic, and an Irish Catholic—have defied the trends. They have managed to hold on to the support of white middle-class voters who have otherwise been drifting away from the Democratic Party. Have they all done it the same way, or in different ways?

New York is a tough town, and one of the things New Yorkers like about Mario Cuomo is his toughness. "Cuomo scares the shit out of people," Ken Auletta said. I asked a New York political consultant if he had ever worked for or against Mario Cuomo in a political campaign. "God, I wouldn't be living here if I worked against him," he replied.

Cuomo does not present the conventional image of a liberal. In fact, Joe Crangle remarked to me that one reason the 1982 governor's race between Cuomo and Lehrman was so close was that the voters really didn't know much about Cuomo. "There was a real question about whether he was some sort of superliberal from New York. Governor Cuomo will never have that kind of a close race again." Equally rare among liberals these days is Cuomo's moral

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By Bob Bergland

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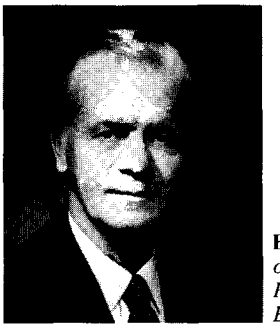

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A disillusioned liberal brought up "a central fact about American politics that is like having an elephant in the room." He said, "The central fact of American politics is race. The Democrats have black people, and the Republicans don't."

traditionalism. He projects a sense of values shared with middle-class voters. Ken Auletta told me about the time he invited Cuomo to attend the course he was giving on the Cuomo governorship. "I asked him, 'What would you do, Governor, if money were no object and you had to solve the problem of teenage pregnancy in this state? You've experimented with support services and other programs, but they haven't had an appreciable effect. What do you do about this problem?' Cuomo's instinctive response was 'Tell them not to have sex.' " Auletta added, "That's Cuomo the Queens blue-collar Italian immigrant talking."

On some issues, of course, the governor's views are a little "advanced"—notably abortion and the death penalty. He defuses his vulnerability on these issues, however, by analyzing them publicly as moral and intellectual problems and as matters of conscience.

Cuomo's 1984 keynote speech to the Democratic National Convention was a ringing affirmation of Democratic values. As Laurence Kirwan, the state's Democratic Party chairman, put it, "When people ask what the Democratic Party stands for, you can turn right to Mario's speech." But his approach to governing has not been that of a liberal ideologue. Auletta, one of the leading experts on the Cuomo record, calls him an "incrementalist" and a "tinkerer." "He's not a guy who throws long touchdown bombs." Auletta argues that while state spending has grown at an alarming rate under Cuomo, the governor has been much more fiscally conservative in his approach to the state debt. Moreover, in his dealings with the state legislature "he has been more conciliatory than combative."

Tim Russert, who worked as Governor Cuomo's general counsel, agrees that "when national Democrats heard the keynote speech, they believed it was a call to arms. But when Cuomo quells a prison riot, when he refuses to raise broad-based taxes, he is the quintessential centrist to New Yorkers." Joe Crangle contrasted Cuomo's style with that of a typical "Manhattan Democrat." "Cuomo," he says, "is tolerant of another person's viewpoint. The liberal Manhattan Democrat is not tolerant and is not understanding of a person's social and cultural background. Many liberal Democrats think that if you don't agree with their viewpoint, you're not a Democrat." Crangle offered another contrast, between two kinds of politicians. "There's a person who goes into politics because of his need to pontificate about what is right and wrong and his own theories of government"—in other words, an ideologue. Then "there's the person who goes into politics because he really wants to help people, he gets turned on by people"—in other words, a pragmatist. In Crangle's view, "Carter didn't really enjoy people. Kennedy enjoyed people. Governor Cuomo enjoys people."

Mayor Koch is much more of a controversialist. According to Auletta, "Koch personalizes things to a great extent. He is a hater." That is one reason why Koch got into trouble with corruption, Auletta believes. "He was so geared up to fighting his enemies, whom he identified as reform liberal Democrats, that he assumed, 'Anyone who is an enemy of my enemy must be my friend.' "

Koch's behavior in this year's New York Democratic presidential primary was widely criticized as disgraceful. In his attacks on Jesse Jackson he deliberately stirred up tensions between blacks and Jews. More precisely, as the Manhattan borough president, David Dinkins, put it to *The New York Times*, Koch "exacerbated tensions that already existed." The racial politics of the New York primary suggested that New York was not far from becoming another Illinois. But there was one big difference: Democrats in New York responded negatively to Koch's confrontationalism. His candidate, Senator Albert Gore, Jr., was trounced in the primary. New Yorkers gave a decisive victory to Dukakis, who stayed as far away from racial politics as possible.

Senator Moynihan's appeal is based on something quite different—more like stature. Kirwan called him "a world-class senator and one of the most significant thinkers in Congress." David Sawyer, who is working on Moynihan's re-election campaign this year, called him "an icon." He said, "New York occasionally has senators, like Lehman and Javits, who are national figures, whom you can respect. Moynihan is one of them." In perhaps his strongest accolade Crangle called Moynihan "an unhyphenated Democrat."

Cuomo, Koch, and Moynihan appear to have solved the problem that looms largest over the national Democratic Party—holding on to the white middle class. Russert said, "There is a middle class that was part of the New Deal Democratic coalition. These are people who moved to the suburbs and became moderately affluent, whose hearts are Democratic but whose minds have become Republican. But they can return to the Democratic fold."

"Race is very important," he added. "That's the reason they fled the Bronx and Brooklyn and Queens. But eco-

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nomics is real too. They're on the margins. They take care of their mothers and fathers who still live in the city, and they're paying for their kids' going to college. They don't want to be hurt in their pocketbooks. If they have a sense that someone's too radical, liberal, or conservative, they punish him. All other things being equal, their instincts are to vote Democratic, but in most presidential races all things haven't been equal. They saw no equality between Reagan and Mondale."

Cuomo, Koch, and Moynihan appeal to this constituency in different ways. As one Democrat put it to me, "Cuomo appeals to their hopes and Koch appeals to their fears." And Moynihan, it might be added, appeals to their sense of pride. Not only do the three different approaches work but they work with the same voters. And the national Democratic Party has been unable to use any of them.

DAVID GARTH TOLD ME THE STORY OF "A BIG MONEY guy" from the South with whom he was discussing politicians. "He says, 'You know, the two guys we like are Cuomo and Nunn.' I say, 'Cuomo? Why do you want a liberal from New York?' The money guy says, 'Well, he's the one candidate that the guy in the bar figures looks like them, talks like them, but is smarter than them.'" Garth elaborated, "Every other candidate went to Harvard Business School. Ordinary people can't relate to them. Mario, with the big nose and the big chest, even when he talks big words, he's talking to us." Koch has a similar appeal: "When Koch opens his mouth, he's a lower-middle-class white. He's one of them. They can relate to him."

How much of the appeal that these men hold for white middle-class voters has to do with race? A lot, clearly, in Koch's case. "Koch in a certain way is very gutsy," Garth observed. "Even though he is distrusted by black voters and hated by the black press, nobody has spent as much time in the black community as Koch. He'll fight with them, and they like it, because they figure it's not pandering." In fact, when Koch won re-election, in 1985, he carried the black vote. Many observers surmised that Koch's attacks on Jackson in the primary this year represented a calculated shift in tactics. His objective might have been to provoke the black community into running a Jackson-endorsed black candidate against him for mayor next year. Koch may be betting that he could win a straightforward racial contest—but at the possible cost of turning New York City into Chicago.

Moynihan was widely criticized in the black community twenty years ago, when he published his views on the breakdown of the black family, and even more when, as an adviser to President Nixon, he remarked that blacks might benefit from a period of "benign neglect." But he, too, draws heavy support from black voters.

Cuomo initially made his reputation resolving a racial dispute over a public-housing project in Queens. He has acted as a moderator and a conciliator on racial issues. But, my disillusioned liberal said, "Ask people what policy in Cuomo's six years in office has been addressed directly to the problems of black people. You can't find any. The first year he was governor, Mario announced that they would provide five million dollars for a study. That's it." The lesson seemed clear, at least to this informant: "The Democratic Party of New York has been successful electorally precisely by learning the lesson of the elephant in the room. They flee, as from the plague, from any suggestion that racial problems should be addressed."

What they are in fact fleeing from is the lesson of John Lindsay. Lindsay polarized the city in the late 1960s by appearing to cave in to black demands. It all comes down to values. Lindsay's values were those of a cosmopolitan WASP elite. Cuomo and Koch are definitely not of that persuasion. The values question seems to be what Joe Crangle was talking about when he complained about the Manhattanization of the New York Democratic Party. I asked him whether he felt the same thing was true of the national Democratic Party—that its image has been Manhattanized. "Yes," he answered, adding that "the great advantage we have here in New York with Governor Cuomo" is that he counteracts that image. David Sawyer asserted that New Yorkers would also feel comfortable with Michael Dukakis, because he shares some of Cuomo's appeal. "He's a northeastern, centrist-to-liberal governor with an ethnic background. And he has the Massachusetts model. We're comfortable with him."

Sawyer said that Dukakis was a "consensus-type character," as opposed to an adversarial figure, like Cuomo. He felt this could be a problem for Dukakis. "The people are going to look for strong leadership," Sawyer said. "They have to feel the person has strength, vision, toughness. That's a huge weakness Mike Dukakis has." In fact, toughness may be regarded as the national Democratic Party's principal problem—and the main reason why New York Democrats like Cuomo and Koch do so well. Democrats win when they nominate "tough liberals" like Harry Truman, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. They lose when they nominate "soft liberals" like Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, and Walter Mondale, each of whom might have been a preacher if he hadn't gone into politics. It is impossible to imagine Truman, Kennedy, or Johnson as a preacher. The Democrats won just once, in 1976, when they nominated a preacher for President. That was because after Watergate the voters wanted someone of unimpeachable character and integrity who would never lie to them. The experience with Jimmy Carter seemed to many to prove the rule: If you elect a preacher, you will probably get someone who isn't tough enough for the job.

Cuomo appears to have the requisite toughness, although he also has a monkish streak (he keeps introspective diaries) and a more than casual interest in religion (he argues theology with archbishops). Dukakis's toughness is not so readily apparent. Like Cuomo's, it has never really been tested. The two politicians seem more similar when

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it comes to values. Both hold traditional ones—what Sawyer calls "the immigrant saga, better future for my kids, my father working his way up." Cuomo, however, has made a specialty of defending, at least rhetorically, the old Democratic politics: sharing, family, compassion, mutuality, and the aggressive use of government to protect people against adversity. That is the Democratic Party's old-time religion, and Cuomo gives a terrific revival speech. Dukakis cannot give that revival speech. Jesse Jackson can, which is one reason why he gave Dukakis trouble in the early primaries and caucuses.

In the end, however, Dukakis's pragmatism could be a great advantage. Dukakis is not tied to the old politics as firmly as Cuomo is, and so he is less likely to frighten voters who think the old-time religion sounds like taxing, spending, and inflation. Sawyer zeroed in on this difference when he observed that "the Democrat has got to have the overlay of the more pragmatic, sensible, and even-handed approach—not New Deal spending or deficits." He continued, "That is why Dukakis, in one sense, is almost a better model than Cuomo. He combines traditional Democratic values with modern, technocratic abilities and with pragmatism—the ability to get government, business, and labor to work together and solve problems." Cuomo supporters were apparently attracted to Dukakis's modernized version of the Democratic message. The exit polls from the New York primary showed that most Democrats who really wanted to vote for Cuomo ended up supporting Dukakis for President.

Sawyer warned that pragmatism and consensus politics can be taken too far. Nevertheless, he said, "that kind of thing is exactly the right position for this part of the country." Sawyer then articulated a rule that summarizes the reasons for the Democrats' success in New York: "You've got to have the old values but not the old politics." If the rule holds nationally and the Democrats follow it, they could find themselves back in the White House.

BUT FIRST THE DEMOcrats are going to have to figure out what to do about Texas. Since Texas became a state, in 1845, no Democrat has won the presidency without carrying it. Since 1952 Texas has gone Democratic four times—1960, 1964, 1968, and 1976. It obviously helped that Lyndon Johnson was on the ticket in 1960 and 1964. Johnson's influence, along with that of his then-Democratic ally Governor John Connally, probably made the difference in 1968 as well, when Hubert Humphrey carried the state by a narrow margin.

What will not help the Democrats this year is George Bush at the top of the Republican ticket. Texas is one of the states that Bush claims as his home (he maintains an address at a Houston hotel). Until he won this year's Republican presidential primary, Bush on his own had been on a losing streak in Texas. He was rejected in three statewide elections: for senator in 1964 and 1970, and the 1980 Republican presidential primary. Like thousands of others, Bush came to Texas to make his fortune in the oil business. He ended up representing a Houston district in Congress for two terms. In Texas, where chauvinism is a time-honored tradition, that may be enough to qualify him as a favorite son. What do the Democrats have to compete with that? The fact that Michael Dukakis speaks Spanish, for one thing.

And something else: an oil bust that has nearly caused the collapse of the Texas economy. Banks are failing, or teetering on the brink. Great fortunes have disappeared. Austin, Houston, and other Texas cities, overdeveloped in the 1970s and early 1980s, have the highest office-vacancy rates in the country. Unemployment in Texas has been at recession levels since 1983. "We're a Third World economy," said Tim Richardson, the editor of *The Quorum Report*, a Texas political newsletter. "We're debt-ridden, we're commodity-based, we're exporters." Indeed, the boom-bust cycle in Texas has run counter to the national economy. High oil prices in the 1970s and early 1980s created a boom in Texas but threw the nation's economy into turmoil. The process reversed in 1983. As oil prices collapsed, Texas went into a dizzying tailspin. Bumper stickers that read LET THE YANKEES FREEZE IN THE DARK were succeeded by LET THE TEXANS ROT IN THE SUN.

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The effect of the oil bust on politics has been confused. Back in 1978 Texas Republicans scored a big breakthrough when they elected William Clements, the first Republican governor since Reconstruction (by a margin of eight tenths of one percent), and re-elected U.S. Senator John Tower (by a margin of one half of one percent). The Democrats came back in 1982, when Mark White defeated Clements for the governorship and a whole slate of progressive Democrats was elected to statewide office. Then, in 1984 and 1986, in the teeth of the oil bust, it was the Republicans who made the big gains.

Texas was one of the few states where Reagan had strong coattails in 1984. The party picked up five congressional seats, made significant gains in the state legislature, and increased its share of county-level offices by half. Two years later, in one of the great grudge matches of Texas history, Clements came back to defeat White and regain the governorship for the Republicans. "Normally, when we vote pocketbook, we move left," said Molly Ivins, a columnist for the *Dallas Times Herald*. "But the first thing we did when we had a chance to prove it was to elect this rich, right-wing Republican governor." Anti-incumbent voting had a lot to do with it. "We threw out the ins and put in the outs," Ivins said.

The Republicans have not exactly had an easy time of it, however. Last year the Texas legislature passed the largest tax increase in Texas history. In fact, it is reported to be the largest tax increase in any state's history. Governor Clements, who was already in trouble because of his involvement in a Southern Methodist University football scandal, infuriated Republicans by signing off on the tax bill, thereby violating his campaign pledge not to raise taxes. "He is a dead weight on the Republicans in Texas," said Ronnie Dugger, the publisher of the *Texas Observer*. Dugger called it "a Mecham problem," referring to the ex-governor of Arizona who was impeached and removed from office this year.

Virtually every Republican I spoke to talked about the falloff in Republican fund-raising. Texas used to be an abundant source of support for right-wing campaigns all over the country—sort of the Republican Party's Malibu. No more. John Kelsey, a key operative in Texas Republican politics, explained that the oil bust hurt Republicans in two ways. "First," he said, "money has disappeared. Wealth has been eroded, which cuts down on discretionary political giving." The second problem stems from the grievances of people in the oil and gas business. "People think, I didn't get any support so I'm not going to give any support," Kelsey said.

For years now the Texas Republican Party has been making spectacular gains. Texas voted for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956. The Republicans gained a U.S. Senate seat in 1961 and have held it ever since. From 1978 to 1986 the number of Republican congressional seats rose from four to ten. The party's holdings have grown from four to six state senate seats, from twenty-two to fifty-six state house seats, and from eighty-seven to 410 county offices.

Lance Tarrance, a Houston Republican pollster, noted that Texas Republicans have done particularly well with two constituencies. One is young voters. "The Republican Party is driven today by a young vote," he told me. "That's why we have so many young state representatives and young members of Congress." The other is recent arrivals. According to Tarrance, about a quarter of Texas voters have moved to the state since 1970. His polls show that native Texans now compose less than half the electorate. "Most of these new Texans didn't know Sam Rayburn or Lyndon Johnson," Tarrance observed. "They've known Jimmy Carter." According to Tarrance, if you ask Texans today how they normally vote, Democrats are only slightly ahead of Republicans. The Democratic political consultant George Shipley said, "Texas is like California and New York. It's a media state. It's a no-party state."

In Tarrance's view, the oil recession has ended the Republican surge, at least for the time being. What is over, he argued, is the bandwagon effect: "People said, 'The economy's great, Reagan's great, the Democrats are in bad shape. Maybe we ought to get on the bandwagon.' That sort of cheap vote we were getting has disappeared." I talked to Jack Martin, the chief operative for Democratic Senator Lloyd Bentsen, who sensed "a shift back." He said, "Every time Reagan gets on television and says the nation's in better shape than it has been economically in years, you've got these huge groups of Texans who say, 'What! Where?' "

This is not to say that Reagan—or Bush—is in deep trouble in Texas. As George Christian, formerly Lyndon Johnson's press secretary and now a political consultant in Austin, observed, "People don't really blame Reagan. They blame Saudi Arabia. They blame OPEC. We had a lot of problems in agriculture even before the oil collapse. But Reagan didn't get the flak for that. I think he deserved it." Tarrance noted that there has been some slippage in Reagan's job-approval rating in Texas, but it's still above the national average. The biggest complaint is that the Reagan Administration has no energy policy. "There is a perception that Ronald Reagan has neglected Texas," Shipley said. "Democrats talk about the national Republican policy of 'dismantling domestic producers' for the sake of 'cheap imported crude from nations that harbor terrorism.' " What oil people want, Shipley said, is "a stabilized and managed price of oil." But the federal government will have to do the stabilizing and managing, and that is anathema to Reaganites. The result is disappointment with Reagan but not large-scale political backlash.

Although Texas may be as bad off economically as Iowa, Texans are not voting like Iowans. That was clear in this year's Republican presidential primaries. George Bush was humiliated by his third-place finish in Iowa, where the Reagan Administration's farm policy was widely denounced. One month later Bush wiped out Bob Dole and Pat Robertson in Texas, where the Reagan Administra-

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tion's energy policy was hardly discussed. George Bush does not strike most voters as a stereotypical Texan. Still, no Texan I spoke to seemed to begrudge Bush his favorite-son status, even though he was born and bred in New England and has no real track record in Texas politics. "It's kind of like the definition of *bastard*," Jack Raines, the Republican secretary of state of Texas, said. "Some of them are accidents of birth, and others are self-made. We define Texans the same way." Tim Richardson called Bush "a founding father" of the modern Texas Republican Party. "He literally was one of the first people to get it started. Of the three people who came to that first Republican meeting, George Bush was one of them."

"Moderate, conservative, or whatnot," George Christian said, "it's just socially acceptable to be for Bush." However Texans may feel about the Reagan Administration's energy policy—and Bush's opposition to an oil-import fee—everyone knows that Bush made his fortune in the Texas oil business. Tom Loeffler, a former Republican congressman and a candidate for governor in 1986, said, "Texans know there's only one man in the presidential race right now that understands the industry." Bill Miller, a Republican political consultant, put it more succinctly: "In the clutch, he's ours."

THAT TEXANS ACCEPT A TRANSPLANT LIKE BUSH AS A favorite son says less about Bush than it does about Texas. Texas has changed. In fact, everyone I spoke to there was eager to tell me how much it has changed. Ronnie Dugger, who founded the *Texas Observer* in 1954, described the changes this way: "The first fifteen years I was watching Texas politics, liberals were like rocks on the plain. You just saw a plain of conservatives that was powerful, deeply organized, and dominated by the oil industry and racism. You had a state that was totally predictable and utterly one-party. Then it changed. Texas has become like the rest of the country. You've got a feminist movement, you've got a black movement, you've got a Hispanic movement, you've got a gay movement, you've got women running cities. You've got a majority of progressives in the top state offices. You've got Republicans winning congressional seats all over the state, and the Democrats holding on. Overall," Dugger concluded, "it's a much more civilized state."

Molly Ivins had a different take on these developments. "The biggest change is that we're now a two-party state," she said. "I disapprove. I went off to Minnesota when I was a young reporter, and I thought that I had landed in heaven. I just went around going, 'Look, there are two political parties here, and they are both progressive and there is no corruption and it's all like my high school civics textbook. This is the most wonderful place in the world. Gosh, if we could only have two political parties in Texas, it would just be happiness.' Then I came back and noticed that someone had actually thought of starting another political party in this state—one that was to the *right* of Texas Democrats! That is ground I thought didn't even exist."

But the emergence of a competitive Republican Party did not end up pulling the Democrats to the right, as Ivins feared. Instead, it freed the Democratic Party to become more progressive. What the Republicans did was pull a lot of conservative voters out of the Democratic Party. The action began to shift to the Republican primaries and to general elections, events that had had little meaning when Texas was a one-party state.

"As people have left the Democratic primaries," Christian said, "it has tended to make the Democratic Party more liberal. It has given labor more power. It has certainly given Hispanics and blacks more power. And it has given card-carrying liberals more power. The net result is that a liberal can be nominated for high office in the Democratic primary." One such is Michael Dukakis, who proved his national appeal by winning the Democratic presidential primary in Texas this year. According to a *Los Angeles Times* exit poll, Texas Democratic primary voters were 14 percent Hispanic and 13 percent black. Self-described conservatives barely outnumbered self-described liberals, 33 to 29 percent. Tim Richardson described a new coalition of blacks, Hispanics, gays, labor, feminists, and white liberals that has come to power in Texas cities. "The mayor of Houston is a woman, the mayor of Dallas is a woman, the mayor of San Antonio is Hispanic. They've all been elected by this coalition. The Democratic coalition in the urban centers will become the Democratic coalition statewide." He added, however, "It will take some time; 1988 may not be the year."

I MET WITH BOB BRISCHETTO, OF THE SOUTHWEST VOTer Research Institute, in San Antonio, the nation's principal center for research on the politics of Hispanic Americans, to discuss their key swing vote in Texas. Brischetto noted that the voting-age Hispanic population in Texas had virtually doubled in the 1970s. As of 1986 Hispanics composed 25.5 percent of the total state population. Their electoral power is diminished, however, because an especially high proportion of them are under voting age and because they have a low citizenship rate (about half of voting-age Texas Hispanics are American citizens), low voter registration, and low turnout. While Hispanics constituted 22 percent of the total voting-age population in 1986, they made up 20 percent of voting-age citizens, 13.5 percent of registered voters, and only eight percent of actual voters.

Brischetto observed that "Hispanic turnout rates in general elections lag behind the state average by twenty percentage points." In primaries, however, the situation is reversed. "When you look at Democratic primary elections, Mexican-American turnout has exceeded the state average since 1980." In part this voting pattern is due to an overall decline in Democratic primary participation. "Hispanics have maintained their participation in primaries more than

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Republicans are making inroads among upwardly mobile, urban Hispanic voters—those in the second or third generation from entry. Those who are moving in vote Democratic. Those who are moving up vote increasingly Republican.

non-Hispanics," Brischetto said. It is also due to strong local organizations that get out the Hispanic vote, particularly in San Antonio, where Democratic primaries are highly competitive and where there are also many Hispanic candidates on the ballot. In fact, Michael Dukakis built his Texas primary victory on the support of Hispanic voters, who, according to the exit polls, gave him 54 percent of their vote, as compared with 15 percent for Jesse Jackson.

Virtually every Republican I spoke to expressed the view that the party could win Hispanic votes on the basis of intense patriotism and "family values." "Republicans philosophically have more affinity toward Hispanic culture than they do toward black culture," Lance Tarrance said. As a result, "Republicans are getting competitive with the Hispanic vote." They still have a long way to go, however. Exit polls taken by the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project show Reagan getting 25 percent of the Texas Hispanic vote in 1984 and Clements getting 19 percent in 1986. In the 1986 race for attorney general the Republicans nominated a Mexican-American candidate, but even he managed to win only 39 percent of the Hispanic vote.

According to Brischetto's polls, Mexican-Americans are more conservative than Anglo voters on issues related to religion, such as abortion and school prayer. On an issue that relates to discrimination, however, such as the Equal Rights Amendment, they are more liberal than Anglos. As for foreign policy, Hispanic views on military aid to the contras were exactly the same as Anglo views; the two groups were equally opposed. On the issue of increasing defense spending, Hispanic voters were more negative than Anglo voters in both 1984 and 1986.

Some of the biggest differences occur on economic issues. Compared with Anglo voters, Hispanics were far less approving of cuts in social programs and of President Reagan's economic policies than were Anglo voters. In Brischetto's opinion, the Republican Party's social- and foreign-policy conservatism probably works with Cuban-Americans but not with Mexican-Americans. The reason is that Mexican-American voters are motivated primarily by economic concerns. "We always ask, 'What are the most important problems facing Mexican-Americans in your community?' " Brischetto said. "Unemployment comes up. Inflation came up in 1984. For Mexican-Americans, the issues that really count are the economic ones." That is why they continue to vote heavily Democratic. It is also why, as Tarrance pointed out, Republicans are making inroads "among upwardly mobile, urban Hispanic voters, those in the second or third generation from entry—the small businessman, the small insurance agent, the small doctor." What the data suggest is that Hispanics are behaving more or less like traditional American ethnic groups. Those who are moving in vote Democratic. Those who are moving up vote increasingly Republican.

Tarrance described Texas's leading Hispanic politician, the San Antonio mayor Henry Cisneros, as "a very precious commodity." He explained, "He talks like a Republican, he has the air of a Republican, but he's a Democrat." Ronnie Dugger described Cisneros as "a moderate liberal with strong connections to the Anglo business community." Dugger added, "He's a technocrat. He's a compromiser. He's a consensus-seeker." "I always knew the first Chicano governor of Texas would be an 'Aggie,' " Molly Ivins said, referring to Texas A&M, Cisneros's alma mater and a bastion of good-ole-boy Texas conservatism. The political consultant George Shipley called Cisneros "a Tory Democrat" who has been "elevated to the status of an institution."

What could be more appealing to national Democrats than a Hispanic politician who doesn't frighten the white establishment? In fact, Cisneros was one of the candidates Walter Mondale interviewed for the vice-presidential nomination in 1984. "He is the anointed," Ivins said, "as Barbara Jordan was once the anointed black woman."

Cisneros might make an interesting choice for the Democratic ticket in 1988. After all, Texas is a critical state. His nomination as Vice President would keep Jesse Jackson quiet. Jackson couldn't utter a word of protest about putting a Hispanic on the ticket, any more than he could complain about Mondale's choice of Geraldine Ferraro, in 1984: that's the whole idea behind the Rainbow Coalition. Moreover, a Cisneros candidacy could be the key to mobilizing the vast unregistered Hispanic electorate concentrated in states of some electoral importance, like California, New York, Illinois, Florida, and Texas. There is one big drawback to the idea, however: even though, by disposition, Dukakis is really a New England Yankee and Cisneros is a southern Tory (they both have degrees from Harvard), a Dukakis-Cisneros ticket might be a little too spicy for the American electorate to digest.

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IF YOU WANT EVIDENCE THAT TEXAS REALLY HAS changed, consider this: liberals are not winning just Democratic primaries in Texas. They are winning general elections as well. The big breakthrough came in 1982, when a whole slate of progressive Democrats won statewide office: Jim Mattox as attorney general, Ann Richards as state treasurer, Jim Hightower as agriculture commissioner, and Garry Mauro as land commissioner. The Democratic sweep went all the way up to the top of the ballot—Lloyd Bentsen for senator, William Hobby for lieutenant governor (both closer to the mold of traditional Tory Democrats), and Mark White for governor (a moderate). Not only were liberals elected but they were all re-elected in 1986, when White lost the governorship. Several of them have signaled an intention to move up in 1990. Hightower intends to challenge Phil Gramm for the Senate, while Mattox and Richards will be running against each other in the Democratic primary for governor.

George Christian said, "1982 was the first time liberals won the down-ballot races." What explains their success? To begin with, 1982 was a good year for Democrats nationwide. The country was experiencing the worst recession since the 1930s, and the Democrats made a net gain of twenty-six seats in the House of Representatives. There was also the fact that the Texas liberals faced weak Republican opponents.

Lance Tarrance's theory is that "lower-level offices are not ideological. It's hard to make an ideological statement about the land commissioner, or even the state treasurer." He believes that liberals can win statewide elections at the "administrative" level but not at the "representational" level, the level at which political leaders have to represent the "cultural life space" of Texas. No office is more representational than the presidency. That is why it may be hard to infer from the success of liberals in down-ballot races that a liberal presidential ticket can carry Texas in 1988. In fact, Tarrance argues that presidential years are the hardest on Texas liberals. "They have to run with the national party," he said, "and they're unmasked by their colleagues up in Washington."

When I put Tarrance's theory to Molly Ivins, her response captured the long-suffering nature of Texas liberalism. "During my entire lifetime in this state," she said, "you could go along for year after year without a single candidate on the ballot that a progressive Democrat could vote for with any enthusiasm. Those of us who are liberal Democrats in this state are simply artists at discerning the shades, the hairline differences that prove that one sorry troglodyte is a trifle better than the next. We are just the best people in the world at sorting out the lesser of two evils. So for us to have this much talent in statewide political office is just mind-boggling. To say they can't break through, hell, they never even broke into office before. How do we know they can't go up? We have no idea."

There is one other reason why the Democrats did so well in 1982, and it is one that is relevant to 1988 as well. In 1982 "you had Lloyd Bentsen and Bill Hobby spending millions of dollars to turn the vote out for the whole Democratic ticket," Christian explained. "It worked. They elected Mark White. They elected the whole Democratic slate. It was the first time ever that the Democrats mounted a well-financed get-out-the-vote effort." Virtually every Texan I spoke to was in awe of what he or she called the "Bentsen machine." George Shipley told me that he worked for Bentsen's campaign in 1976, when Jimmy Carter carried Texas. "The Carter guys came to us every morning and took their orders. Carter did not say a thing impacting Texas without clearing it with Bentsen. It was very much a subservient role. Bentsen called the shots, and Carter basically said, 'I'm for Lloyd Bentsen.'" Bentsen carried Texas with 57 percent. Carter carried Texas with 51 percent.

Bentsen is up for re-election in 1988. I asked John Kelsey, the Republican fund-raiser, whether Bentsen could pull a Democratic presidential ticket through this year. "He would definitely have an effect, without any question," Kelsey said. "He would have a significant effect on turnout. If you had a man running against Bentsen, he wouldn't pull as many votes on the Republican side as Bentsen would pull on the Democratic side." Kelsey admitted that the Republicans would probably not give a lot of support to Bentsen's opponent this year, "simply because a tough Bentsen race might bring out a lot of Democratic voters and endanger the Republican presidential ticket." "The presidential ticket has to be acceptable to Bentsen," George Shipley said. "That's the bottom line in Texas. The finest organization in this state is the one that's principally Lloyd Bentsen's and is shared in part with Bill Hobby. It's the Tory Democratic organization. The first guy who put it together was Lyndon Johnson. The second generation was John Connally. The third and fourth generation has been Lloyd Bentsen."

When I spoke to Jack Martin, the Bentsen operative, he confirmed what Shipley had said. "Yes, there's a structure," Martin said. "Senator Bentsen has maintained coordinators in all two hundred fifty-four counties year in and year out. He keeps a well-oiled organization in place at the grass-roots level." I asked him about 1988. "If we have a serious, well-funded opponent, we'll do everything we can not just to beat him but to beat him soundly. One effect will be that voter turnout will increase. Lots of people will be beneficiaries of that." Martin explained that that is exactly what happened in 1982. "We put together one of the most sophisticated pay-to-get-out-the-vote mechanisms in the country at that time. It had never been done in Texas on the Democratic side. Clements had introduced it in 1978. We took the same strategy and moved it over to the Democratic side. I think it's fair to say that Senator Bentsen's organization and his phone banks and his campaign pushed the turnout way up and caused everybody on that ballot to benefit."

Bentsen's opponent this year, Representative Beau

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Boulter, from the Texas Panhandle, does not look very formidable. But, Jack Martin acknowledged, "we've got this presidential thing above us." A strong Bush vote could very well endanger Bentsen's re-election, even against a weak opponent. As Lance Tarrance put it, "If anybody should be scared, it ought to be Bentsen, especially if the state goes for the national Republican ticket by a margin of 500,000 votes or more." According to Shipley, a "united front" campaign worked in 1982 and it could work again in 1988. "The day Carter lost, Bentsen got very serious about his 1982 re-election," Shipley said. "Bentsen and Hobby decided a year in advance that they were going to run an integrated, united Democratic effort and that they were going to bring a Democratic governor to Texas. The messages were tailored all the way down. Fifteen congressmen participated in it, and we got the vote out."

"Dukakis could win Texas," Shipley said, "provided that during the nominating campaign and immediately thereafter he communicates the proper messages to the leadership of this state. He has to show Democrats in the business community that he can do business in Texas. Maybe promise to have a summit meeting on energy policy within the first thirty days of his Administration. If the united-front scenario is there, it's do-able."

FOR ALL THE CHANGES IN TEXAS, CERTAIN THEMES remain constant. One is a certain "meanness," a ten-gallon ferocity, in Texas politics. You can find throbbing veins of it in both parties. John Hildreth, of Common Cause, sees it in the Democrat Jim Mattox and in the Republican Phil Gramm. "They are so much alike in style," he said. "They don't just want to beat you. They want to knock you down and then stomp on you." Shipley offered a broader interpretation of the meanness of Texas politics. "There is more tolerance for social inequality in Texas than in any other state," he said. "What we do here for the mentally retarded and the mentally ill is a disgrace. What we do in the way of health care for the poor and the uninsured is a disgrace. What we do here in the way of our prison system is a disgrace. Our supreme court is a national joke."

I got the flavor of what Shipley was talking about when I interviewed George Strake, the chairman of the Texas Republican Party. Strake was complaining that "if we don't learn to curtail some of our spending habits in Texas, we're going to end up like the federal government." I reminded him that the courts had condemned the Texas prison system and the system for treating the mentally retarded as unconstitutional, and that they were threatening to do the same with the system for funding public education.

"I'm not a prison expert," Strake said, "but I can tell you that the Ferguson unit that houses the eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds has a better cafeteria and a better chapel than I had when I was in college. They have training facilities for auto repair, for road making, for TV repair, for barbering, for law. I think we have gone overboard on facilities for prisoners."

Meanness has deep roots in Texas politics, but so does another, quite different quality—namely, populism. As Shipley pointed out, the populist strain shows up in the structure of Texas government: "very divided authority, very weak governor and so forth." The current master of Texas populism is Agriculture Commissioner Jim Hightower. "There's no doubt that he's one of the most clever politicians around in terms of using the media to attract attention," Hildreth said. "He's funny. Talk about people laughing. But that's also how people notice you and respond to you. He has a very faithful core of support around the state, primarily responding to his populist message."

"What Hightower has done in the agriculture department," Hildreth explained, "is take a lazy, good-for-nothing agency that checked scales and eggs and killed fire ants and turned it into a center for economic development. He's been very successful with the blue-collar redneck voter." Hightower was also the only white statewide-elected official to endorse Jesse Jackson for President this year. The 1990 Senate race will determine whether left-wing populism is a serious force in Texas, or whether Hightower is, as Jack Raines described him, "all boots and belt buckle." In any case, the contest between Hightower and Gramm will be a classic Texas showdown: the leading Texas populist versus the meanest politician in Texas.

Tim Richardson argues that the populist economic theme could be a powerful one for the Democrats in 1988. He thinks that the Republicans are vulnerable in Texas because of their stubborn ideological insistence on free-market policies. "Gramm calls a lot of the shots in the Republican Party," Richardson said, "and I think he's out of step with one basic thing: government has a role in rebuilding the state economy. That idea is anathema to him. He refuses to offer any kind of governmental solution to an economy that is in depression conditions in many parts of this state." The Texas populist tradition goes back to Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn. "There is a big constituency for government-assisted economic-development measures," Richardson says. "I think the constituency is there for defending state services."

The Democrats could win an important prize if they offered an economic-development message. "The Republicans," Richardson says, "are alienating the business community. Business realizes that the future labor force is being shredded by rotten services, high dropout rates, crime, drugs, poor education, and illiteracy." Let the Republicans run on low taxes. The Democrats will run on making Texas a first-class state.

If Richardson's economic-development theme sounds familiar, it is because that's exactly what Michael Dukakis says he did in Massachusetts—use government in collaboration with business to direct resources and manage economic growth. Can the Democrats sell a northeastern urban ethnic liberal in Texas—against an oilman and a favorite son? The conventional wisdom in Texas is no.

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"Unless Bush falls on his face," George Christian said, "I can't imagine him not carrying Texas." Lance Tarrance told me that Mark White once said when he was governor that the Democrats could hold Texas with respect to statewide offices. "But as for the Democrats holding Texas for the national party, White said, 'I can't do that.' "

Shipley warned, however, that it would be a mistake for Democrats to write Texas off as "an automatic Bush state." "The conventional wisdom might be to do that. But Bush is not perceived as a winner in Texas." There are any number of reasons why the Democrats have a chance to carry Texas this year. Texas is no longer as parochial as it used to be. Jack Martin said, "This state is capable of getting caught up in a national discussion of the issues. That was clearly the case when Carter beat Ford here. And it was clearly the case when Reagan beat Carter. Reagan beat a southerner in this state. To me, that really had nothing to do with the campaign these two men ran in Texas. It had to do with Texans being part of the national discussion." It helps that Michael Dukakis is a relatively safe Democrat with a non-ideological style and a strong economic-development message. It helps that the economic situation in Texas is drastic. It helps that there is a strong national mood for change. And it helps most of all that Lloyd Bentsen is up for re-election.

THE REAGAN REVOLUTION, it can be argued, began exactly ten years ago in California. On June 6, 1978, California primary voters voted 65 to 35 percent in favor of Proposition 13, the Jarvis-Gann property-tax limitation measure. It was an exhilarating experience. The voters literally took the law into their own hands and, defying the ominous predictions of the political establishment, voted themselves one of the biggest tax cuts in American political history. Tax-revolt fever immediately spread across the country, and state after state passed measures explicitly imitative of Proposition 13. This wave of anti-tax, anti-government sentiment culminated two years later in the election of Ronald Reagan to the presidency and in the Republican takeover of the U.S. Senate. Interestingly, Reagan himself had virtually nothing to do with Proposition 13. His own tax initiative had failed at the California polls in 1973, and he was wary of supporting the more radical 1978 measure.

One of Reagan's first actions as President, and the one with the most decisive implications for the future, was the 1981 federal income-tax cut. Reagan did to the federal government what Proposition 13 did to California: he pulled the revenue plug. The result in both California and the nation was a new era of government retrenchment. The symbol of the Reagan era in American politics is the tremendous federal budget deficit. The symbol of the Proposition 13 era in California is the steady deterioration of public services. Both systems have been protected by coalitions of voters sharing an interest in low taxes and limited government. Reagan presides over this coalition in Washington, and George Deukmejian, Reagan's loyal ally from his days as governor of California, presides over the coalition back home. Even though both chief executives were elected, and then re-elected by bigger majorities, it is not clear that their limited-government coalitions have put down deep roots. Both Reagan and Deukmejian face hostile legislatures controlled by Democrats. And both nationwide and in California a growing body of evidence suggests that public sentiment is shifting. Because the Reagan revolution started in California, any signs of backtracking there will have portentous implications for its future.

Proposition 13 was not only the one measure. It was a movement. It gave rise to cuts in inventory and inheritance taxes, and to the indexation of state income-tax rates to inflation. According to Gray Davis, the state comptroller, the aggregate revenue loss resulting from Proposition 13 amounts to $20 billion a year, or half the current state budget. It also gave rise, in 1979, to the Gann initiative, which limits spending by state and local governments to an amount equivalent to their 1978–1979 budgets adjusted for inflation and population growth. The spending cap can be overriden only through special local initiatives.

The Gann initiative seemed innocuous in 1979, because it had provisions for inflation and population growth. There was no provision for the expansion of public needs, however. As it turned out, the spending cap was not a

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problem so long as inflation remained high. But inflation dropped, and last year, for the first time, state spending bumped up against the Gann limit. As a result, the state wrote rebate checks to California taxpayers totaling more than $1 billion. According to the California pollster Mervin Field, a large majority of Californians favored using the money for education. In fact, an organized campaign asked taxpayers to turn over their rebate checks to their local school districts. In the view of Robert Naylor, the Republican state chairman, Governor Deukmejian "risked looking insensitive" on the education issue by getting involved in a dispute with the state superintendent of public instruction. The Gann initiative would have permitted turning the money over to local districts that had not hit their spending limits. The governor wouldn't hear of it.

Many Californians I spoke to believed that Proposition 13 has paralyzed the political system and made it unresponsive to shifts in public sentiment. "It was a psychological problem exacerbated by lack of leadership," said Sherry Bebitch Jeffe, a California political writer. "I sense that public opinion has turned." According to Tom Quinn, who ran the state's environmental regulatory services under Governor Jerry Brown, "There have been major retrenchments in terms of any kind of planning for the future. We're not building highways. We're not thinking about how we're going to provide transportation twenty years from now. This is becoming a lousy place to live." Field told me that, according to his polls, the California public has increasingly come to acknowledge "a gradual, obvious, palpable deterioration of public services." He saw no evidence of a counterrevolution, however. "The public still likes Proposition 13," Field said. "Any effort to repeal it would be suicidal."

The key to California politics is, of course, the state's vast middle class. It was their revolt, after all, that created Proposition 13, the Gann initiative, and, ultimately, the Reagan revolution. The concerns of middle-class Californians have clearly been drifting away from taxes and toward public services, whose amount and quality inescapably impinge on the lives of all Californians. But how far? Talking to Californians, one gets different images of the middle-class voter. "The middle class feels shortchanged," said Davis, who is contemplating making a run for governor in 1990. "How can their children compete in an information society if forty-six other states are investing more in the future than we are? At some point that feeling will permit a more progressive use of the money that comes into the state." A member of the California assembly offered a slightly different image of the middle-class voter: "People are driving around, frustrated, listening to their car radios, choking, spending two and a half hours a day in an automobile to go to work for seven hours," he said, "only to be told that it is a profile in courage to raise taxes and take more money out of their checkbook." This defense of the middle-class taxpayer came from none other than Tom Hayden, the former sixties radical and now a Democratic assemblyman from Santa Monica.

IT IS A CASE OF COMPETING CLICHÉS. ON THE ONE hand, the California voter is an individualist, suspicious and distrustful of government. Michael Berman, a political consultant, told me, "Californians have a perfect understanding that government is not a major factor in their lives. People see their potential here as more a function of the individual and his abilities and less a function of government doing something for them." On the other hand, the pollster Richard Maullin said, "The great population influx that occurred during and after World War Two has been of people without tremendous means, who depend on the public sector for a lot of the higher standard of living they enjoy here. The state's economy and its good life have benefited from a willingness to tax itself and put money into public enterprise."

I asked Kevin Starr, a noted California historian, to sort out the inconsistent images for me. "The federal government was the midwife to the western states," he said. "These states had no previous sovereignties, no previous identifications, no cultural traditions." He described the relationship of the federal government to westerners as "almost parental," adding, "The federal government is perceived with the apprehension of a child to a parent, with all the possibilities of affirmation and repudiation." In other words, Californians have an ambivalent attitude toward government. They want government to provide for them but they resent its control.

In Starr's view, the New Deal political culture never really caught on in California. "The New Deal didn't settle in here in the same way, and it was thrown off early." The New Deal culture is essentially collectivist and redistributive: use my tax money to help those less fortunate. At its best, it is Mario Cuomo's vision of a society based on sharing, family, compassion, and mutuality. In California, however, the kind of government people want and expect is the public-works culture that has its roots in the older progressive tradition. The essential idea is that government should provide universally available benefits and services like public education, water resources, and highways. It is a uniquely middle-class view of government: use my tax money in ways that will benefit me, along with everybody else. It is this public-works culture, Starr argued, that is reasserting itself ten years after Proposition 13.

Starr's theory helps to explain a prototypical Californian like George Deukmejian. Sal Russo, a political consultant who has worked for Deukmejian, said that "when he was elected, Deukmejian wanted to be known as the governor who rebuilt California." But he got himself boxed in on the issue of a tax increase. He cannot raise revenues because of his no-tax-increase pledge. The Democratic legislature "prevents him from cutting things he might otherwise cut to put the money to better use." And the costs of rebuilding the state's infrastructure would be astronomical. "We started to cost it out," Russo said. "You couldn't figure out a way to pay for all of it." Deukmejian is in the classic middle-class squeeze between a commitment to low taxes and a commitment to public works.

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Peter Kelly, the state Democratic Party chairman, put his finger on the key difference between California under Proposition 13 and the federal government under Ronald Reagan. "Here you had less money and you spent less," Kelly said. "Nationally, you had less money and you spent more." Sentiment in California has turned around to the extent that Democrats now *cautiously* endorse the need for higher taxes. In former governor Jerry Brown's view, "The tax implication of the plan must not be the salient message, but rather the vision has to be powerful enough that the tax is just a small piece of it, and not all that striking." Republicans now *cautiously* endorse the need for higher spending. Naylor, the Republican chairman, told me, "There is certainly a change of sentiment. But it isn't for throwing money at problems. It's for saying, 'Here's a specific need. We think money will solve this specific need.' It's not a search for more social programs. People see certain kinds of services that don't have enough money."

I asked everyone I spoke to whether it is now safe for Democrats to talk about more spending in California. Almost everyone gave the same answer: "Yes, but . . . " The conditions all amounted to more or less the same thing. "You have to talk about spending on things that benefit an awful lot of people," Richard Maullin said. "You cannot spend money to take care of small groups." Chip Nielsen, a Republican activist from San Francisco, said, "If you could take your tax check and pay for particular services, things you really get your return for, everyone would do it gladly." "Show people what they're getting," Tom Quinn said. "It had better be pretty specific. For instance, if I'm paying five cents more per gallon of gasoline, show me how it's going to take me half an hour instead of an hour to get to work five years from now." Clinton Reilly, a Democratic political consultant, put it this way: "I pay my taxes, so what are you going to do for me—not what are you going to do for someone else? Unless we can give people something back for their tax money, the Republicans are going to be stronger by saying, we're not going to take it in the first place."

Public works, like freeways, and public services, like fire fighting and crime prevention, are fine. They serve a specific, visible need and are universally available. "Social programs" are not fine. They are programs aimed at creating social change and benefiting particular groups. That is precisely the lesson that the national Democratic Party learned, or should have learned, from the Reagan era. The only social programs that are politically secure are "entitlements" that benefit everybody, like Social Security and Medicare. It is much harder to sustain support for targeted programs, like welfare, urban mass transit, and student loans. The reverse is true of taxes. It is dangerous to propose a general tax increase. Instead, Democrats have to talk about user fees, designated revenues, and requiring employers to pay mandated benefits.

The message to national Democrats is, if you want to sell your program in California, keep spending as broad as possible and taxes as specific as possible.

THERE ARE MANY CONTRADICTIONS IN CALIFORNIA politics. Registered Democrats consistently outnumber registered Republicans; Democrats control both houses of the state legislature, the California congressional delegation, and almost all state offices below that of governor. But California has voted Republican in every presidential election since Harry Truman, with the exception of the Johnson landslide. Give the Republicans California's forty-seven electoral votes and you boost them a sixth of the way to an electoral-college majority. The national Democratic Party has a tendency to do just that. Democratic strategists often look at California and see that it is a state where the party can compete. California votes very much like the rest of the country. Over the past five presidential elections Republicans have won an average of 53 percent of the national vote and Democrats have averaged 42 percent. The averages for California are exactly the same. In 1960, when Kennedy beat Nixon by a national margin of 0.2 percent, Nixon carried California by 0.5 percent. Carter won the nation's popular vote by 2.1 percent in 1976; he lost California by 1.7 percent.

Seeing that California is winnable, Democrats then try to figure out what it would take to win it. The answer is, a lot of money and a lot of time. David Townsend, a Sacramento political consultant, estimated that a statewide campaign for governor can cost upwards of $10 million. Statewide campaigns in California are conducted almost entirely on television, and the state has several of the largest and most expensive television markets in the country. A presidential candidate, moreover, has to spend a lot of time traveling to and from what Richard Scammon, the election analyst, calls "the trans-desert republic." Having taken a long, hard look at the California numbers, Democrats usually decide to make a token effort there and concentrate instead on, say, Ohio. They rationalize their decision by pointing out that the Democratic nominee failed to win the California primary—as was the case in 1976, 1980, and 1984.

Tom Hayden says, "The national Democratic Party will not invest in California. They take money out as if it's a colony and put nothing back in. In August they'll be out here with their phony advance men promising us that they are going to go all the way in California. But privately we know that they will do that only to keep up appearances long enough to rip off more money. Then they'll yank the tent and call it quits in late September. They don't understand California, they don't like California, they don't want to even think of California as a Democratic state. It's like they're run by the mind of Woody Allen."

If the Democrats make no serious effort and the Republicans have a decent candidate, then the Republicans have an edge in California. Why, then, do Democrats do so well in state elections? Because Democrats in California often make an extraordinary effort and Republicans often put up terrible candidates. Senator Alan Cranston, for example, beat extremely weak right-wing opponents in 1968, 1974, and 1980. When the Republicans finally nominated a seri-

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"The national Democratic Party will not invest in California. They don't understand California, they don't even want to think of California as a Democratic state. It's like they're run by the mind of Woody Allen."

ous opponent, in 1986, Cranston ran a tough, well-managed campaign that is widely acknowledged as one of the best in recent California history. And he barely won, with 50.8 percent of the vote. Almost every Republican I spoke to attributed the Democrats' advantage in the state legislature and Congress to the Democrats' brilliant—and controversial—reapportionment following the 1980 census.

Still, several factors have worked to the Republicans' advantage in recent years. One is the anti-tax movement and the trend toward fiscal conservatism. Another is the anti-crime backlash, which has led to setbacks for liberals on issues like gun control and the death penalty. George Deukmejian, more than any other politician, epitomizes the anti-tax, law-and-order mentality of the California middle class. Clint Reilly told me, "The California electorate is primarily the upwardly mobile white middle class. What do you offer voters who feel they already have everything, except what Republicans offer, which is that they can have more than they've got? The Democratic Party has no message for the haves."

Reilly noted that the Democrats' lead in party registration has shifted from five-to-three to about five-to-four in recent years. According to Naylor, the Republican chairman, "Democratic registration is at its lowest since the Great Depression. Republican registration is at its highest since the early 1950s. We're closing the gap. The Democrats are now registering only marginally more voters than we are." I asked Naylor what he found were the best pools among which to recruit new Republican voters in California. He named two. "New residents are by far the best, particularly people who have bought houses in vast new residential developments. Number two is new citizens, especially Iranians, Vietnamese, and Central Americans." These new immigrant groups tend to be either strongly middle class in outlook, strongly anti-communist, or both. As Reilly observed about Asians, "They don't really look to government as the source of their economic well-being. They're very skeptical and fearful of government."

On the other hand, being the son of Greek immigrants may help Michael Dukakis to appeal to these voters. "Before the U.S. government's recent offer of amnesty to illegal aliens ended," Mark Shields wrote recently in *The Washington Post*,

> immigrants from 170 countries applied at the Los Angeles Immigration and Naturalization Service office. That's right, 170! California is the leading destination for the immigrants of the world. According to Rep. Bob Matsui, Sacramento Democrat and early Dukakis endorser, his candidate will do well because "we are a state of immigrants, not basically made up of Western Europeans, but people from southern Europe, Southeast Asia and Latin America who will relate a lot better to Dukakis than to Bush."

THE REPUBLICANS HAVE HAD ONE OTHER ADVANTAGE in California presidential races. A Californian has been on the ticket almost every time in the postwar era—Nixon five times and Reagan twice. Kelly, the Democratic chairman, called it "the cheapest insurance policy in America." If George Bush wants a little insurance, all he needs to do is put Deukmejian on the ticket as Vice President. The only problem is that Deukmejian has said over and over again that he is not interested in running for Vice President. If he won, he would have to turn the state over to the Democrats. As Ken Kahachigian, a former Reagan speechwriter and Deukmejian adviser, noted, "Right now the governor is the lone Republican state constitutional officer. He's got judicial appointments and two thousand patronage appointments. It would tear down whatever cachet he's built up with the party here."

"He'd have a lot of explaining to do," said the Republican political consultant Stu Spencer, pointing out that only by holding the governorship will the Republicans be able to veto another Democratic gerrymander after the 1990 census. "The Republicans would not forgive him," said Chip Nielsen, a Republican activist. "They'd say, 'You're the guy who turned California over to the Democrats. We didn't control reapportionment, and because of that, we ended up with twelve Democratic congressmen who shouldn't be there and a legislature still dominated by the Democrats.' " Nevertheless, Deukmejian is a Reagan loyalist, and if the President and the Vice President made the case to him personally that the preservation of the Reagan legacy is at stake, he might find it hard to refuse a spot on the ticket. After all, if he lost, he would still be governor, and if he won, he would be Vice President of the United States.

But how much would Deukmejian really help the ticket? He barely defeated a black Democratic candidate in 1982 and has never acquired much of a reputation outside the state—or much of a personal following inside the state. "He doesn't enjoy the campaign," Sal Russo said. "He

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would not be a happy campaigner. I don't think he'd do well on the stump." Moreover, the California insurance policy does not always pay off. Thomas Dewey put the governor of California, Earl Warren, on the ticket in 1948 and ended up losing the state narrowly to Harry Truman. And Earl Warren was one of the most popular governors in California history (he won both the Democratic and Republican primaries for governor in 1946, when cross-filing was allowed, and got re-elected with 92 percent of the vote).

If the election is as close as many observers expect, then it may all come down to which way California goes. And California could go either way. *The Washington Post* described George Bush's campaign manager, Lee Atwater, as voicing "the bi-partisan consensus" when he said this spring that "California will be critical." Recently the *Post* asked whether Michael Dukakis could put together a winning coalition without carrying a single southern or Rocky Mountain state. He could. By carrying the major northeastern, midwestern, and West Coast states, the Democrats could end up with 311 electoral votes, or forty-one more than a majority. But they could not do it without California's forty-seven. "California has got to be the Democrats' number-one target," said the Republican pollster Richard Wirthlin.

Bush's strength in California can be summarized in a single word: Reagan. The California Republican party is a shadow of Ronald Reagan, and Bush has been careful to stay in Reagan's shadow. But California voters are notoriously trendy. They got tired of Reagan once before, in 1974. After Reagan's two terms as governor, Californians decided to try something different. They elected Jerry Brown.

I asked the various Californians I spoke to what kind of message might work for the Democrats in California. Clint Reilly said, "The message must be for government to help business grow, to help the economy grow, to be a partner with business in creating jobs and growth. They also need a strong commonsense profile—tough on crime, for efficiency and economy in government." In other words, a very middle-class message. I asked Reilly how, with that kind of message, the Democrats could distinguish themselves from the Republicans. "On the quality-of-life issues, like the environment and education," he replied, "areas where government has to be active." Kelly, the Democratic chairman, essentially agreed. "There are no great ideological differences that the public perceives between the parties at the moment," he said. "There will probably not be an ideological difference over the deficit. It's not going to be the liberal plan versus the conservative plan. It's going to be one person's idea over another's." Therefore, he concluded, the election will be decided by "the appearance of competence and the appearance of leadership."

In that case, Michael Dukakis should make a very nice appearance. Competence is his issue, and his record in Massachusetts is one of efficiency, economy, and partnership between government and business. Indeed, the California Republicans I spoke to saw Dukakis as the most formidable potential Democratic nominee. In a May *Los Angeles Times* poll Dukakis was running 17 points ahead of Bush. "I think Dukakis probably knows how to communicate with California voters," Ken Kahachigian said. "There would be a big-state affinity with his management of Massachusetts. He is perceived as a good manager." Larry Thomas, a former press secretary to Vice President Bush, described Dukakis as "a good communicator with a conservative Democratic message. He's got something he can point to and show that it worked. He's not just another fellow from the legislative branch."

Bob Naylor, the Republican state chairman, went even further in praising Dukakis. He told me, "Dukakis has some of the same appeal as Deukmejian. With his record, I think, he would be able to tap into almost all the themes that Deukmejian has tapped into in this state." "What themes?" I asked. "He got his state's economy moving again," Naylor said. "He carried out stringent tax-cutting measures. He also made the state live within its means. He represents high tech and economic growth. Massachusetts is the flagship economy for the East Coast, as California is for the West Coast." "One more thing," he added, tying the two Dukes together: "in California we're used to ethnics."

The Battle for the White Middle Class

THE REAL BATTLEGROUND OF AMERICAN POLITICS IS not a state. It is a constituency—the white middle class. The white middle class is such a vast and diffuse constituency that it is easier to characterize it by what it is not than by what it is. It is not rich and it is not poor. Nor is it conservative or liberal in any consistent way. Indeed, it is not ideological at all, preferring to see issues in practical rather than moralistic terms. White middle-class voters are capable of supporting a moderate Republican like Governor Thompson, of Illinois, a conservative Republican like Governor Deukmejian, of California, a moderate Democrat like Senator Bentsen, of Texas, and a liberal Democrat like Governor Cuomo, of New York. All these politicians succeed because they connect with the needs and interests of white middle-class voters. The problem facing any presidential candidate is that he has to connect with white middle-class voters in all the states simultaneously. He has to be a Thompson in Illinois, a Deukmejian in California, a Bentsen in Texas, and a Cuomo in New York.

Two broad themes seem to characterize the politics of the white middle class. One is pragmatism, the character-

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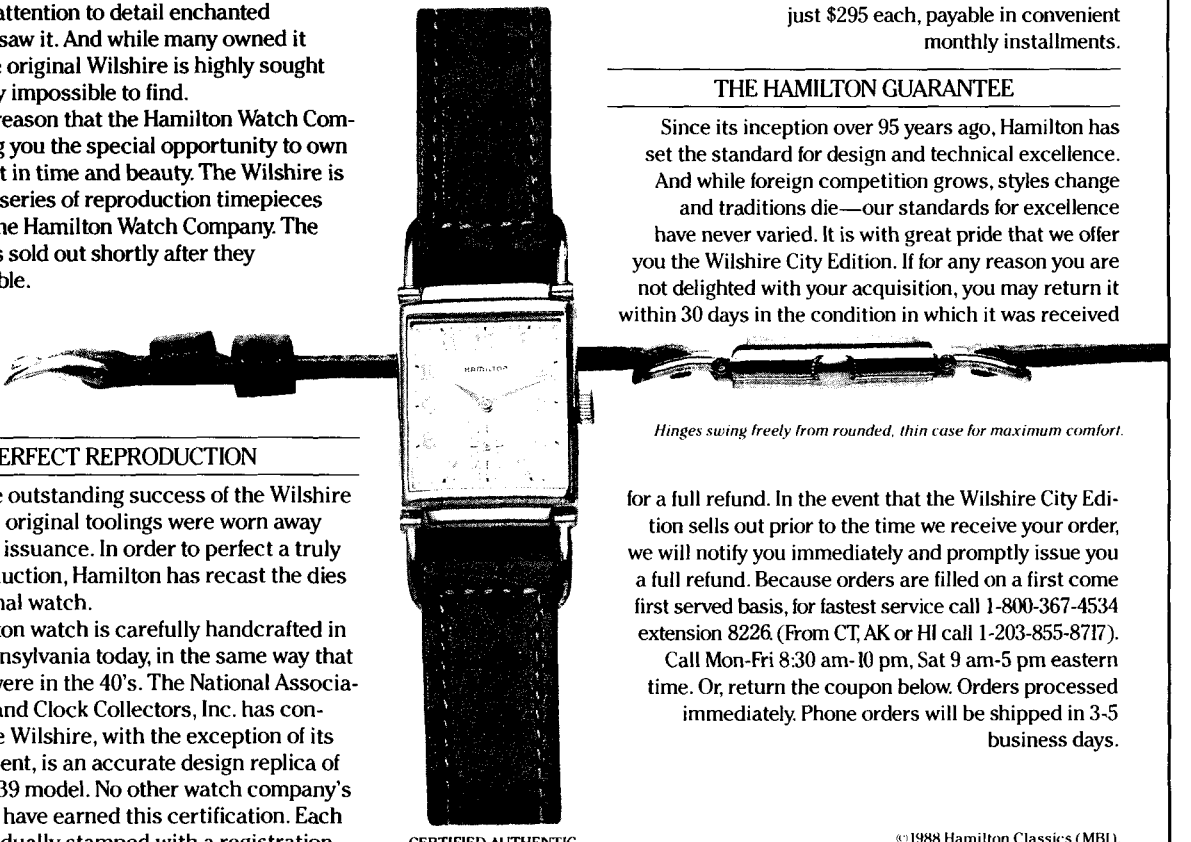

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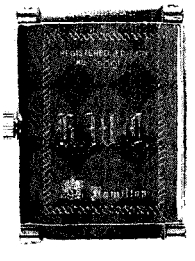

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istically American notion that whatever works must be right. Middle-class voters accepted the enormous expansion of federal power under the New Deal because it was perceived to work. Big government brought relief to millions of Americans and helped bring the country out of the Great Depression—so long live big government! Most middle-class voters have accepted the Reagan program in the 1980s because it, too, has seemed to work. The popular view is that Reagan's anti-government policies helped bring the country out of the Great Inflation of the 1970s and produced more than five years of sustained economic recovery—so down with big government!

The second theme of middle-class politics is populism. Not populism of the left or populism of the right but a generalized resentment of elites and establishments. It was the anti-Washington issue that helped elect the past two Presidents of the United States, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan.

Both political parties have become more ideological and less populist over the past twenty-five years. Barry Goldwater and George McGovern have finally won. Their movements took control of the parties away from the old bosses—the Democratic Party regulars, the Republican eastern establishment—and turned it over to "the people," which is to say, primary voters and caucus participants. But most people do not participate in primaries and caucuses. Those who do tend to be upper-middle-class activists with an ideological agenda. As a result, liberal Republicans and conservative Democrats have become virtually extinct. More to the point, middle-class voters no longer feel entirely comfortable in either party; the Democrats are too liberal and the Republicans too conservative.

THE LOON ON OAK-HEAD POND

cries for three days, in the gray mist.
cries for the north it hopes it can find.

plunges, and comes up with a slapping pickerel.
blinks its red eye.

cries again.

you come every afternoon, and wait to hear it.
you sit a long time, quiet, under the thick pines,
in the silence that follows.

as though it were your own twilight.
as though it were your own vanishing song.

—*Mary Oliver*

In every state I visited, politicians talked about how partisanship has been declining since the 1960s. There are fewer and fewer reliable Republican and Democratic voters. The white middle class has become a swing vote.

The big story of the past twenty-five years has been the Democratic Party's loss of the white middle-class vote. Everett Ladd, a political scientist, noticed it in the early 1970s, when he wrote about "the inversion of the New Deal class order." "In the party system which FDR built, the top had been decisively more Republican than the bottom," he wrote. By the early 1970s he found evidence that "in many . . . instances, groups at the top are now more Democratic than those at the bottom." Indeed, he identified a new pattern, "with the top more Democratic than the middle but the middle less Democratic than the bottom." The Democrats have been losing northern white ethnics and southern conservatives. They are becoming a top-down coalition of elite professionals and the dependent poor. In the 1988 presidential primaries the Democratic Party seemed to be reduced to two core constituencies—blacks and white liberals. James A. Barnes, of *National Journal,* has reported a sharp decline in the participation of lower-income voters, particularly lower-income white voters, in this year's Democratic primaries. In Chicago, for instance, Jesse Jackson's 1988 vote was 23 percent higher than his 1984 vote. But the vote for the other active Democratic candidates this year was down 39 percent from the total of votes cast for Gary Hart and Walter Mondale in 1984. The decline was especially severe, Barnes reports, in the city's ethnic white working-class sections. Without those voters the Democrats will not have a majority coalition in November.

If the Democrats are under pressure because they have been losing votes, the Republicans have had problems because they have been gaining votes. Old-line Republicans have had difficulty accepting some of the new groups that have been moving into their party—urban populists, racists, and religious fundamentalists. "The deal is, we will endorse your positions and take your votes, but please don't try to challenge us for control of our party," Republican leaders seem to be saying. Blacks didn't accept that deal from the Democratic Party, and religious fundamentalists are not likely to accept it from the Republican Party. The evidence from Illinois, New York, Texas, and California suggests that the Republican Party has had trouble establishing roots in the electorate. Big Republican gains in presidential voting have not translated into a party base for state and local elections, often because the party does not have a deep pool of talent to draw from in recruiting candidates. White middle-class voters may be leaving the Democratic Party and voting Republican, but most of them have not become Republican partisans.

In order to compete for the white middle-class vote, the parties must avoid seeming too ideological. In Illinois and New York the Democratic Party has to figure out some way to accommodate rising black political aspirations without becoming the black party. Similarly, Republicans have to

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absorb the white ethnic vote without becoming the racist party. Neither black power nor racism sells to the white middle class. In Texas the Republicans are under pressure to be more flexible in their view of government; otherwise they will violate the commonsense notion that government has a role to play in restoring the state's economy. In California, given the state's healthy economy, it is the Democrats who must adapt. They have to accept the Proposition 13 consensus and prove to suspicious middle-class voters that their taxing and spending policies are reasonable and appropriate. The Democratic Party's core ideological position is that the role of government is to protect people. The core Republican position is that government interferes with people. Ask white middle-class voters which position they agree with, and they are likely to say, "Both."

The Democrats got into trouble in the 1960s and early 1970s as a result of racial conflict and the Vietnam War. Racists could not remain in a party led by Hubert Humphrey in 1968, and foreign-policy conservatives could not accept the nomination of George McGovern in 1972. The most devastating blow to the Democrats came in the late 1970s, however, when Jimmy Carter failed to manage the most serious economic crisis since the Depression. The Democratic Party lost credibility on the one issue that had held it together for fifty years, even when race and Vietnam had threatened to tear it apart—namely, the commitment to protect people against economic adversity. The good news for Democrats this year is that the divisive issues are mostly in the past. Even with the Jackson campaign, social- and foreign-policy tensions are far less acute than they were in the 1960s and 1970s. Moreover, the polls show renewed support for government activism.

So the Democrats have a real opportunity—if they don't run an ideological campaign that frightens the middle class. Most voters do not want to relive the conflicts of the 1960s and 1970s, and most will not vote for a party whose platform is "We told you so." In fact, the hot theme of the 1988 campaign so far has nothing to do with ideology. It is good management, which is one thing the voters are not getting from President Reagan. Bush and Dukakis are selling themselves as competent, experienced professionals. Bush is running on his résumé. Dukakis is running on his record. There is not a vision between them. After eight years of Reagan, the voters seem to be saying, "We may have had enough vision for a while. Let's get a President who can make things work." After all, if you want to solve problems like the budget deficit and the trade imbalance, you don't need a visionary. You need a manager.

ACCORDING TO THE POLLS, DUKAKIS HAS A GOOD chance of beating Bush. Nevertheless, he got into trouble in the Democratic primaries. Democrats criticized him because he was dull and bland and didn't have enough of a message. But those very qualities may make him a strong Democratic candidate in November. He can be sold as a manager, not as a liberal. The rule is, the voters want one kind of candidate in a primary and another kind of candidate in a general election. Primary voters are looking for cheap thrills. General-election voters want security. Dukakis is not such a great date, you might say, but he'd make a fine husband.

What the voters seem to want in 1988 is change, but not too much change. They want the new President to deal with Reagan's mistakes. But they do not want to endanger the two things Reagan is credited with having achieved: lower inflation and a greater sense of military security. The Democrats cannot do anything that threatens to put those achievements at risk. To Jackson voters and liberal activists, Dukakis is a timid choice. Instead of posing a direct ideological challenge to everything Reagan stands for, Dukakis promises only to make government work better. In Jesse Jackson's words, "Dukakis will manage the damage." That is called "me too" politics, and activists don't like it. On the Republican side, many conservatives are critical of Bush for the same reason—"He's bland, he's dull, he isn't saying anything." But conservatives, like liberals, get into trouble when they say too much.

What both parties have to offer is a safe alternative for voters who are unhappy with the status quo. Dwight Eisenhower was a safe alternative in 1952. Richard Nixon was believed to be safe in 1968, especially since everywhere Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace went that year, riots broke out. John F. Kennedy was not exactly a safe candidate in 1960: he was a forty-three-year-old Roman Catholic. Nor was Jimmy Carter a safe nominee in 1976: he was a born-again politician from the Deep South with no experience in national politics. But neither Kennedy nor Carter was an ideologue, and they ran cautious, moderate campaigns.

Both Dukakis and Bush are fairly safe candidates. In fact, they have similar strengths. Both are pragmatists. As a result, they are distrusted by ideological activists in their respective parties. But neither is regarded as dangerous or divisive. They also share a weakness. Neither Bush nor Dukakis has a populist bone in his body. Because Bush was born to wealth and privilege, he has a serious "silver spoon" problem. Voters can forgive that shortcoming in Democrats (FDR, JFK), but it is always a problem for Republicans. Dukakis is a suburban reformer, a man who believes in good government and high moral purpose. He is totally committed to process. He will use government to manage economic growth, and he will use Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government to manage the government. Not for him the passionate advocacy politics of Hubert Humphrey or Walter Mondale.

The voters face a choice this year between two establishment candidates, both "safe," both pragmatic. One proposes to be chairman of the board, the other sees himself as chief executive officer. What kind of contest is this going to be? What the voters want is a Big Ten game. Instead, the 1988 election is shaping up as Harvard versus Yale. □

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In a world of muddle and ambiguity, the situation in Ethiopia offers something approaching a choice between good and bad: real *"freedom fighters" valiantly oppose an oppressive, Soviet-backed regime. But the West takes little notice*

THE LONELIEST WAR

BY ROBERT D. KAPLAN

City of Night

JUST SOUTH OF WHERE SUDAN'S BORDER WITH ETHIOPIA meets the Red Sea, the ocher hills erupt into a chain of sandstone and granite peaks, whose eroded, sun-blistered faces suggest the forbidding surface of a distant planet. It is an environment of near total hostility. Plagues of locusts and army worms have followed the drought that has devastated Ethiopia since the early 1970s. The soil here has no absorptive capacity, and within minutes of any rainfall, bucketfuls of water streak in dendritic patterns down the canyon walls and flood the valleys. Later the mud at the bottom dries and cracks, and is diffused back into the air as dust. Anything that might pass for a road is blocked by boulders torn away from the scarps by the deluge. Mostly acacias grow here, and their scrawny roots and branches do little to anchor the soil or provide shelter against the sun's glare. The acacias are of value chiefly to the yellow weaverbirds that nest in them, and to the camels that munch on their inch-long thorns. An aerial reconnaissance of this region would reveal few signs of human habitation. It is only as dusk approaches, when the sky becomes too dark for Ethiopian pilots to maneuver their Russian-made MiG-23 fighter jets, that these seemingly inhospitable fastnesses come to life.

In the enveloping darkness the defiles become crowded with people scurrying forth from daytime hiding places. Captured East German water tankers trundle out of their redoubts, and bulldozers begin clearing rocks from the roads. The light of the rising moon is answered by the glint of dozens of metal rods, for many of the inhabitants here are amputees equipped with crutches and artificial limbs. Fluorescent lights and gas lamps flick on in bunkers dug into the slate rock of the cliffsides, and workshops begin to operate. Tables, chairs, and other bits of furniture are being forged from ammunition boxes. Lumps of black plastic are washed by machine and afterward molded into sandals.

In one bunker, whose roof is camouflaged by dark blankets and acacia branches, people don white lab coats and turn on imported British, Belgian, and West German machines trucked in piece by piece from Sudan and then reassembled. This is a tablet factory. In 1986, according to the factory's pharmacist, Sennay Kifleyesus, 40 million pills were manufactured here, including three million aspirin tablets and five million doses of chloroquine, to treat malaria. Kifleyesus hopes soon to start production of some of the basic ingredients—talc, starch, and magnesium stearate. "We have to be more self-sufficient; we can't depend on anyone," he says. The tablet factory is part of a large hidden medical complex, which includes a thousand-bed hospital, where men and women trained in Ethiopia, Italy, Greece, Israel, the Soviet Union, the United States, and elsewhere are at work. In another bunker four kinds of intravenous solutions are produced and packaged, their plastic containers affixed with locally printed labels in the squiggly script of the Tigrinya and Tigre languages. Blood is stored in refrigerators powered by wind and solar energy. Skin grafting is done in an operating room with boarded-up windows and a rough cement floor. Flies buzz around a dirty overhead light. A few miles from the medical complex, in a mountainside hut, amputees operate an Italian-made machine that produces 10,000 sanitary napkins an hour for the many women soldiers at the front. In other workshops, radios and VHS video units are repaired. Engineers plan roads and design irrigation systems to be fed by the flood runoff.

It is fully dark now, and here, 5,000 feet above sea level, the close starscape seems to breathe. In a place where the daily routine is determined by the flight patterns of MiG jets and the lack of an effective anti-aircraft cover—where even reservoirs must be concealed beneath camouflage nets—the workday has just begun.

WELCOME TO OROTTA, THE BASE CAMP OF WHAT American intelligence experts consider to be the world's most sophisticated guerrilla fighting force, the Eritrean Peoples Liberation Front, or EPLF. The people of Eritrea have been fighting for independence from Ethiopia since 1961, when the government in Addis Ababa abrogated a United Nations–sponsored autonomy plan for the region. If one thinks of Orotta as the capital of a sovereign polity, which for most practical purposes it is, then by Western standards Orotta is one of the few black African capitals that actually "work." It is also the only one not recognized by any Western power.

Orotta appears on few international maps. Eritrea itself appears only as the triangular northernmost province of Ethiopia. The province is dominated by a range of moun-

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tains that flattens out to form the Barka plains in the west, with the arm of the Danakil depression—one of the hottest regions on earth—jutting in a southeasterly direction, along the Red Sea. It is from the Greek name for the Red Sea, Erythra Thalassa, that Eritrea derives its name.

The 46,000 square miles of Eritrea (an area about the size of Pennsylvania or Mississippi) hold the key to Ethiopia's political stability and territorial integrity. Without Eritrea, Ethiopia would be landlocked. The late Emperor Haile Selassie, who prosecuted a war against the Eritreans for the last decade and a half of his reign, was keenly aware of this. So, too, is the current, Communist ruler, Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam. Behind all the mass executions, Cabinet-level shootouts, and opaque conspiracies that helped Mengistu consolidate his power in the late 1970s lay disagreements over the conduct of the war in Eritrea. To this day the fortunes of the Marxist regime and the nature of its relationship with the Soviet Union are determined by the progress of the war. The war has been responsible for most of the logistical nightmares that hamper famine-relief efforts throughout Ethiopia. Weapons consignments, not consignments of food, receive priority at the Ethiopian port of Assab, and half of Ethiopia's trucking fleet has been commandeered by the military. C-130 cargo planes transporting grain are often delayed at local airports so that fuel can be siphoned off to Ethiopian MiGs and Mi-24 Hind helicopter gunships for patrols over Eritrea and its neighbor to the south, Tigre province.

The civil war in Ethiopia is the longest-running war in Africa and also the most competently fought (at least by one side). Facing off against 35,000 of the world's best guerrilla fighters is black Africa's largest (350,000 strong) and best-trained standing army. During the past quarter century more than 250,000 people have died on the battlefield in Ethiopia, and about 750,000 Eritreans have been exiled or internally displaced. In recent months this war, now about to enter its twenty-eighth year, has taken on a new intensity. The EPLF has newly captured certain significant pieces of territory, forcing the Ethiopian regime to acknowledge publicly for the first time that the guerrillas are threatening the very foundations of the Ethiopian state. The EPLF has also made recent attacks on food convoys in southern Eritrea; these have undermined its reputation and have perhaps made its goal of diplomatic recognition more elusive. The long-term trend of the fighting, however, seems unmistakably in favor of the guerrillas. It would seem that if the Marxist rulers in Addis Ababa are ever to be toppled, it will be not because of the pressures wrought by Ethiopia's decade-long famine but because of the military pressure applied by the EPLF.

CLAES LOFGREN / GAMMA

AN ERITREAN REBEL FIGHTER SHOULDERS A KALASHNIKOV

Eritrea's four million people have built a society almost totally around war. Kidane Ghebermedhin, thirty-five, had already been at the front for nine years when I spoke with him not long ago. He is not unusual. There is no fixed period of service, and many Eritrean guerrillas have fought for a decade or more. Their khaki shirts and

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shorts, canvas anklets, black plastic sandals, and Kalashnikov assault rifles are often all they own. Many have gray hair by their early thirties. Never have I seen people who age as quickly as these Eritreans. When I asked Ghebermedhin if he was discouraged at having been a soldier for so long, he closed his eyes and shook his head. He didn't seem to understand the question. "I'm happy just being a fighter. I never think anymore about town life." A quarter century of conflict has engendered a monastic approach to existence. Absolute self-reliance, coupled with deprivation, has become a form of worship. And in place of formal religion, which has been de-emphasized in recent years, there has developed an intense national and social cohesiveness, born of isolation and historical entrapment.

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ALL QUIET ON THE NAKFA FRONT

A People Apart

SINCE 3000 B.C., WHEN, ACCORDING TO EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS, pharaonic galleys journeyed to the farthest reaches of the Red Sea coast in search of myrrh, the destinies of Eritrea and Ethiopia have been bound up with each other, even as Eritrea and Ethiopia have evolved along different lines. The complexity of this relationship has kept Eritrea from achieving a distinct identity in the minds of foreigners, and this lack in turn has contributed to the almost palpable sense of aloneness that permeates the Eritrean psyche.

The first great Ethiopian empire—the Roman-era kingdom of Axum—was centered in Tigre, and Axum's maritime trade was conducted through the ancient Eritrean port of Adulis, near modern-day Massawa. Internal dissension, the migration of Beja nomads from Sudan, and the rise of Islam eventually led to Axum's demise, in the ninth century A.D. After the tenth century the center of power steadily moved south, causing Eritrea to drift apart from the rest of the region, though it retained its importance as an outlet to the sea. In the fifteenth century the ruling Amhara people finally were able to re-establish a tenuous hold over Eritrea. Over the years, however, the Eritrean coastline was frequented by Egyptians, Greeks, Persians, Arabs, and, finally, Ottoman Turks. Thanks in part to these outside influences, the Eritreans came to be more sophisticated and less xenophobic than the Amharas of the interior.

The Turks held sway over the coast for three centuries, until they were displaced by the Egyptians—with the help of the British—in 1875. The Suez Canal had opened six years earlier, increasing the strategic importance of the Red Sea and causing the British to seek the assistance of a proxy to contain the French (already established in nearby Djibouti). The Egyptians, like the Turks before them, were unsuccessful in penetrating the Eritrean interior. This failure, among other factors, prompted the British to turn to Italy for help. With British assistance the Italians occupied Massawa in 1885 and began an invasion of the highlands. "The trail was coated with the blood of thousands of Italian soldiers," the Eritrean scholar Bereket Habte Selassie has written. "Nevertheless, by 1889 all of Eritrea had been occupied, and Menelik [the Amhara Emperor] had signed the Treaty of Ucciali, under which he recognized Italian rule over Eritrea. . . . Two different imperial territories now existed side by side." One, Eritrea, was ruled by a white European colonial power. The other, Ethiopia, was ruled by a black African colonial power—the Amharas under Menelik, whose subjugation of the Tigreans to the north and of the Oromo to the south was viewed by the conquered peoples as no more desirable than European rule.

The perception of the Amharas as a colonial power is crucial to a proper understanding of the present conflict. When the Eritreans say they are fighting Amhara (Ethiopian) colonialism, they mean it in the same way that other Africans do when they are recalling their struggles against the French or the British. The Eritreans see as alien the generally darker-skinned Amharas of the central highlands, who speak a different Semitic tongue and have been perpetually insulated from the cosmopolitan influences of foreign cultures. Although the Italian occupation of Eritrea was characterized by all the evils inherent in colonialism, in Eritrean eyes Amhara domination would have been—and today is—no less intolerable. Eritreans fought in large numbers for Mussolini against the Amhara Emperor, Haile Selassie, during the 1935 Italian invasion of Ethiopia.

From the very beginning the Italians had seen Eritrea

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THE VILLAGE OF GOLIJ

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as a staging point for a further invasion. With this in mind, a road-and-railway network was built and a settler population installed, bringing new technological skills along with it. Thousands of Eritreans left their ancestral villages to work on the Italians' huge projects. A modern capital rose up in Asmara, which, with its yellow stone houses adorned with bougainvillea, is still one of the loveliest cities in Africa. The coming of fascism in Italy led to further investment in Eritrea. In order to convey military and other supplies from the port of Massawa up to Asmara, 7,000 feet above sea level, the world's longest aerial ropeway was built. The new transport system allowed Eritreans to visit parts of their country they had never seen before, facilitating the growth of a modern national consciousness. Trade unions were established, and political culture came to be more advanced in Eritrea than anywhere else on the continent outside Egypt and South Africa. Whatever its sins, Italian capitalism proved to be a liberating social experience for the Eritreans.

By the time the Italians met defeat at British hands at Keren, northwest of Asmara, in 1941, Eritrea was vastly different from the rest of Ethiopia, where the Italian presence had been pretty much restricted to the brief but brutal military occupation of Addis Ababa and other garrison towns. In the aftermath of the war, however, the outside world failed to recognize that difference. The British occupied Eritrea until September of 1952. By the time they left, the Western powers had imposed a United Nations mandate on the region and made Eritrea a semi-autonomous territory under the sovereignty of Ethiopia. The U.S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, explained: "From the point of view of justice, the opinions of the Eritrean people must receive consideration. Nevertheless, the strategic interest of the United States . . . [makes] it necessary that the country has to be linked with our ally, Ethiopia." In Eritrean eyes this was a gross betrayal by outside powers; that it has never been forgotten is apparent in the EPLF's obsession today with self-reliance.

Selassie never respected the autonomy agreement. Eritrea's independent institutions were gradually subverted, political parties were banned, and Tigrinya, Tigre, and Arabic were suppressed as the languages of Eritrea and replaced by Amharic. In 1961 an organization called the Eritrean Liberation Front, or ELF, was formed. Civil war broke out in September, when the guerrillas began mounting hit-and-run attacks with antiquated Italian weapons. The following year Eritrea was formally annexed by Ethiopia and became just another of its many provinces.

THE ERITREAN GUERRILLA STRUGGLE BEGAN AS VERY much a Moslem-oriented movement. Tom J. Farer, in *War Clouds on the Horn of Africa*, writes:

> Its launching was facilitated by the 1950s recession-bred migration from Asmara and the port cities to Saudi Arabia and the Sudan. The workers, plus young [Eritrean] Muslims who went to Cairo for a university education, formed a pool of latent militants who could be organized beyond the Emperor's reach. A second early asset was the 1962 eruption of civil war in the Yemen. Weapons from patrons poured into and overflowed the arsenals of the Yemeni belligerents. Some of these weapons filtered into the hands of the ELF.

But Eritrea is not Arab and is only partly Islamic. The population is equally split between the Tigrinya-speaking Ethiopian Orthodox Christians of the highlands and the Tigre- and Arabic-speaking Moslems of the coast and western plains. The EPLF was formed in 1970. It had a strong Christian element and, as its name implies, a distinctly Marxist tinge at the beginning. Initially Isaias Aferworki, a Christian, commanded its field forces, and foreign relations were in the hands of Osman Salih Sabbe, a Moslem renegade from the ELF. Perhaps inevitably, even as they waged war on Ethiopia the ELF and the EPLF themselves came to blows, and as many as 3,000 Eritrean guerrillas lost their lives in a struggle that ended with no clear-cut victor. By then—1975—the American-backed government of Emperor Haile Selassie had, amid worsening famine, been overthrown in a coup and a new government, headed by a committee of junior officers known as the Dergue (Amharic for "committee"), had come to power. The Dergue's initial egalitarian posture and talk of reform raised hopes that it would seek a compromise with the Eritrean resistance, which was being heavily supported with money and arms not only by Arabs but also by the Russians. These expectations were dashed in November, when the figurehead chief of state, General Aman Michael Andom, a man of Eritrean heritage who had been negotiating with the Eritrean guerrillas, supposedly on the Dergue's behalf, was killed in his Addis Ababa villa by Dergue troops precisely, it is said, because he was believed to be close to achieving a settlement.

In the aftermath of Andom's death whole units of locally recruited government police in Eritrea deserted to the guerrillas. Students returned to their villages to join the ELF and the EPLF. Farer writes, "Having at last converted the great mass of Eritreans into the enemy, the masters of Addis could now pursue the logic of counterinsurgency to its murderous end." The same famine that in the mid-1970s had ravaged the provinces of Wollo and Tigre and precipitated the overthrow of the Emperor now oppressed Eritrea. The Dergue not only forbade its newly created relief agency to distribute food in Eritrea; it also forbade foreign donor organizations to work there. From the very beginning starvation was one of the Dergue's main weapons against a recalcitrant people.

Drought and internal divisions notwithstanding, the Eritrean guerrilla movement grew dramatically following Andom's death, and its troops quickly encircled the Dergue's in the main towns of Eritrea. Arab and Eastern-bloc aid (and Cuban advisers) poured in. Then came one of those sudden historic turnarounds that have dashed the hopes of so many fledgling independence movements.

In the midst of the guerrilla offensive the Carter Admin-

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istration suspended all military aid to Ethiopia, citing its poor human-rights record. Mengistu had by now become the Dergue's dominant member and the country's leaders had already begun to drift toward Moscow. Faced with rebellion in the northern provinces and threatened with invasion from Somalia in the east, Mengistu decided to seek help from the Kremlin. The Soviets, eager to make a Russian client of a long-standing American ally, promptly switched sides. Mengistu arrived in Moscow in May of 1977 for a week-long state visit; Soviet arms began arriving in large quantities in Ethiopia later in the year, along with some of the same Cuban advisers who had been assisting the Eritreans. The guerrilla offensive ground to a halt. Soviet Navy shelling from offshore battleships prevented the Eritreans from taking Massawa. By May of 1978 the Dergue had accumulated enough new weaponry to launch an offensive of its own. Soviet-bloc advisers ran the logistical backup. Through late 1978 and into 1979 war swept across the Eritrean landscape. Thousands of civilians were killed, and many more were forced across the Sudanese border into refugee camps, which exist to the present day. Crops were burned. Reportedly, nerve gas and anti-personnel bombs disguised as children's toys were used. The Ethiopians waged a form of war that the world would come to know better when the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan. The Eritrean guerrillas were in full retreat.

IN 1979 THE EPLF DECIDED ON A "STRATEGIC WITHdrawal," deliberately giving up territory in southern Eritrea in order to consolidate a base area in the northern Sahel district, around Nakfa. In the meantime troops were rapidly deserting the ELF, which by mid-1980 had only 6,500 men, and joining the EPLF, whose ranks swelled to almost 30,000. Fighting again broke out between the two organizations in 1981; the ELF was defeated and its remaining troops driven over the border into Sudan, where they were disarmed. The ELF, though it still has a small following among Eritrean refugees in Sudan, has been militarily irrelevant ever since.

With a secure base area and no enemy except the Dergue to worry about, the EPLF set about strengthening itself in every way. A network of trenches and underground corridors, several hundred miles long, was constructed. Thousands of educated Eritreans who had been in exile returned to work with the EPLF. These new recruits, brought in by way of Sudan, staffed the hospital and ran the workshops that were being set up in the Orotta area. Many of the recruits were from middle-class Christian families that lived around Asmara, and their presence encouraged a drift in EPLF ideology away from its initial Marxist bearings.

While the EPLF dug in, the Soviets helped build up the Ethiopian Army, from 65,000 men to nearly 300,000. More than 2,000 Soviet advisers arrived. In return, the Dergue made the Dahlak Archipelago, off Eritrea's Red Sea coast, available to the Soviet Navy, and Soviet planes began making long-range reconnaissance flights over the Indian Ocean from the Asmara air base, which the Americans had deserted. The enormous military-assistance program allowed the Ethiopian government to launch its largest offensive ever against the Eritrean guerrillas, in February of 1982. Called Operation Red Star, it involved fifteen divisions whose troop strength was estimated at over 100,000.

This time the Ethiopians got nowhere. The EPLF held all its major positions, and reportedly as many as 40,000 Ethiopian soldiers were killed or wounded, although no one will ever know the toll for sure. Another offensive of the same magnitude was launched in 1983, but the results were similarly disastrous. At the time, the American public was preoccupied with fighting in Lebanon and Central America, but blood was flowing in larger quantities in the Horn of Africa, in a war that featured a guerrilla resistance, backed by virtually no one, that was capable of withstanding a large Soviet-equipped army.

The transformation of the Soviet Union from ally to oppressor, the continued indifference of the West, and the ambivalence of the Arabs and the rest of the Third World strengthened the EPLF's desire for self-reliance. With an almost maniacal singlemindedness the Eritreans repaired all captured equipment or converted it to other uses. Comparisons between the EPLF and other insurgent movements in Africa and the Middle East elicit only contempt from the Eritreans. When I once asked an EPLF official about similarities between the Eritrean and Palestinian situations, he replied scornfully, "Has the PLO ever captured an Israeli tank?"

Africa's Israelis?

THE EPLF FRONT LINE AT NAKFA, SIXTY MILES SOUTH of Orotta as the crow flies, is in a bleak, deforested region brutally scarred by landslides. Nakfa has been the scene of heavy fighting many times, leaving the town, which once had a population of almost 7,000, a patchwork of ruins above which rises a single minaret—a kind of modern-day African Pompeii. The trenches, a few miles farther south, are dug into a twisting spur of Denden Mountain. Soviet T-55 tanks and various kinds of artillery lie hidden in man-made recesses. Across a defile, on a similar ridge, are the Ethiopian lines. In some places the two armies are less than a hundred yards apart and a pair of low-powered binoculars is all that is necessary to see the faces of Dergue soldiers peering through the slits of their fortifications. The defile is a no-man's-land of minefields, defoliated olive trees, and, when I was there, numerous decomposing bodies of Ethiopian soldiers.

In the warren of slate passageways, noisy with field mice, on Denden Mountain, war is the only reality. Few existences can be more rugged. Extremes of heat and cold are the norm. Soap is nonexistent. The crucible of toil and suffering has broken down sexual and religious barriers. In a society where clitorectomy and infibulation used to be

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widespread, the exigencies of war have liberated many women; women account for almost a third of all EPLF soldiers. But unlike other armies that include large numbers of women, such as Israel's, the EPLF deploys women in front-line combat units, where they drive tanks and fire artillery. Reportedly, some 30 percent of the Eritrean wounded are women. There is an almost neuter quality to female Eritrean guerrillas. After years of living in the field exactly like the men, they have come to resemble them physically. Their hair is short, their hands and feet callused, their legs sinewy. Though men and women sleep side-by-side in the cramped front-line quarters, sex is said to be rare and pregnancies are unusual. The atmosphere of pent-up sexual tension, so prevalent in almost every Middle Eastern country, is notably absent.

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WAITING OUT THE SUN

Elsewhere in the world the breaking down of traditional social barriers has often led to a measure of tyranny over the individual. But in Eritrea it has had the opposite effect. There exists a degree of concern for the individual that is rare in Third World armies. Every platoon is equipped with basic medical supplies. Makeshift operating rooms are set up in the field. One soldier I met, whose eardrums had been damaged in a bomb blast, had been provided with a hearing aid, something I found astonishing, considering that there isn't even tea in the trenches. (Water is usually the only drink, aside from an occasional pitcher of homemade sorghum beer, called *suwa*.) Western intelligence sources say that not even satellite photographs enable them to estimate EPLF battle losses, because the guerrillas get their dead and wounded off the field so quickly.

As the Israelis have demonstrated, bravery often derives from self-assurance: the knowledge that in the event of trouble your superiors will go to the limit to save you. Secure in that knowledge, Eritreans have more than once proved their willingness to take well-calculated risks—for example, by attacking the enemy air base at Asmara, in 1986, and destroying or damaging some forty MiGs and other planes. In contrast, it is hard to imagine an army with worse morale than the Dergue's. Many of its soldiers are ethnically Oromos, who come from the southern lowlands of Ethiopia. They have been forcibly conscripted and given minimal training before being dispatched to the mountainous north of the country to fight the Eritreans, a people the Oromos have no interest in fighting. Even the Amharas serving in Mengistu's army tend to be unenthusiastic.

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A FOOD CONVOY IS READIED BY NIGHT

A comparison of the EPLF and the Israelis is by no means far-fetched. It goes to the heart of what makes the Eritrean guerrilla movement unique in the Third World—and, by extension, explains why the Eritrean Relief Association (ERA), the civilian arm of the EPLF, is so much more effective than any other African relief group. Israel has long been noted for boldness in looking after the welfare of its citizens and even, in some cases, of Jews outside the country. Its concern was powerfully demonstrated by the secret rescue of some 10,000 black Ethiopian Jews from the provinces of Gondar and Tigre, in 1984 and 1985. At the same time and practically right next door, the EPLF was delivering more than 100,000 of its people to emergency feeding centers on the Sudanese border, providing them with whatever water and food it could muster at transit stations set up along the way. Of the approximately eight million peasants threatened with starvation by the Ethiopian famine, about two million—fully a quarter of the total—were in EPLF-controlled areas. Yet although in late 1984 and early 1985 the ERA received, according to some estimates, less than five percent of all international aid coming into Ethiopia, the efficiency of the ERA, coupled with support from Eritrean expatriates in the West and Saudi Arabia, held the number of deaths in Eritrea down to the tens of thousands. In Dergue-held areas, it is believed, as many as a million people died. Jack Shepherd, a food-aid specialist, noted in the Africanist journal *Issue* that the Eritrean guerrillas have "reversed the classical guerrilla warfare pattern." Instead of peasants feeding an army, he observed, the guerrillas are feeding the peasants.

The ERA clinic in Port Sudan, across the Sudanese border, provides another illustration of the EPLF's concern for those in its care. It was opened in May of 1979, in a cement building near the airport. There is not a tree in sight. The goats and stray dogs in the area escape the blazing sunlight by hiding under the rusted carcass of a school bus. Except

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for making the building available—at a monthly rent—the Sudanese authorities provide no help of any kind. Until the ERA constructed a small dormitory structure for foreign relief workers, visitors had to stay at the clinic itself, as I did. It was an unpleasant stay. The rooms swarmed with flies by day and mosquitoes by night. In adjacent beds, on soiled mattresses, were amputees and paraplegics, children among them—all told, close to a hundred civilian victims of the war. The clinic functions as both a school and a hospital. The wheelchairs and artificial limbs are made and repaired by the patients themselves. The clinic is part of an ERA health-care network that includes nine regional hospitals and an extension service whose six hundred paramedics travel to villages and nomadic encampments throughout the EPLF zone. "I know of no other system that, given the same conditions and resources available, operates as efficiently," says Dr. Sam Richard Toussie, a Columbia University epidemiologist and rural-health-care specialist, who has worked in insurgent areas of Africa, Asia, and Central America. The biggest success has come in the realm of infant care. Since 1982 the number of nomads within the EPLF zone giving birth in hospitals has risen by about 50 percent.

Still, enormous suffering remains. More than half of all Eritrean children today are malnourished (as compared with 80 percent in mid-1985), and the population suffers from all the usual tropical diseases. And, of course, there is the fact of constant war.

Eritrea and the United States

IN A WORLD OF IMPERFECT CHOICES, IN WHICH THE United States often finds itself supporting regimes and resistance movements of limited caliber, the Eritrean guerrillas would appear to be useful proxies in a low-intensity war to exert pressure on the Marxist regime in Addis Ababa. Liberals on Capitol Hill would have relatively few complaints about a group whose exemplary treatment of the at least 8,000 Ethiopian prisoners of war under its charge has been witnessed by international relief officials and whose competence in famine relief is unquestionable. The only significant blots on the EPLF's record are the recent attacks on famine-relief convoys (which the rebels claimed were also carrying weapons and supplies for the Ethiopian army) in heavily contested areas of Eritrea. Almost every day since the late 1970s MiGs and other Soviet-made planes have taken off from Ethiopian government airfields and bombed anything that moved in EPLF territory, effectively preventing EPLF famine-relief convoys from traveling there during daylight hours. After a decade of avoiding retaliation against the bombing and against the frustration of its famine-relief efforts—restraint that got the EPLF absolutely no Western recognition in return—the guerrilla organization changed its policy, and has been rightly condemned for doing so. Still, compared with the more muddled situation in a country like Nicaragua or Angola,

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NAKFA AFTER A DECADE OF FIGHTING. THE MOSQUE RISES AT LEFT

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the situation in the Horn of Africa offers something approaching a clear-cut choice between good and bad. The *World Human Rights Guide*, published by *The Economist* in 1986, gives the Eritreans' enemy, Ethiopia, the lowest rating of any country in the world. Human-rights investigations by the State Department and Amnesty International have come to similar conclusions. Quite apart from the usual mayhem—unlawful detention, torture, the murder of children—the Dergue has been guilty of collectivizing millions of Oromos against their will and, as noted, of deliberately denying food to large segments of Ethiopia's population. Governments don't get much worse than the one in Addis Ababa.

During the 1984–1985 famine the United States quietly provided food to Eritrea from camps on the Sudanese border. Without this unofficial cross-border effort, in indirect concert with the ERA, little of the world's famine-relief assistance, which was funneled mainly through Ethiopia, would have reached the northern province. Such a "backdoor" program might become important again soon: last fall virtually all the crops in northern Ethiopia failed again, and last spring the government ordered all foreign relief workers to leave Eritrea and Tigre.

But the United States has been unwilling to initiate a more intimate relationship with Eritrea. Why? The answer offered by officials of the State Department and the National Security Council is that the Eritrean guerrillas are Marxists, just as the members of the Dergue are, and thus cannot qualify for U.S. military support. Influential members of Congress, including Senator Orrin Hatch, the ranking minority member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, have also branded the EPLF with the Marxist label. Isaias Aferworki, who helped create the EPLF and is reputedly the real power in the organization, told me, "We totally reject any labeling from any quarter. We have our own realities, and we begin from there to solve our social and political problems. We are a broad democratic front struggling for national liberation. A national liberation struggle cannot be a Marxist struggle since it must accommodate all viewpoints." Still, the EPLF cannot deny that it has a Leninist command structure, with its leadership organized around a Politburo and a Central Committee. Aferworki admitted that in its early stages the EPLF was heavily influenced by Soviet literature, in reaction against Western colonialism in Africa. Such terminology "was all we knew," he claimed. Concerning the United States, Aferworki said, "The standing of America here has always been positive. The food aid to Eritrea is what we expected from a people of noble ideas, and whatever the motives of the U.S. government in giving the aid, the fact is we have really benefited from it." Obviously, though, he is bitter over America's refusal to recognize Eritrea as an independent polity.

Was Aferworki being honest about the EPLF's orientation? No action that the EPLF has taken within the area under its control would suggest otherwise. The most left-wing program ever implemented by the organization has been land reform, and the program is a mild one. This program, the emphasis on women's rights, the creation of health and agricultural extension services, and infrastructural improvements undertaken by the EPLF in the countryside it controls are exactly the kinds of things that the U.S. Agency for International Development encourages every government in Africa to do. Moreover, EPLF officials do not take a coercive approach to the civilian population, as officials do in so many communist societies.

After being bombed for a decade by a Soviet-supplied air force, the Eritreans harbor a dislike of the Soviet Union approaching that felt by the Afghans. The depth of hostility toward the Soviets was made clear to me on my second journey into Eritrea, at an ERA camp in the heart of Sudan's Tokar desert, where vehicles transporting grain from Port Sudan to Orotta are repaired. There were no toilets and virtually nothing to eat or drink. But the Eritreans did have a VHS unit hooked up to a generator, and I looked on as about 200 people, many of them children, watched an EPLF propaganda tape. After some predictable footage of marching soldiers, the scene switched to a ceremony in which Mengistu was shown smiling and shaking hands with Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet President and former Foreign Minister. At the sight of Gromyko there was a loud hiss from the audience, which grew louder as the camera focused closer on the Russian's stony face.

No U.S. government official has visited the EPLF base area. Even the secondhand information available to people in Washington is sparse. A handful of analysts with access to satellite photographs at the State Department, the Defense Intelligence Agency, and the CIA are knowledgeable about the EPLF's military capability, but they lack a feel for the organization's ideology and for the way in which the guerrillas and their leaders view the world and the superpowers. A senior Administration official admitted to me that "the general view held about the guerrillas is not an educated view." People in Washington see "these guys as leftists and as essentially separatist, while groups like the contras are attractive because they openly declare an intention to topple a Communist government." The official said that few in Washington realize that a separatist struggle in Ethiopia may be just as favorable to U.S. interests.

THAT STRUGGLE WILL GO ON, EVEN IF IT MUST DO SO almost invisibly. The most frequently recurring image I have of Eritrea I never saw; it was described to me by a British colleague, John Murray Brown. He was sitting outside one night when he noticed an EPLF guerrilla lying on his back, searching the starscape. Brown asked the soldier if he was looking for anything in particular. The soldier replied that he was looking for satellites, which, he said, were easy to pick out in the clear night sky. The satellites gave him comfort, the soldier explained. They meant that at least somebody somewhere was paying attention to the war. □

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A Short Story

MATCHIMANITO

BY LOUISE ERDRICH

WE STARTED DYING BEFORE THE SNOW, AND, LIKE the snow, we continued to fall. We were surprised that so many of us were left to die. For those who survived the spotted sickness from the south and our long fight west to Dakota land, where we signed the treaty, and then a wind from the east, bringing exile in a storm of government papers, what descended from the north in 1914 seemed terrible, and unjust.

By then we thought disaster must surely have spent its force, that disease must have claimed all of the Anishinabe that the earth could hold and bury.

But along with the first bitter punishments of early winter a new sickness swept down. The consumption, it was called by young Father Damien, who came in that year to replace the priest who had succumbed to the same devastation as his flock. This disease was different from the pox and fever, for it came on slowly. The outcome, however, was just as certain. Whole families of Anishinabe lay ill and helpless in its breath. On the reservation, where we were forced close together, the clans dwindled. Our tribe unraveled like a coarse rope, frayed at either end as the old and new among us were taken. My own family was wiped out one by one. I was the only Nanapush who lived. And after, although I had seen no more than fifty winters, I was considered an old man.

I guided the last buffalo hunt. I saw the last bear shot. I trapped the last beaver with a pelt of more than two years' growth. I spoke aloud the words of the government treaty and refused to sign the settlement papers that would take away our woods and lake. I axed the last birch that was older than I, and I saved the last of the Pillager family.

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Fleur.

We found her on a cold afternoon in late winter, out in her family's cabin near Matchimanito Lake, where my companion, Edgar Pukwan, of the tribal police, was afraid to go. The water there was surrounded by the highest oaks, by woods inhabited by ghosts and roamed by Pillagers, who knew the secret ways to cure or kill, until their art deserted them. Dragging our sled into the clearing, we saw two things: the smokeless tin chimney spout jutting from the roof, and the empty hole in the door where the string was drawn inside. Pukwan did not want to enter, fearing that the unburied Pillager spirits might seize him by the throat and turn him windigo. So I was the one who broke the thin-scraped hide that made a window. I was the one who lowered himself into the stinking silence, onto the floor. I was also the one to find the old man and woman, the little brother and two sisters, stone cold and wrapped in gray horse blankets, their faces turned to the west.

Afraid as I was, stilled by their quiet forms, I touched each bundle in the gloom of the cabin, and wished each spirit a good journey on the three-day road, the old-time road, so well trampled by our people this deadly season. Then something in the corner knocked. I flung the door wide. It was the eldest daughter, Fleur, so feverish that she'd thrown off her covers. She huddled against the cold wood range, staring and shaking. She was wild as a filthy wolf, a big bony girl whose sudden bursts of strength and snarling cries terrified the listening Pukwan. I was the one who struggled to lash her to the sacks of supplies and to the boards of the sled. I wrapped blankets over her and tied them down as well.

Pukwan kept us back, convinced that he should carry out the agency's instructions to the letter: he carefully nailed up the official quarantine sign, and then, without removing the bodies, he tried to burn down the house. But though he threw kerosene repeatedly against the logs and even started a blaze with birch bark and chips of wood, the flames narrowed and shrank, went out in puffs of smoke. Pukwan cursed and looked desperate, caught between his official duties and his fear of Pillagers. The fear won out. He finally dropped the tinders and helped me drag Fleur along the trail.

And so we left five dead at Matchimanito, frozen behind their cabin door.

Some say that Pukwan and I should have done right and buried the Pillagers first thing. They say the unrest and curse of trouble that struck our people in the years that followed was the doing of dissatisfied spirits. I know what's fact, and have never been afraid of talking. Our trouble came from the living, from liquor and the dollar bill. We stumbled toward the government bait, never looking down, never noticing how the land was snatched from under us at every step.

When Edgar Pukwan's turn came to draw the sled, he took off like devils chased him, bounced Fleur over potholes as if she were a log, and tipped her twice into the snow. I followed the sled, encouraged Fleur with songs, cried at Pukwan to watch for hidden branches and deceptive drops, and finally got her to my cabin, a small, tightly tamped box overlooking the crossroads.

"Help me," I cried, cutting at the ropes, not even bothering with knots. Fleur closed her eyes, panted, and tossed her head from side to side. Her chest rattled as she strained for air; she grabbed me around the neck. Still weak from my own bout with the sickness, I staggered, fell, lurched into my cabin, wrestling the strong girl inside with me. I had no wind left over to curse Pukwan, who watched but refused to touch her, turned away, and vanished with the whole sled of supplies. I was neither surprised nor caused enduring sorrow later when Pukwan's son, also named Edgar and also of the tribal police, told me that his father came home, crawled into bed, and took no food from that moment until his last breath passed.

As for Fleur, each day she improved in small changes. First her gaze focused, and the next night her skin was cool and damp. She was clearheaded, and after a week she remembered what had befallen her family, how they had taken sick so suddenly, gone under. With her memory mine came back, only too sharply. I was not prepared to think of the people I had lost, or to speak of them, although we did, carefully, without letting their names loose in the wind that would reach their ears.

We feared that they would hear us and never rest, come back out of pity for the loneliness we felt. They would sit in the snow outside the door, waiting until from longing we joined them. We would all be together on the journey then, our destination the village at the end of the road, where people gamble day and night but never lose their money, eat but never fill their stomachs, drink but never leave their minds.

THE SNOW RECEDED ENOUGH FOR US TO DIG THE ground with picks. As a tribal policeman, Pukwan's son was forced by regulation to help bury the dead. So again we took the dark road to Matchimanito, the son leading rather than the father. We spent the day chipping at the earth until we had a hole long and deep enough to lay the Pillagers shoulder to shoulder. We covered them and built five small board houses. I scratched out their clan markers, four crosshatched bears and a marten; then Pukwan Junior shouldered the government's tools and took off down the path. I settled myself near the graves.

I asked those Pillagers, as I had asked my own children and wives, to leave us now and never come back. I offered tobacco, smoked a pipe of red willow for the old man. I told them not to pester their daughter just because she had survived, or to blame me for finding them, or Pukwan Junior for leaving too soon. I told them that I was sorry, but they must abandon us. I insisted. But the Pillagers were as stubborn as the Nanapush clan and would not leave my thoughts. I think they followed me home. All the way

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down the trail, just beyond the edges of my sight, they flickered, thin as needles, shadows piercing shadows.

The sun had set by the time I got back, but Fleur was awake, sitting in the dark as if she knew. She never moved to build up the fire, never asked where I had been. I never told her about it either, and as the days passed we spoke rarely, always with roundabout caution. We felt the spirits of the dead so near that at length we just stopped talking.

This made it worse.

Their names grew within us, swelled to the brink of our lips, forced our eyes open in the middle of the night. We were filled with the water of the drowned, cold and black—airless water that lapped against the seal of our tongues or leaked slowly from the corners of our eyes. Within us, like ice shards, their names bobbed and shifted. Then the slivers of ice began to collect and cover us. We became so heavy, weighted down with the lead-gray frost, that we could not move. Our hands lay on the table like cloudy blocks. The blood within us grew thick. We needed no food. And little warmth. Days passed, weeks, and we didn't leave the cabin for fear we'd crack our cold and fragile bodies. We had gone half windigo. I learned later that this was common, that many of our people died in this manner, of the invisible sickness. Some could not swallow another bite of food because the names of their dead thickened on their tongues. Some let their blood stop, took the road west after all.

One day the new priest—just a boy, really—opened our door. A dazzling and painful light flooded through and surrounded Fleur and me. Numb, stupid as bears in a winter den, we blinked at the priest's slight silhouette. Our lips were parched, stuck together. We could hardly utter a greeting, but we were saved by one thought: a guest must eat. Fleur gave Father Damien her chair and put wood on the gray coals. She found flour for gaulette. I went to fetch snow to boil for tea water, but to my amazement the ground was bare. I was so surprised that I bent over and touched the soft, wet earth.

My voice rasped at first when I tried to speak, but then, oiled by strong tea, lard, and bread, I was off and talking. You could not stop me with a sledgehammer, once I started. Father Damien looked astonished, and then wary, as I began to creak and roll. I gathered speed. I talked both languages in streams that ran alongside each other, over every rock, around every obstacle. The sound of my voice convinced me I was alive. I kept Father Damien listening all night, his green eyes round, his thin face straining to understand, his odd brown hair in curls and clipped knots. Occasionally he took in air, as if to add observations of his own, but I pushed him under with my words.

I don't know when Fleur slipped out.

She was too young and had no stories or depth of life to rely upon. All she had was raw power, and the names of the dead that filled her. I can speak them now. They have no more interest in any of us. Old Pillager. Ogimaakwe, Boss Woman, his wife. Asasaweminikwesens, Chokecherry Girl. Bineshii, Small Bird, also known as Josette. And the last, the boy Ombaashi, He Is Lifted by Wind.

They are gone, but sometimes I don't know where they are anymore—this place of reservation surveys or the other place, boundless, where the dead sit talking, see too much, and regard the living as fools.

And we were. Starvation makes fools of anyone. In the past some had sold their allotment land for a hundred pound weight of flour. Others, who were desperate to hold on, now urged that we get together and buy back our land, or at least pay a tax and refuse the settlement money that would sweep the marks of our boundaries off the map like a pattern of straws. Many were determined not to allow the hired surveyors, or even our own people, to enter the deepest bush.

But that spring outsiders went in as before, permitted by the agent, a short round man with hair blond as chaff. The purpose of these people was to measure the lake. Only now they walked upon the fresh graves of Pillagers, crossed death roads to plot out the deepest water where the lake monster, Misshepeshu, hid and waited.

"Stay here with me," I said to Fleur when she came to visit.

She refused.

"The land will go," I told her. "The land will be sold and measured."

But she tossed back her hair and walked off, down the path, with nothing to eat till thaw but a bag of my onions and a sack of oats.

WHO KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED? SHE RETURNED TO Matchimanito and stayed there alone in the cabin that even fire did not want. A young girl had never done such a thing before. I heard that in those months she was asked for fee money for the land. The agent went out there and got lost, spent a whole night following the moving lights and lamps of people who would not answer him but talked and laughed among themselves. They let him go, at dawn, only because he was so stupid. Yet he went out there to ask Fleur for money again, and the next thing we heard he was living in the woods and eating roots, gambling with ghosts.

Some had ideas. You know how old chickens scratch and gabble. That's how the tales started, all the gossip, the wondering, all the things people said without knowing and then believed, since they heard it with their own ears, from their own lips, each word.

I am not one to take notice of the talk of those who fatten in the shade of the new agent's storehouse. But I watched the old agent, the one who was never found, take the rutted turnoff to Matchimanito. He was replaced by a darker man who spoke long and hard with many of our own about a money settlement. But nothing changed my mind. I've seen too much go by—unturned grass below my feet, and overhead the great white cranes flung south forever.

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I am a holdout, like the Pillagers, and I told the agent, in good English, what I thought of his treaty paper. I could have written my name, and much more too, in script. I had a Jesuit education in the halls of Saint John before I ran back to the woods and forgot all my prayers.

Since I had saved Fleur from the sickness, I was entangled with her. Not that I knew it at first. Only when I look back do I see a pattern. I was the vine of a wild grape that twined the timbers and drew them close. I was a branch that lived long enough to touch the next tree over, which was Pillagers. The story, like all stories, is never visible while it is happening. Only after, when an old man sits dreaming and talking in his chair, does the design spring clear.

There was so much I saw, and never knew.

When Fleur came down onto the reservation, walking right through town, no one guessed what she hid in that green rag of a dress. I do remember that it was too small, split down the back and strained across the front. That's what I noticed when I greeted her. Not whether she had money in the dress, or a child.

Other people speculated.

They added up the money she used now to buy supplies and how the agent disappeared from his post, and came out betting she would have a baby. He could have paid cash to Fleur and then run off in shame. She could even have stolen cash from him, cursed him dead, and hidden his remains. Everybody would have known, they thought, in nine months or less, if young Eli Kashpaw hadn't gone out and muddied the waters.

This Eli never cared to figure out business, politics, or church. He never applied for a chunk of land or registered himself. Eli hid from authorities, never saw the inside of a classroom, and although his mother, Margaret, got baptized in the church and tried to collar him for Mass, the best he could do was sit outside the big pine door and whittle pegs. For money Eli chopped wood, pitched hay, harvested potatoes or cranberry bark. He wanted to be a hunter, though, like me, and he had asked to partner that winter before the sickness.

I think like animals, have perfect understanding for where they hide. I can track a deer back through time and brush and cleared field to the place where it was born. Only one thing is wrong with teaching these things, however. I showed Eli how to hunt and trap from such an early age that he lived too much in the company of trees and wind. At fifteen he was uncomfortable around human beings. Especially women. So I had to help him out some.

I'm a Nanapush, remember. That's as good as saying I knew what interested Eli Kashpaw. He wanted something other than what I could teach him about the woods. He was no longer curious only about where a mink will fish or burrow, or when pike will lie low or bite. He wanted to hear how, in the days before the priest's ban and the sickness, I had satisfied three wives.

"Nanapush," Eli said, appearing at my door one day, "I have to ask you something."

"Come on in here, then," I said. "I won't bite you like the little girls do."

He was steadier, more serious, than he was the winter we went out together on the trapline. I was going to wonder what the different thing about him was when he said, "Fleur Pillager."

"She's no little girl," I answered, motioning toward the table. He told me his story.

IT BEGAN WHEN ELI GOT HIMSELF GOOD AND LOST UP near Matchimanito. He was hunting a doe in a light rain, having no luck until he rounded a slough and shot badly, which wasn't unusual. She was wounded to death but not crippled. She might walk all day, which shamed him, so he dabbed a bit of her blood on the barrel of his gun, the charm I taught him, and he followed her trail.

He had a time of it. She sawed through the woods, took the worst way, moved into heavy brush like a ghost. For hours Eli blazed his passage with snapped branches and clumps of leaves, scuffed the ground, or left a bootprint. But the trail and the day wore on, and for some reason that he did not understand, he gave up and quit leaving sign.

"That was when you should have turned back," I told him. "You should have known. It's no accident people don't like to go there. Those trees are too big, thick, and twisted at the top like bent arms. In the wind their limbs cast, creak against each other, snap. The leaves speak a cold language that overfills your brain. You want to lie down. You want never to get up. You hunger. You rake black chokecherries off their stems and stuff them down, and then you shit like a bird. Your blood thins. You're too close to where the Lake Man lives. And you're too close to where I buried the Pillagers during the long sickness that claimed them like it claimed the Nanapush clan."

I said this to Eli Kashpaw: "I understand Fleur. I am alone in this. I know that was no ordinary doe drawing you out there."

But the doe was real enough, he told me, and it was gutshot and weakening. The blood dropped fresher, darker, until he thought he heard her just ahead and bent to the ground, desperate to see in the falling dusk, and looked ahead to catch a glimpse, and instead saw the glow of fire. He started toward it, then stopped just outside the circle of light. The deer hung, already split, turning back and forth on a rope. When he saw the woman, gutting with long quick movements, her arms bloody and bare, he stepped into the clearing.

"That's mine," he said.

I hid my face, shook my head.

"You should have turned back," I told him. "Stupid! You should have left it."

But he was stubborn, a vein of Kashpaw that held out for what it had coming. He couldn't have taken the carcass home anyway, couldn't have lugged it back, even if he had known his direction. Yet he stood his ground with the

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woman and said he'd tracked that deer too far to let it go. She did not respond. "Or maybe half," he thought, studying her back, uncomfortable. Even so, that was as generous as he could get.

She kept working. Never noticed him. He was so ignorant that he reached out and tapped her on the shoulder. She never even twitched. He walked around her, watched the knife cut, trespassed into her line of vision.

At last she saw him, he said, but then scorned him as though he were nothing.

"Little fly"—she straightened her back, the knife loose and casual in her hand—"quit buzzing."

Eli said she looked so wild her beauty didn't throw him, and I leaned closer, worried as he said this, worried as he reported how her hair was clumped with dirt, her face thin as a bony bitch's, her dress a rag that hung, and no curve to her except her breasts.

He noticed some things.

"No curve?" I said, thinking of the rumors.

He shook his head, impatient to continue his story. He felt sorry for her, he said. I told him the last man who was interested in Fleur Pillager had vanished, never to be found. She made us all uneasy, out there so alone. I was a friend to the Pillagers before they died off, I said, and I was safe from Fleur because the two of us had mourned the dead together. She was almost a relative. But that wasn't the case with him.

Eli looked at me with an unbelieving frown. Then he said he didn't see where she was so dangerous. After a while he had recognized her manner as exhaustion more than anger. She made no protest when he took out his own knife and helped her work. Halfway through the job she allowed him to finish, and then Eli hoisted most of the meat into the tree. He took the choice parts into the cabin. She let him in, hardly noticed him, and he helped her start the small range and even took it on himself to melt lard. She ate the whole heart, fell on it like a starved animal, and then her eyes shut.

From the way he described her actions, I was sure she was pregnant. I'm familiar with the signs, and I can talk about this since I'm an old man, far past anything a woman can do to weaken me. I was more certain still when Eli said that he took her in his arms, helped her to a pile of blankets on a willow bed. And then—hard to believe, even though it was, for the first time, the right thing to do—Eli rolled up in a coat on the other side of the cabin floor and lay there all night, and slept alone.

"SO," I SAID, "WHY HAVE YOU COME TO ME NOW? YOU got away, you survived, she even let you find your way home. You learned your lesson and none the worse."

"I want her," Eli said.

I could not believe that I heard right, but we were sitting by the stove, face to face, so there was no doubt. I rose and turned away. Maybe I was less than generous, having lost my own girls. Maybe I wanted to keep Fleur as my daughter, who would visit me, joke with me, beat me at cards. But I believe it was only for Eli's own good that I was harsh.

"Forget that thing so heavy in your pocket," I said, "or put it somewhere else. Go town way and find yourself a tamer woman."

He brooded at my tabletop and then spoke. "I want know-how, not warnings, not my mother's caution."

"You don't want instruction!" I was pushed too far. "Love medicine is what you're after. A Nanapush never

OLD BACHELOR BROTHER

Here from his prominent but thankfully
uncentral position at the head of the church—
a flanking member of the groom's large party—
he stands and waits to watch the women march

up the wide aisle, just the way they did
at last night's long and leaden-joked rehearsal.
Only this time, it's all changed. There's now a crowd,
of course, and walls of lit stained glass, and Purcell

ringing from the costly organist,
and yet the major difference, the one
that hits his throat as a sort of smoky thirst,
is how, so far away, the church's main

doors are flung back, uncovering a square
of sun that streams into the narthex, so that
the women who materialize there
do so in blinding silhouette,

and these are not the women he has helloed
and kissed, and who have bored, ignored, or teased him,
but girls—whose high, garlanded hair goes haloed
by the noon-light . . . The years have dropped from them.

One by one they're bodied forth, edged with flame,
as new as flame, destined to part the sea
of faces on each side, and approaching him
in all their passionate anonymity.

—Brad Leithauser

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needed any, but Old Lady Aintapi or the Pillagers, they sell it. Go ask Moses for a medicine and pay your price."

"I don't want anything that can wear off," the boy said. He was determined. Maybe his new, steady coolness was the thing that turned my mind, the quiet of him. He was different, sitting there so still. It struck me that he had come into his growth, and who was I to hold him back from going to a Pillager, since someone had to, since the whole tribe had got to thinking that she couldn't be left alone out there, a girl ready to go wild, a woman whose family would not leave her, even dead, but stayed close to her, whispered, passed on their power. People said that she had to be harnessed. Maybe, I thought, Eli was the young man to do it, even though he couldn't rub two words together and get a spark.

So I gave in. I told him what he wanted to know. He asked me the old-time way to make a woman love him, and I went into detail so that he would make no disgraceful error. I told him about the first woman who had given herself to me. Sanawashonekek, her name was, The Lying-Down Grass, for the place where a deer has spent the night. I described the finicky taste of Omiimii, The Dove, and the trials I'd gone through to keep my second wife pleasured. Zezikaaikwe, The Unexpected, was a woman whose name was the exact prediction of her desires. I gave him a few things from the French trunk my third wife left—a white woman's fan, bead leggings, a little girl's soft doll made of fawn skin.

When Eli Kashpaw stroked their beauty and asked where these things had come from, I remembered the old days, opened my mouth.

Talk is an old man's last vice.

I wore out the boy's ears, but that is not my fault. I shouldn't have been caused to live so long, been shown so much of death, had to squeeze so many stories into the corners of my brain. They're all attached, and once I start, the telling doesn't end, because they're hooked from one side to the other, mouth to tail.

During the year of sickness, when I was the last one left, I saved myself by starting a story. One night I was ready to bring to the other side the fawn-skin doll I now gave Eli. My wife had sewn it together after our daughter died, and I held it in my hands when I fainted, lost breath so that I could hardly keep moving my lips. But I did continue and recovered. I got well by talking. Death could not get a word in edgewise, grew discouraged, and traveled on.

ELI RETURNED TO FLEUR, AND STOPPED BADGERING me, which I took as a sign she liked the fan, the bead leggings, and maybe the rest of Eli, the part where he was on his own. The thing I've found about women is that you must use every instinct to confuse.

"Look here," I told Eli, before he went out my door. "It's like you're a log in a stream. Along comes this bear. She jumps on. Don't let her dig in her claws."

So keeping Fleur off balance was what I presumed Eli was doing. But, as I learned in time, he was further along than that, way off and running beyond the reach of anything I said.

His mother was the one who gave me the news.

Margaret Kashpaw was a woman who had sunk her claws in the log and peeled it to a toothpick, and she wasn't going to let any man forget it. Especially me, her dead husband's partner in some youthful pursuits.

"Aneesh," she said, slamming my door shut. Margaret never knocked, because with warning you might get your breath, or escape. She was headlong, bossy, scared of nobody, and full of vinegar. She was a little woman, but so blinded by irritation that she'd take on anyone. She was thin on the top and plump as a turnip below, with a face like a round molasses cake. On each side of it gray plaits hung. With age her part had widened down the middle so that it looked as though the braids were slipping off her head. Her eyes were harsh, bright, and her tongue was honed keen. She sat right down.

"Would you care to know what you have my son doing?"

I mumbled, kept reading by the window, tucked my spectacles from Father Damien more comfortably around my ears. My newspaper came from Grand Forks once a week, and I wasn't about to let Margaret spoil my pleasure or get past my hiding place.

"*Sah!*" She swiped at the sheets with her hand, grazed the print, but never quite dared to flip it aside. This was not for any fear of me, however. She didn't want the tracks rubbing off on her skin. She never learned to read, and the mystery troubled her.

I took advantage of that, snapped the paper in front of my face and sat for a moment. But she won, of course, because she knew I'd get curious. I felt her eyes glittering beyond the paper, and when I put the pages down, she continued.

"Who learned my Eli to make love standing up? Who learned him to have a woman against a tree in clear daylight? Who learned him to . . ."

"Wait," I said. "How'd you get to know this?"

She shrugged it off, and said in a smaller voice, "Boy Lazarre."

And I, who knew that the dirty Lazarres don't spy for nothing, just smiled.

"How much did you pay the fat-bellied dog?"

"The Lazarres are like animals in their season! No sense of shame!" But the wind was out of her. "Against the wall of the cabin," she said. "Down beside it. In grass and up in trees. Who'd he learn that from?"

"Maybe my late partner Kashpaw."

She puffed her cheeks out, fumed. "Not from him!"

"Not that you knew." I put my spectacles carefully upon the windowsill. Her hand could snake out quickly.

She hissed. The words flew like razor grass between her teeth. "Old man," she said with scorn. "Two wrinkled berries and a twig."

"A twig can grow," I offered.

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"But only in the spring."

Then she was gone, out the door, leaving my tongue tingling for the last word, and still ignorant of the full effect of my advice. I didn't wonder until later if it didn't go both ways, though—if Fleur had wound her private hairs around the buttons of Eli's shirt, if she had stirred smoky powders or crushed snakeroot into his tea. Perhaps she had bitten his nails in sleep and swallowed the ends, snipped threads from his clothing and made a doll of them to wear between her legs. For they got bolder, until the whole reservation gossiped.

Then one day the big, unsteady Lazarre, an Indian on whose birth certificate was recorded simply "Boy," returned from the woods talking backwards, garbled, mixing his words. At first people thought the sights of passion had cleft his mind. Then they figured otherwise, imagined that Fleur had caught Lazarre watching and tied him up, cut his tongue out, and sewn it in reversed.

The same day I heard this, Margaret burst into my house a second time.

"Take me out to their place, you four-eyes," she said. "And be ready with the boat tomorrow, sunup!"

She stamped through the door and vanished, leaving me with hardly time enough to patch the seams and holes of the old-time boat I kept, dragged up in a brush shelter on the quieter inlet, the south end of the lake. I took some boiled pine gum to the seams that afternoon, and did my best. I was drawn to the situation, curious myself, and though I didn't want to spy either on the girl whose life I'd saved or on the boy I'd advised on courting, I was down by the water with the paddles at dawn.

The light was chill and green, the waves on the lake were small, confused ripples, and no steady wind had gathered. The water could be deceptive, set snares for the careless young or for withered-up and eager fools like ourselves. I put my hand in the current.

"Margaret," I said, "the lake's too cold. I never could swim, either, not that well."

But Margaret had set her mind, and made her peace, too.

"If he wants me"—she was talking about the lake spirit but, out of caution, using no names—"I'll give him good as I get."

"Oh," I said, "has it been that long, Margaret?"

Her eyes lit and I wished I had kept my mouth shut. But she only commented, later, after we had launched, "Not so long that I would consider the dregs."

I handed her the lard can I kept my bait in. "You better take this, Margaret. You better bail."

So at least on that long trip across I had the satisfaction of seeing her bend to the dipping and pouring with a sour but desperate will. We rode low. The water covered our ankles by the time we beached on shore, but Margaret was forced to shut her mouth in a firm line. The whole idea had been hers. She was so relieved to stand finally upon solid ground that she helped me haul the boat and wedge it in a pile of mangled roots. She wrung her skirt and sat beside me, panting. She shared some dried meat from the pocket of her dress, tore at it like a young snapping turtle. How I envied her sharp, strong teeth.

"Go on, eat," she said, "or I'll take an insult."

I put the jerky into my mouth.

"That's right," she sneered. "Suck long enough and it will soften."

I had no choice. I could think of no other way to get any of it down.

"Go now," I said, after a while. "I was thinking. I had this old barren she-dog once. She'd back up to anything. But the only satisfaction she could get was from watching the young."

Margaret jumped to her feet, skirts flapping. I had said too much. Her claws gave my ears two fast, furious jerks that set me whirling, sickening me so that I couldn't balance or even keep track of time. She took herself up the bank and into the Pillager woods, but I don't know when she went there or how long she stayed, and I had barely set myself to rights before she returned.

By then the sky had gone dead gray, the waves rolled white and fitful. Margaret took tobacco from a pouch in her pocket, threw it on the water, and said a few distracted, imploring words. We jumped into the boat, which leaked worse than ever, and pushed off. The wind blew harsh, in heavy circular gusts, and I was hard put. I never saw the bailing can move so fast, before or since. The old woman made it flash and dip, and hardly even broke the rhythm when, halfway across, she reached into her pocket again and this time dumped the whole pouch into the pounding waves. From then on she alternated between working her arms and addressing different Manitous along with the Blessed Virgin and Her heart, the sacred bloody lump that the blue-robed woman held in the awful picture Margaret kept nailed to her wall. We made it back by the time rain poured down, and hoisted ourselves over the edge of the boat. When we got back to my house, after she'd swallowed some warm broth and her clothes had begun to steam dry upon her, Margaret told me what she had seen with her own eyes.

Fleur Pillager was pregnant, going to have a child in spring. At least that's what Margaret had decided with her measuring gaze. I stirred the fire with my walking stick. Maybe I had a shiver, a feeling, a worry. I was close as a relative, closer perhaps. Maybe I knew already that when spring did come, the ice milky, porous, and broken, Margaret and I were the ones who would have to save Fleur a second time.

Margaret, however, had no such premonition. The child would turn out fork-footed, she predicted, with straw for hair, yellow as the agent's. Its eyes would glow blue, its skin shine white. As she sipped from her cup, Margaret's memory of the agent made a monster, and she savored the variations the child might reveal: red, flapping ears, a strange birthmark, chicken lips, an extra finger, by which the taint of its conception would be certain and people convinced, at last, that it did not belong to her son.

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THE MORNING WE GOT WORD, THE WATER HAD JUST opened for a boat, if you dared to travel that way so early in spring. Fleur was in trouble with her baby. That's all I heard, as the women kept the particulars to themselves. Out of desperation Eli had run to Margaret on the way to the midwife's. He wanted us to take the shortcut and stay with Fleur until he brought back the woman whose hands held the wisdom, who wore the dried caul of a rabbit in a little belt around her waist.

Margaret was puffed up, full of satisfaction, until she saw the boat, leaking even more than usual after another winter of neglect. On the ride, bailing for her life, Margaret raged at me between her prayers and muttered strict assurances that her reasons for helping in this matter were not ties of kinship. Her presence did not count as acknowledgment, she said. It was her duty to see the evidence, whatever that turned out to be—the hair gold as straw, the blazing eyes.

But the child had none of those markings.

She was born on the day we shot the last bear, drunk, on the reservation. The midwife was the one who shot it, and the bear was drunk, not her. That she-bear had broken into the trader's wine I had brought across the lake beneath my jacket and then stowed in a rotten stump off in the woods behind the house. She bit the cork and emptied the white clay jug. Then she lost her mind and stumbled into the beaten grass of Fleur's yard.

By then we were a day in the waiting. In all that time we heard not a sound from Fleur's cabin, just crushing silence, like the inside of a drum before the stick drops. Eli and I slumped against the woodpile. We made a fire, swaddled ourselves in blankets. My stomach creaked with the lack of food, for Eli was starving himself from worry and I hated to eat in front of him. His eyes were rimmed with blood as he moaned and talked and prayed beneath the burden, which grew heavier.

On the second day we leaned to the fire, strained for the sound of the cry a baby makes. Our ears picked up everything in the woods, the rustle of birds, the crack of dead spring leaves and twigs. Our hearing had by then grown so keen that we heard the muffled sounds the women made inside the house. Now we heard other activity, which gave us hope. The stove lid clanked, pans rang together. Margaret came to the door and we heard the tear of water splashing on the ground. Eli moved then, fetched more. But not until the afternoon of that second day did the stillness finally break, and then the Manitous all through the woods seemed to speak through Fleur, loose, arguing. I recognized them. Turtle's quavering scratch, Eagle's high shriek, Loon's crazy bitterness, Otter, the howl of Wolf, Bear's low rasp.

Perhaps the bear heard Fleur calling, and answered.

I was alone when it happened, because Eli had broken when the silence shattered, slashed his arm with his hunting knife, and run out of the clearing, straight north. I sat quietly after he was gone, and sampled the food that he had refused. I drew close to the fire, settled my back against the split logs, and was just about to have a second helping when the drunk bear rambled past. She sniffed the ground, rolled over in an odor that pleased her, drew up and sat, addled, on her haunches like a dog. I jumped straight onto the top of the woodpile—I don't know how, since my limbs were so stiff from the wet cold. I crouched, yelled at the house, screamed for the gun, but only attracted the bear. She dragged herself over, gave a drawn-out whine, a cough, and fixed me with a long patient stare.

Margaret flung the door open. "Shoot it, you old fool," she hollered. But I was empty-handed. Margaret was irritated with this trifle, put out that I had not obeyed her, anxious to get rid of the nuisance and go back to Fleur. She marched straight toward us. Her face was pinched with exhaustion, her pace furious. Her arms moved like pistons, and she came so fast that she and the bear were face to face before she realized that she had nothing with which to attack. She was sensible, Margaret Kashpaw, and turned straight around. Fleur kept her gun above the flour cupboard in a rack of antlers. The bear followed, heeling Margaret like a puppy, and at the door to the house, when Margaret turned, arms spread to bar the way, it swatted her aside with one sharp, dreamy blow. Then it ambled in and reared on its hind legs.

I am a man, so I don't know exactly what happened when the bear came into the birth house, but they talk among themselves, the women, and sometimes they forget I'm listening. So I know that when Fleur saw the bear in the house she was filled with such fear and power that she raised herself on the mound of blankets and gave birth. Then the midwife took down the gun and shot point-blank, filling the bear's heart. She says so, anyway. But Margaret says that the lead only gave the bear strength, and I'll support that. For I heard the gun go off and then saw the creature whirl and roar from the house. It barreled past me, crashed through the brush into the woods, and was not seen after. It left no trail, either, so it could have been a spirit bear. I don't know. I was still on the woodpile.

I took the precaution of finishing my meal there. From what I overheard later, they were sure Fleur was dead, she was so cold and still after giving birth. But then the baby cried. That I heard with my own ears. At that sound, they say, Fleur opened her eyes and breathed. That was when the women went to work and saved her, packed moss between her legs, wrapped her in blankets heated with stones, kneaded Fleur's stomach and forced her to drink cup after cup of boiled raspberry leaf, until at last Fleur groaned, drew the baby against her breast, and lived. □

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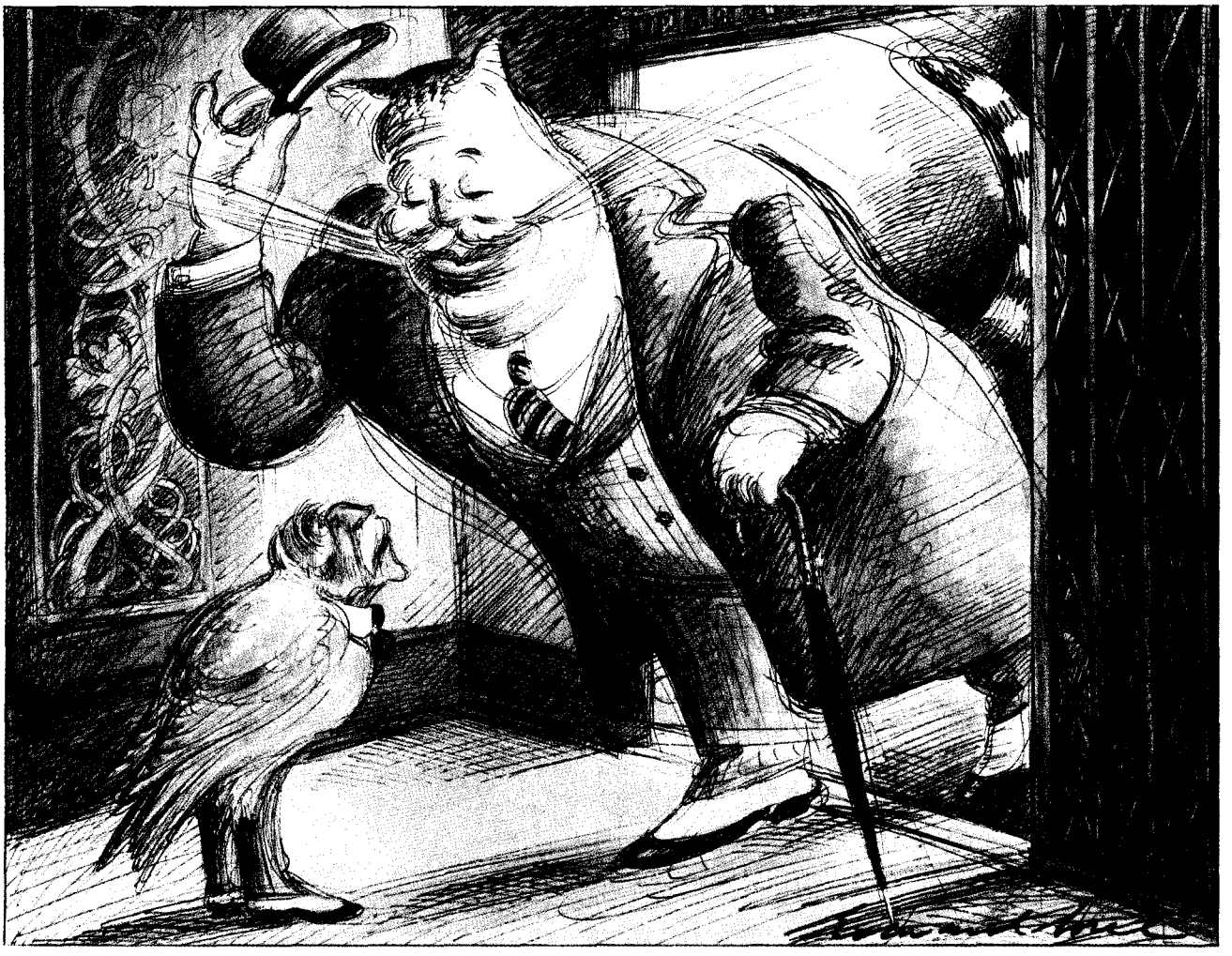

FIRST ENCOUNTERS

ANDREW MELLON AND SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN

WHEN IN LONDON, the art dealer Sir Joseph Duveen stayed at Claridge's. His luxurious fourth-floor suite was graced with his latest acquisitions in pre-nineteenth-century art, in transition between the great houses of Europe and their American counterparts. There the voluble Duveen received titled ladies and an occasional Yankee millionaire. But by 1921 super-rich Americans with a taste for Old Masters were in short supply. J. P. Morgan was dead, as was Henry Clay Frick, while Andrew Mellon patronized the rival gallery, Knoedler's.

The problem for the proprietor of Duveen's, New York, was to meet Mellon of Pittsburgh, now also of Washington, where he ran the Treasury. Once Sir Joseph found himself on the same trans-Atlantic crossing. He tipped the steward handsomely to place their deck chairs side by side, but although he daily reclined expectantly in his, the taciturn Mellon only paced the deck and retired to his cabin.

Then, during one sojourn at Claridge's, Duveen's valet reported that he had met Mellon's valet, currently residing with his master on the third floor. Duveen plotted his campaign. He had himself moved down to two, and discreetly solicited intelligence from above. One afternoon Mellon's valet telephoned that his master was about to go out for a stroll. Duveen reached for his hat and coat. As the lift descending from the third floor halted at the second, he stepped in with an air of surprised pleasure. "How do you do, Mr. Mellon," he said.

The upshot was that Mellon walked not in the park that day but in the National Gallery, where he was favored with his companion's views on the paintings. On the way back he learned that his companion, too, possessed a number of Old Masters—fewer than the museum had, of course, but of like quality, and, it was merely hinted, available. In the aftermath much art exchanged hands, and later another National Gallery was built, this time in Washington, to house Duveen's . . . Mellon's . . . now the nation's . . . Old Masters. —*Nancy Caldwell Sorel*

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TRAVEL

SHANGHAI SURPRISE

Visiting China's largest city is like rolling time back fifty years

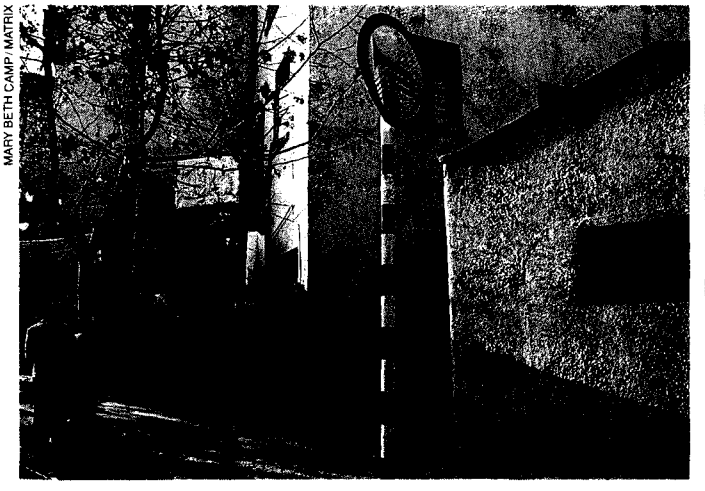
BY JAMES FALLOWS

ASIA IS SUPPOSED to be timeless, but its cities don't look that way. Tokyo burned once in 1923, after the great earthquake, and again in 1945, after the American bombing raids. Seoul was so badly pulverized during the Korean War that its few rebuilt ceremonial gates look only slightly more natural than London Bridge in its adoptive home at Lake Havasu. When Mao Zedong's Communists came to power, Beijing still had many of its ancient walls, in concentric rings out from the Forbidden City. The palaces of the Forbidden City itself remain, but the city walls have been torn down to make way for oversized ring roads. These can make being in Beijing seem like being on an airport runway, where the horizontal distances are too great and the buildings too far away. From certain angles Kuala Lumpur's skyscrapers and greenery can make the city look like Los Angeles. From most angles Singapore looks as Los Angeles might if it were shined up and modernized—and Hong Kong shows what Manhattan could be if it were really crowded and built-up.

One big Asian city, though, does seem to have frozen in time. This is Shanghai, self-proclaimed "Paris of the East" in the 1920s and now more romantic, sort of, than Paris itself.

Shanghai rose to importance later than other Chinese cities—150 years ago, rather than at the dawn of history—but has changed less in the past fifty years. In the mid-eighteenth century foreigners poured in and, taking advantage of China's weakness, won control of chunks of territory—"concessions"—where they lived under their own laws and traded imported opium to the Chinese for silver and silk. The French concession had a Cercle Sportif and streets with names like rue du Moulin; a large ring road encircling a Chinese settlement they named avenue des Deux Républiques. The American concession was full of churches and missionary schools. The British built a racetrack, gardens, and numerous drinking and country clubs; they named their major thoroughfare Bubbling Well Road. Along the sluggish Huangpu River, on the famous Bund (or "river embankment"), the foreigners built hulking, colonnaded trading houses, graceful Art Deco hotels, consulates and apartments that could have been plucked from prewar Paris or Berlin. Shanghai filled up with Jewish refugees from Europe, White Russians who had come overland, Chinese who served, traded with, and connived against the foreign devils. Shanghai became China's center of commerce, fashion, intrigue, its center of prostitution, drug addiction, sin. "Its apogee from the 1890s to the 1930s coincided with the nadir of Chinese national pride," Larry Robinson, an official in the U.S. consulate, wrote recently in a surprisingly lively report called *Life in the Big City*. "The idea of Shanghai is linked historically in the Chinese consciousness with corruption and foreign domination."

The gaiety abruptly ended, and the money to finance it stopped flowing in, when the Japanese arrived in the late 1930s. From that point on it was as if the physical aspects of the city—buildings, streets, homes—had gone into suspended animation: nothing added and nothing taken away. Shanghai was shelled but not devastated during the war and the subsequent Communist takeover. Although Zhou Enlai operated out of Shanghai and the Communist Party's first National Congress was held there, in 1921, once in power the Party showed itself to be deeply suspicious of this former capitalist hotbed. For three decades the regime treated it the way a George Wallace Administration might have treated Manhattan. Shanghai, still the nation's industrial heart, home of the well-known Flying Pigeon bicycle, and long the home of the Shanghai car, sent



MARY BETH CAMP / MATRIX

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money to Beijing, but money did not come back the other way. Beijing built new roads and Stalinist-style grotesqueries throughout the country. Shanghai crammed numerous families into what had been one French or British family's home and used the social clubs as barracks for the army or the police. The city lacked the money to build, even the money to destroy.

No doubt it is decadent to find the results entrancing. Shanghai's appeal has little to do with Chinese history or indeed with anything Chinese. But the effect *is* entrancing, even magical. To visit Shanghai is like being able to walk into the Manhattan or Berlin of fifty years ago.

Some things have changed. The racetrack is now People's Park, Deux Républiques is People's Avenue, and one outlandish Stalinist structure, a legacy of the Russian-friendship era, looms above the town—an exhibition center that resembles an outsized New England church, with extra turrets, columns, and Communist stars stuck on everywhere. Two supermodern hotels have been built, and more are on the way. There is a big indoor sports center, a first step toward fulfilling Shanghai's pre-war dream of hosting the Olympic Games. The opium addicts have disappeared. How were they cured? I asked a Chinese man during a recent visit, hoping for useful wisdom. "Mostly they were shot," he said. Even the Shanghai car, a cartoonish vehicle with billowing fenders, said to have been modeled on a 1955 Plymouth, has been elbowed aside by modernity. The factory is now turning out its version of the Volkswagen Jetta, in one of China's joint-venture steps toward "economic reform." The new cars look infinitely more sporty, but I was told they are unpopular. The Shanghai car, which bore a family resemblance to a Checker cab, had a capacious rear seat. The new VW is sensible and efficient. This is a serious drawback in a country where the people who buy cars are generally Party officials, who plan to sit in the back seat and be chauffeured around.

But the things that haven't changed are easier to notice, and make a deeper impression on the heart. From the balcony of one Art Deco apartment building scores of others present themselves, and beyond them rows of English semi-detached houses with gardens. In the Park Hotel, the essence of chic in the old days, the cavernous dining room is still outfitted with tattered hangings in Jazz Age shades of pink and blue. At the Peace Hotel, where Noel Coward is said to have finished *Private Lives* when the hotel was called the Cathay, aged Chinese jazz musicians perform in the lobby at night. Along the streets of the old French concession, city residents ride their bicycles beneath the leafy plane trees, brought by the French to befit the concept of Paris of the East. In front of hotels and banks lurk shady characters known as Uighurs. They dress like other Chinese, in cheap, ill-fitting clothes, but they have unsettling round-eyed Western faces; they come from China's Far West and look less Asian than anyone this side of the Levant. "Change money, mister!" they rasp at each foreigner who passes by. Their eyes dart back and forth, searching for Sydney Greenstreet.

It would be more decadent still to wish that this time-warp version of Shanghai would always remain. What was exotic and "unspoiled" to me, on a five-day visit, is frustrating and "unimproved" to the Chinese who spend their whole lives there. "To the extent they regard Shanghai favorably, they do so for its modernity," Robinson said, in *Life in the Big City*.

> There is little nostalgia for the colonial era. Given enough money most Shanghainese would gladly tear down the old mansions and put up skyscrapers. What they see here is not a stately city that has aged gracefully but an old grey metropolis on the verge of collapse.

Shanghai, with 12 million people, is China's largest city and has its worst housing problem: in the central city the average floor space per person is 4.5 square meters, an area about seven feet on each side. Only one household in twenty-five has a telephone (although nearly all have TVs). Much of the sewage goes straight into the river; if you didn't know by the evidence of your senses, you'd guess from news of last winter's hepatitis epidemic, in which

PETER AND GEORGINA BOWATER / THE IMAGE BANK

A street in Shanghai's French concession (top left); vegetables drying in a residential neighborhood (bottom left); and the Bund, along the Huangpu River.

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half a million people fell ill. Because the city is in "south" China, on the southern bank of the north-south dividing line, the Yangtze River, it is defined as having a mild climate and allows no heating whatsoever in schools, offices, stores, and other public buildings. (In fact its climate is similar to Atlanta's—truly pleasant only in spring and fall. But winter tourists can take heart: hotels are exempted from the heating ban.) "During peak hours, bus loading reaches 12 riders per square meter," Robinson wrote. "It is impossible to fit 12 pairs of shoes into one square meter, so at any given time some thousands of feet cannot touch the floor."

It must change, and it will. One young city planner described the city's touchingly ambitious pre-war vision of preparing for the Olympic Games. First they'd give the city a telephone system, then they'd rebuild all the sewers, then put in a subway . . . It could happen, even within my lifetime, and I should go back to see those Olympic Games. But I don't think I will go back, not ever again. I am glad to have seen it just this way.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO see Shanghai while it's still in amber, you have one major choice to make: hard or soft. Chinese trains make a (somewhat theoretical) distinction between "hard sleeper" and "soft sleeper" cars. I've come to think of this divide as a metaphor for the choice one has about every aspect of tourism in China. The soft road is to dredge up some international meeting you can attend or take a package tour. The hard road is to go on your own.

The hard road is feasible—you can get a visa for independent travel, you can find cheap hotels from town to town—and no doubt virtuous, but it's *hard*. For instance, you can't make a train or airplane reservation except in the city where the trip is to begin. So if you were not on a package tour, the first thing you'd do on arriving in Shanghai would be to rush to the CAAC (government airline) office to see if you could ever get out. The Anglophone traveler's faith that "Oh, somebody there is sure to speak English" holds true in much of the world, but not in much of China. I don't speak Chinese and have had enough Asian hard-road traveling to hold me for a while, so I can offer no first-hand tips about where this road leads in Shanghai. If you're game for such an adventure, look at *The Rough Guide to China* (Routledge & Kegan Paul) and Mark Salzman's charming hard-road memoir *Iron and Silk* (Random House). You'll do well to learn some Chinese phrases too.

The soft road has different hazards. It can be very expensive—real living costs in China are at most one twentieth of what they are in Japan, but package tours to each country cost about the same. And of course it is irritating to be herded from monument to monument in a big group. So if you go with a tour, look for one that gives you lots of free time.

On the soft road you may not have a choice about lodging, but if you do you'll find a richer variety in Shanghai than in most other Chinese cities. There are two extremely fancy marble-and-glass all-modern high-rises: the Hua Ting Sheraton and the Jing An Hilton. The prices are similar to what you'd pay at a good hotel in the United States or Europe—which is to say, as much per night as the pick-and-shovel laborers you see outside the window earn in several years. If you reach Shanghai at the end of a journey through China, the clean bathrooms and functioning telephones of these hotels may have irresistible appeal, as those at the Sheraton did for me. The Hilton, still under construction when I visited last year, is more conveniently located, in the heart of the old French concession. Of course, to preserve the concession's stuck-in-time atmosphere you have to avoid looking at the glistening Hilton tower itself.

Shanghai also has a wonderful assortment of less expensive, more atmospheric, and of course more run-down hotels: the Park (facing People's Park), the Peace and Shanghai Mansions (both on the Bund), the Jing Jiang and Jing An (in the French concession). These are the very structures that give the city its allure. They're roughly half as expensive as the modern hotels, with the bill ranging from about $44 to $55 a night.

I ate most meals in the restaurants of these old hotels. I never had a bad or boring one anywhere, but the most sumptuous were served at the Park. What about hepatitis? My wife got it in China, but on an earlier trip and in a different city (Guilin). My children and I, having eaten in all the same places, felt fine. If you're worried about the risk, you can take the State Department's advice and get gamma-globulin shots before you go. The greater risk would be postponing a visit. What's here now won't be for long. □

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HOME

WHERE TO DROP THE OTHER SHOE

Designers are reappraising closet space

BY PHILIP LANGDON

MANY OF THE THINGS that end up making us happy or unhappy with a house are surprisingly mundane. One of these elements is storage space, which just recently has begun to receive an outpouring of attention from the home-improvement industry and more notice than usual from homebuilders. Most new houses, and condominiums especially, suffer from not having enough.

Why this should be so is hinted at by some long-running trends in homebuilding—particularly the dwindling away of storage space at the top and bottom of the home. In 1960, of America's 58,300,000 houses and apartments 54 percent had basements—large, useful places where a family could keep saws and hammers, a ladder or two, jumbo canned goods, and a freezer full of food, and probably still have room left over for a washer and dryer and a Ping-Pong table. But basements have ceased to be so common. By 1983 there were basements in 42 percent of America's 93,044,000 housing units and in only 32 percent of new detached houses. Meanwhile, since at least the 1950s the tendency has been to build houses with low, windowless attics and, increasingly, to embellish the living quarters with vaulted and other "volume" ceilings, subtracting still further from the little remaining storage space overhead.

Modernists repeatedly de-emphasized storage. The great German architect Miës van der Rohe brought to America the promise of an elegantly proportioned austerity. The house he designed for Edith Farnsworth, in Plano, Illinois, in the late 1940s, demanded that the owner display a few exquisite objects and dispose of nearly everything else as unsentimentally as last week's newspapers. The glass house that Philip Johnson, then in his Miësian period, built in New Canaan, Connecticut, in 1949 contained exactly one closet, sometimes called a "storage wall"; it stopped well short of the ceiling.

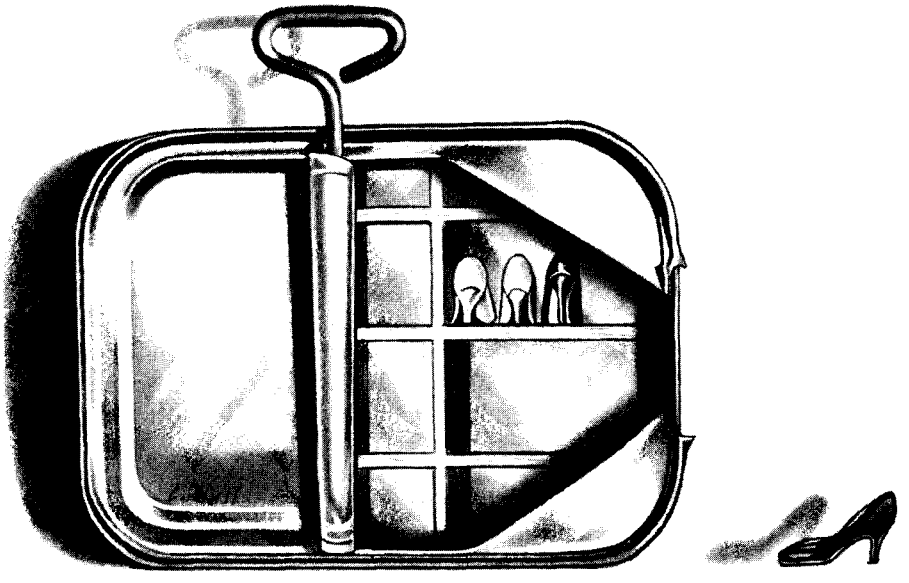
Even less-precious modern houses, such as many of the ones described in Katherine Morrow Ford and Thomas H. Creighton's 1951 book, *The American House Today*, advanced the idea that because of the growing availability of food, entertainment, and services outside the home, "preparation and work and storage spaces became less important." Modern houses were supposed to make do mostly with bookshelves, room-divider storage units, and built-in furnishings (often beautifully constructed but too small to hold bulky things). It remains one of the curiosities of recent history that simplified, sparse-storage houses worked their way toward the mainstream just when the United States was entering a period of unprecedented material abundance and commercial television was becoming the most powerful engine of consumption that the world has yet to encounter.

Belatedly, the clash between too much stuff and too few places to put it is being recognized and resolved. Builders are constructing oversized garages and increasing the storage capacity of two living areas—the kitchen and the master bedroom. It is now routine to find a pantry in the kitchen. "We put a pantry in nearly every house we build," says Gary Schaal, of Scarborough Corporation, a New Jersey builder that last year introduced a Working Woman's Dream Home, using ideas suggested by a panel of employed women.

Gary A. Kecskes, of the Lawrence Institute of Technology School of Architecture, in Southfield, Michigan, observes that in newly built houses two kinds of pantries are becoming more common. One of these, located between the kitchen and the dining room, is the butler's pantry, which is appearing in a growing number of upper-middle-class houses, even those whose owners don't have servants. Often this walk-through room contains a sink, counter space, and cabinets. While butler's pantries are going into new executive-level houses, designers are, ironically, busy removing the butler's pantries from old houses, so that kitchens too cramped for today's tastes can be expanded.

The other kind of pantry, much more commonplace, is essentially a storage closet equipped with plenty of shelves or racks, most of them shallow so that whatever is in storage can readily be seen and retrieved. This kind of pantry can be placed in any of a number of locations in or near the kitchen. Because it holds cans, bottles, and dry goods all the way from floor to ceiling, at less expense than is required for finished cabinets, the closet-style pantry is a remarkably economical way of augmenting storage.

IN THE BEDROOM, particularly the master bedroom, the builder's principal answer to storage needs is the walk-in closet. Both walk-in and wall closets now usually come equipped not with the old standard—a wooden pole with a



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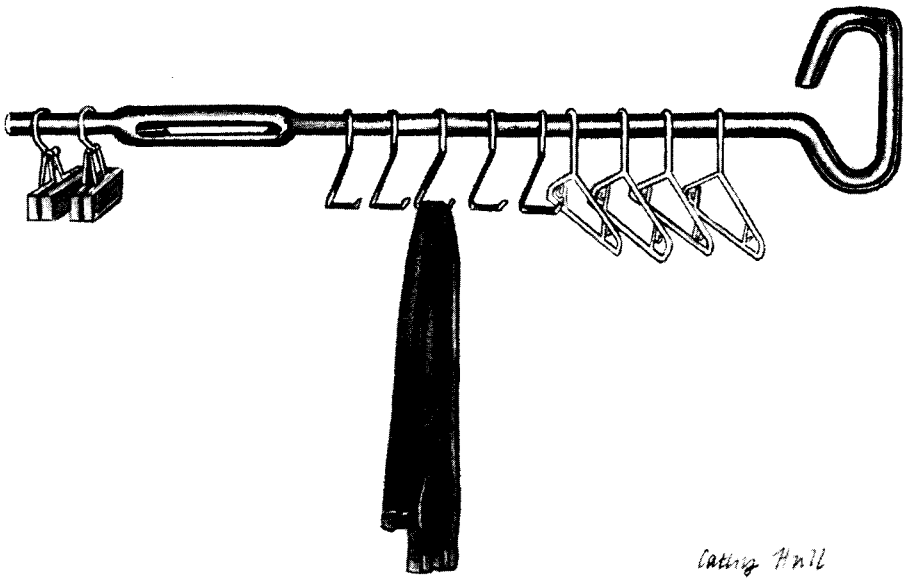

wooden shelf above it—but with hanging and shelving systems made of coated wire, a spin-off from the wire shelves and racks that first appeared in kitchens. Wire shelving (or "ventilated shelving," as the manufacturers call it) lets air circulate more freely than does traditional shelving and provides less surface to harbor dust and insects, an especially important advantage in humid, mildew-prone, insect-abundant places like Texas and Florida, where much of the nation's homebuilding in recent years has been concentrated.

Builders like wire shelving because they can install it cheaply. Do-it-yourselfers like it because they can buy inexpensive ready-made systems whose installation is supposedly simpler than working with wood. To camouflage the wire's flimsy, utilitarian look, Closet Maid, the leading brand of wire shelving, now includes a line with wood trim along its front. Wire systems can be arranged to give a closet a series of compartmentalized storage areas, with angled shoe racks near the floor and shelves above for shirts, sweaters, and other garments, as well as sections for hanging clothing. There are also free-standing wire storage systems, for renters who want to be able to take the systems with them when they move, and shorter wire storage systems with toy bins, for use in children's closets.

What the manufacturers and builders avoid mentioning is that wire systems that attach to the walls have a reputation for coming loose after they've been heavily loaded with clothing for a while. "They work their way out of the wall. Mine has been put back in at least twice," says Charles Morris Mount, a New York interior designer. Unlike wooden shelves, which are usually nailed or screwed securely to wall studs, wire systems are usually held in place by a form of molly bolt or toggle bolt, which grips the relatively insubstantial gypsum wallboard. Gwen Simpkins, who buys, renovates, and resells old houses in the Boston area, says that well-organized storage is a prime selling feature of her houses, but that she avoids equipping closets with wire systems. She recommends that anyone installing a wire system use wood screws longer than the bolts that normally come with the product. If the brackets supporting the shelves cannot be screwed to the studs, she says, attach all the brackets to a long horizontal wooden strip that has been screwed to the studs.

Most wire shelving has a vinyl coating, which is not ideal. Some brands, including Schulte, Elfa, and Keijé, offer metal systems with a baked-on epoxy coating. This material is generally more expensive, but those who use it say it is easier to clean, resists discoloring and chipping, and rolls more smoothly when used for sliding wire baskets and drawers.

With the growing attention to storage, a new occupation has emerged—that of the storage or closet specialist. Clairson International, in Ocala, Florida, the manufacturer of Closet Maid and Keijé products, is underwriting the establishment of a Center for Home Organization and Interior Space Efficiency, whose goal is to bring a more scientific approach to storage (and make it easier for storage specialists to convince skeptical builders, designers, and homeowners that the job of improving storage belongs in the hands of a specialist). Already closet consultants have established themselves in many cities. A handful of companies have national franchising ambitions, led by the nine-year-old California Closet Company, of Woodland Hills, California ("the McDonald's of closets," with eighty-five stores), and the three-year-old Closettec Franchise Corporation, of Dedham, Massachusetts (with thirty-one stores). California Closet and Closettec franchises operate showrooms equipped with storage systems they manufacture themselves, usually in a shop adjacent to the showroom. Each company offers to send a specialist to the customer's house to peer into the mess of tangled hangers, clumps of sweaters, and dusty shoes and find a way of instilling order, by means of a custom-designed hanging and shelving system.

The phenomenon of inviting an outsider into the bedroom closet begs contemplation. Closets were once private places, rarely seen by friends and relatives, let alone by professional storage persons. The language abounds with allusions to the secrecy, intimacy, and even shame associated with the closet. In the closet skeletons were hidden. It was uncouth to air a family's "dirty laundry" in public. But American popular culture moves, sometimes at a sprint, toward the notion that there is no subject or domain so personal as to be obdurately shielded from others' knowledge.

Thus the closet consultants march forth, armed with a simple and effective technique: they split the closet's interior into a large number of narrow or short compartments, which fit much more closely the height and width needed to hang specific kinds of garments and to store things on shelves. The industry's motto might be "Subdivide and conquer." Shirts, blouses, pants, and jackets get hanging areas usually only forty inches high. This eliminates the wasted area at the bottom of old-style shelf-and-a-pole closets and it makes room for shelves on which sweaters, folded shirts, shoes, and handbags can be stored. It's typically claimed that in the reorganized closets customers can store twice as much as they could before.

The two leading closet-system companies use solid shelves that attach firmly to the studs. Customers choose from a variety of materials, including fiberboard, unfinished particleboard, and particleboard laminated with vinyl or

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melamine plastic. The cost is considerably higher than if you do it yourself with materials from a home-improvement center. California Closet says that a closet seven feet wide costs an average of $300 to $400 to reorganize, using particleboard shelves; 15 to 25 percent is deducted if you install the system yourself. Closettec, which doesn't serve the do-it-yourself market, estimates the cost of a seven-foot closet at about $400, using wood-grained fiberboard. The main advantages of the closet companies' systems are that they're well-constructed, designed to fit your space and wardrobe, and adjustable, with shelves and hanging areas that can be raised or lowered as needed.

The differences between the two companies' systems lie mainly in the details. For example, California Closet places shelves for shoes above hanging garments ("Good if you like dirt falling on your clothes," in Charles Morris Mount's opinion), while Closettec usually installs shelves all the way to the floor. Neither company's shelves are more than sixteen inches deep. Closet specialists contend that unless the shelves are on rollers, they should be shallow so that you can see and easily get at whatever you own.

Like the automobile industry, the closet industry offers plenty of options at extra cost. Drawers are $40 to $65 each, and for an additional $15 to $30 a drawer can be fitted with a vinyl or plush insert for holding jewelry. California Closet sometimes installs aromatic cedar flakeboard wall paneling, made by Giles & Kendall, of Huntsville, Alabama. (At lumberyards a four-by-eight-foot panel of quarter-inch cedar flakeboard typically retails for about $20. It's unattractive-looking but smells wonderful. When the aroma eventually subsides, a light sanding will renew it.) Probably the most elaborate closet contraption yet brought to market is the Closet Carousel, introduced for residential use last year by White Home Products, of Atlanta. It's a revolving, push-button-operated storage device much like the mechanism that carries racks of garments in dry-cleaning shops. Offered in a choice of nine lengths, from seven to fifteen feet, the Closet Carousel usually costs $1,700 to $2,500 and is available from catalogue retailers and companies like California Closet. The theory is that builders and homeowners will buy the Closet Carousel because it stuffs much more clothing into scarce and expensive closet space.

Whether the Closet Carousel will find many buyers is unclear, but its existence points up the fact that storage is entering a period of reappraisal similar in spirit to what the kitchen experienced in the early twentieth century, when designers avidly reshuffled sinks, refrigerators, stoves, and work surfaces in a quest to maximize efficiency.

Popular views about what are acceptable provisions for household storage are changing, for reasons arising from two currently influential concepts of what the home should be. One concept is the home as a refuge—as an almost self-sufficient compound to which a family or an individual may repair for recreation, entertainment, and other activities. Manufacturers of kitchen gear, exercise equipment, entertainment apparatus, and home furnishings have been eagerly trumpeting the home-as-refuge concept, with support from home-decorating and women's magazines, because it requires the purchase of a huge array of possessions. These possessions make household storage space more important than ever.

The other concept is the home as a launching pad toward the workplace. This concept lacks the connotations of luxury that make many home-design trends so slickly marketable, but nonetheless it explains much of the current interest in storage. The reason the women in New Jersey asked for a kitchen pantry in the Working Woman's Dream Home was that they were too busy to go to the supermarket every week. A pantry let them stock up. The reason that elaborate shelving systems are going into so many master-bedroom closets is that there's no full-time homemaker with hours to devote to putting everything in order; the premise and promise of an extensively organized, compartmentalized closet is that people who are rushing off to work or school will be able to find things fast, by themselves, and almost automatically put things back in their proper place. The promise may be partly illusion. When Gwen Simpkins goes back to the houses she has redesigned with wonderfully organized closets, she finds just as much clutter as ever. But the idea has yet to lose its allure. Everyone would like to think that efficient systems can overcome the scarcity of space and time, even when we know that ample storage space is what we truly prefer, and that the time saved is somehow never enough. □

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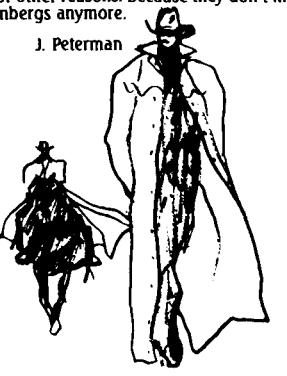

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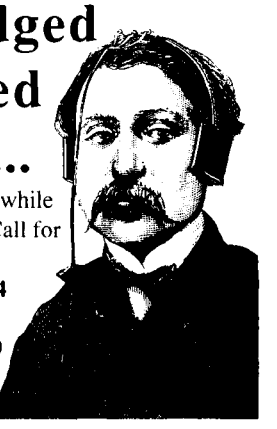

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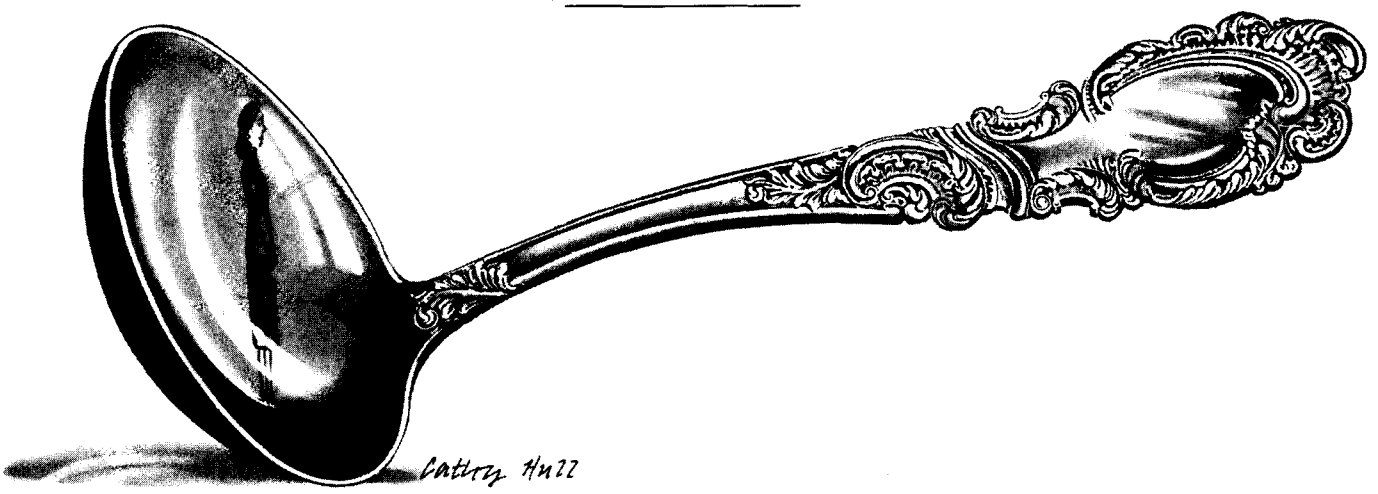

HUNGER ARTISTS

BY PHYLLIS ROSE

FASTING GIRLS: The Emergence of Anorexia Nervosa as a Modern Disease
by Joan Brumberg.
Harvard University Press, $25.00.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ANOREXICS
by Hilde Bruch,
edited by Danita Czyzewski and Melanie A. Suhr.
Basic Books, $18.95.

THE DUCHESS OF Windsor said, "A woman can never be too rich or too thin," but she was wrong—at least about thin. Too many women suffer from anorexia nervosa, in which the pursuit of skinniness becomes a killing obsession. There are anorexic jokes—"Of course I had breakfast. I ate my Cheerio!"—but with the highest fatality rate of any psychiatric illness (one out of ten patients dies), anorexia is no laughing matter.

Although *anorexia* means "lack of appetite," anorexics don't lack appetite; rather, they pride themselves on resisting it. Like Kafka's prophetic "hunger artist," whose art consisted in his ability to go without food, the anorexic considers her refusal of food an accomplishment and starving a way to achieve distinction. One anorexic quoted by Dr. Hilde Bruch described how pleased she was with herself for being a size one: when she walked into a store and asked for size-one dresses, everyone turned around to look at her. "Before that I was real common; all my friends seem to wear size 5 or 7, and I didn't like just being one of the crowd."

Now epidemic, anorexia seems to have come out of nowhere, but in *Fasting Girls*, Joan Brumberg gives it a past. Brumberg, a historian, is the director of the Women's Studies program at Cornell, and her book is an example of how excitingly women's studies has evolved, from clunky work about "female stereotypes" in the early 1970s to subtle explorations of the way in which culture (especially gender) shapes experience. For Brumberg, even illness is a cultural artifact, and the way people express physical and psychic pain depends on class, age, sex, and other cultural variables.

She couldn't have found a better disease to make the point that "being sick is a social act." Anorexia nervosa is overwhelmingly a disease of women—90 to 95 percent of the people who suffer from it are female. Moreover, it has been conspicuously a problem of the upper-middle class, a disease of affluence. Although anorexia is rare in the American population as a whole—perhaps 1.6 cases per 100,000 people—among adolescent girls and young women the incidence of anorexia has been put at five to 10 percent, rising to as high as 20 percent on some college campuses. The more privileged and ambitious the young women, the more likely they seem to develop anorexia. Its typical victim is the good daughter in a tightly knit family that seems to have no problems or conflicts. In fact the families of anorexics are often too close. Harmony has been achieved through excessive compliance on the daughter's part, and when she is supposed to become independent, she can't. A girl who has come to feel incompetent may use the disease as a way to establish her own area of power and control. "You make out of your body your very own kingdom," one anorexic said, "where you are the tyrant, the absolute dictator."

Brumberg considers three models for understanding anorexia—the biological, the psychological, and the cultural. The biological model presents the disease as a nervous dysfunction (most likely of the hypothalamus) and would treat it with hormones or drugs. The psychological model considers it a response to the developmental crisis of adolescence. Taking its direction from the work of Hilde Bruch, the leading clinician and theorist in this field, it sees food refusal as an expression of the desire for autonomy and control over sexual development. Appropriate treatment is individual psychotherapy or family therapy, which was first used extensively to treat this disease by Salvador Minuchin, as described in his book *Psychosomatic Families*.

The cultural model focuses on the worship of the thin female body and places the anorexic's panicky fear of gaining weight in a cultural context that, through all the visual means at its disposal, associates happiness with being thin. At its most extreme, in the work of some academic feminists who equate mental disturbance with resistance to patriarchy, this view slides into a presentation of anorexia as a paradoxical political protest. Brumberg disagrees: "I believe that the anorectic deserves our sympathy but not necessarily our veneration." Although she favors the cultural model, she finds all three models appropriate and even necessary to explain the disease, distinguishing two stages in an

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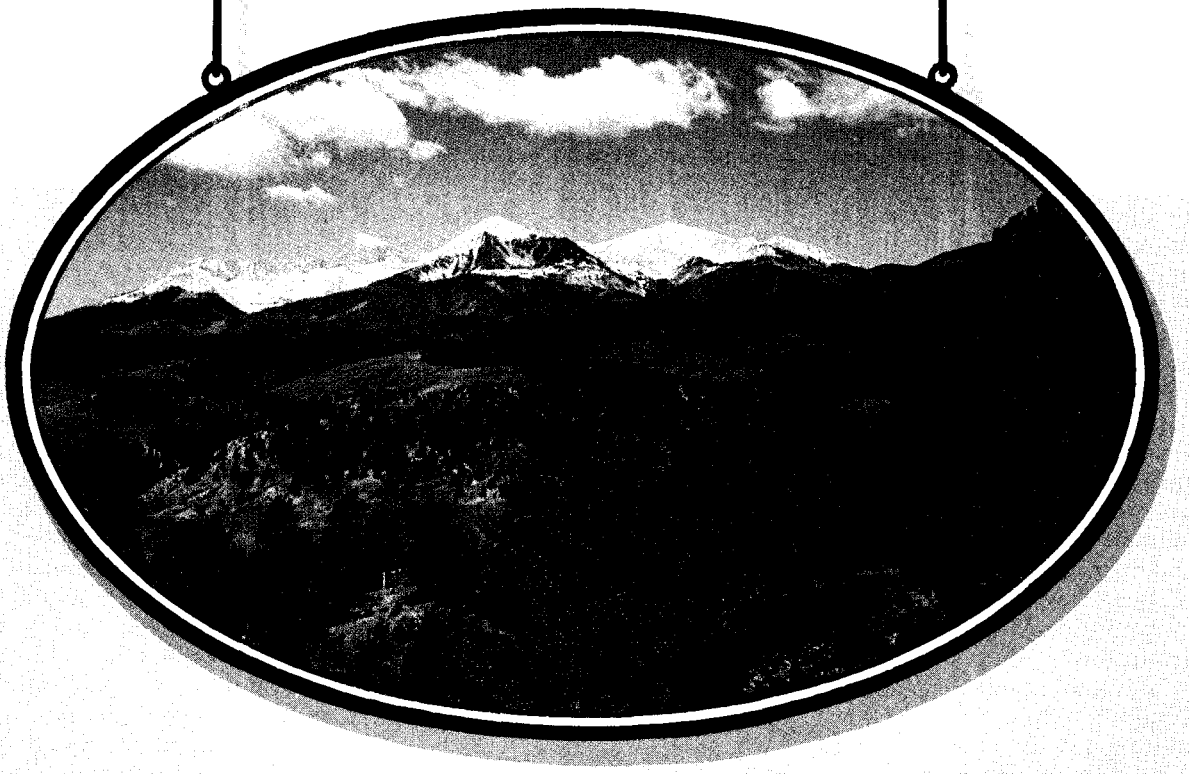

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anorexic's history—"recruitment," which cultural factors best explain, and "career," for which physiological and psychological explanations are most satisfactory. That is, a girl will begin to refuse food for reasons best described by a cultural historian (she diets to be thin because thin is considered beautiful) and will then spiral into illness for reasons best explained biomedically.

It takes a canny historian to make the connection between medieval piety and contemporary illness: an anorexic like the singer Karen Carpenter, who starved to death in pursuit of a sublime thinness, and a medieval fasting saint like Catherine of Siena, who starved as an act of piety, are presented as two ends of a long line of women expressing themselves through appetite. There are other similarities between medieval anorexia mirabilis (miraculously-inspired loss of appetite) and today's anorexia: "anorexia nervosa appears to be a secular addiction to a new kind of perfectionism, one that links personal salvation to the achievement of an external body configuration rather than an internal spiritual state." Nevertheless, in drawing a line of continuity between medieval saints and modern anorexics, Brumberg is careful to distinguish between them. As she puts it, Karen Carpenter and Catherine of Siena did not die of the same disease. Here her elegant distinction between recruitment and career comes into play. The recruitment stage of anorexia mirabilis was totally different from that of anorexia nervosa, even though the starvation, once established, followed a similar course.

In the nineteenth century "fasting girls" made news periodically by their stupendous feats of food refusal. They were often presented as pious creatures on the medieval model, but Brumberg shows how their status was contested by the new medical establishment, which wanted them seen as victims of illness. The doctors won, food refusal became secularized, and the hunger artist moved from sainthood to patienthood.

By the 1870s anorexia had been identified. There were documented cases, medical histories, a diagnosis. A French doctor, Charles Lasègue, understood the disease as a dysfunction of the bourgeois family system almost a hundred years before family therapy became a clinical option. Of course it had to be a French doctor, Brumberg notes, because, being French, he saw more clearly than others that food was central to family life.

Wanting to be thin because it looks good turns out to be a passing historical moment in the history of anorexia. The disease has more fundamentally to do with food's place at the center of a symbolic network involving gentility, spirituality, sexuality, and family love. Long before Chanel and the flapper silhouette, women were anxious about food, and Brumberg explains why.

A family that hardly otherwise meets is likely to meet over the dinner table. A family that hardly otherwise disciplines its children will train them to eat in certain ways. Correct eating has been an expression of gentility since at least the nineteenth century, with pressure exerted particularly on girls to eat discreetly. Remember Scarlett O'Hara's eating in her room before the picnic? In extremely genteel circles it was thought that a woman should not be seen eating at all. Eating reeked of carnality. What went in must come out. With symbolic material like this, with such connotations and prohibitions, it's no wonder women used their eating habits to make statements on other subjects.

Why is there an epidemic now? Why, as Brumberg puts it, have food and eating become a psychological battlefield for middle-class young women? As she sees it, you can't explain the proliferation of the disease, which seems to be spreading beyond its middle-class base, with psychological or biological models. Culture is essential. She notes, in addition to the relentless selling of slimness by fashion magazines, a renewed preoccupation with food. Our palates have expanded and become international since the Second World War. More food is available: even among ice creams, among goat cheeses, the choice is enormous. The overabundance of interesting food in a society that hates fat demands ever greater self-control. Among urbanites issues of status and identity are often involved in choice of restaurants and styles of cooking. "We could get close with David and Elizabeth," said one *New Yorker* cartoon, "if they didn't put béarnaise sauce on everything."

As the obsession with food grows, so too does the problematic nature of heterosexual maturity. Girls are warned more now than they have been for decades about the dangers of sex. More self-control is now expected of them in this area, too. A competitive generation reacts competitively even in its illnesses: anorexics push themselves to outdo their peers in skinniness and, in the eighties, combine hyperactivity with self-starvation. "Sadly, the cult of diet and exercise is the closest thing our secular society offers women in terms of a coherent philosophy of the self," Brumberg writes. It all makes so much sense that by the time you have finished this book, you wonder how any girl escapes anorexia.

The psychiatrist Hilde Bruch, who died in 1984, devoted her long and distinguished professional life to the study of anorexia. In the 1960s the illness was virtually unknown in America. Bruch put it on the map, first with *Eating Disorders*, in 1973, and then with *The Golden Cage*, in 1978. The books in turn affected the course of the epidemic, as Bruch herself said. "Formerly no anorexic patient had ever heard of such a condition; each one was, in a way, an original inventor of this misguided road to independence." As the disease became well known, it entered the adolescent repertory of gestures. Me-too anorexia increased, and Bruch wondered if the illness would lose one of its characteristic features—that it represented to the victim a very special achievement.

The books established Bruch as America's leading expert on anorexia, and anorexics followed her from all over the country to Houston, where she was teaching at Baylor. *Conversations With Anorexics*, a posthumous volume edited from Bruch's dictated draft by two of her associates, describes in some detail the actual course of her treatment of several patients. There are themes in her approach: she refused to engage in discussions of food with anorexics but plunged directly toward the personality disorders underlying their food refusal, and she tended to see a radical absence of self-esteem as the root problem, produced by well-meaning but intrusive parents, whose very kindness toward their children sometimes inhibits their independence. A supremely gifted therapist, she inspired trust in these notoriously difficult patients, all of whom (it is sobering to realize) had failed in treatment with other psychiatrists. Her evident concern for them, her respect for their intelligence, her imaginative understanding of their obsession, her insistence that any cure involves joint work—these seem to be the secrets of her success.

The obvious audience for this book consists of therapists and anorexics and

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their families, but others will want to read it too, including therapy voyeurs like me who find it as irresistible to listen to other people's privileged conversations as to read their collected letters. In this respect *Conversations With Anorexics*, which is organized thematically and reverts under different headings to talks with the same patients, is less gripping than Salvador Minuchin's *Psychosomatic Families*, which provides exact transcripts of therapeutic sessions. It is also less satisfying than Bruch's evocative classic on anorexia, *The Golden Cage*. Nevertheless, a complete course of reading in this subject should include *Conversations* for its vivid representation of the anorexic's inner world.

ANOREXIA IS SO metaphorical that people are unusually eager to say what it means. "It's all about control." Or "The point is postponing sexuality." I know a former anorexic who says that in the days when it took her two hours to eat an apple, all she wanted was to be thin. Simple as that. Much simpler than the experts make it. "They're wrong to say anorexics lack self-esteem. I thought I was the greatest. I thought I looked fabulous. My friends said I looked awful, like someone in a concentration camp. I thought they were saying that because they were jealous. They wanted to destroy this beautiful thing I had created." It is eerie to hear someone speaking just like Hilde Bruch says anorexics speak, providing textbook examples of the use of the disease as an achievement to mask low self-esteem, of distorted body image, and of competitiveness. "And you know," my stable and reasonable friend goes on, "part of me still thinks I never looked better and my friends *were* just jealous." Another friend, a mental-health professional, supports her suspicion: "There were these two angels on the ward. You could practically see their halos, they were so beautiful, so ethereal. Then they got cured and looked like everyone else." (Men who think that women aspire to look like Marilyn Monroe or some other curvy movie star don't understand the power on female imaginations of fashion magazines and their anorexic models.)

An artist named Eleanor Antin did a conceptual piece in the late sixties or early seventies that I've never forgotten. It consisted of nude photographs of herself taken at intervals over some months while she dieted. The photos recorded the gradual sculpting, as though by an invisible Praxiteles, of her body into ever more lovely forms—an inspired tribute to an art many practice who would never wield brush or chisel.

You can draw the line wherever you want—pierced ears and sculpted nails are where I call it quits—but there are few American women, no matter how serious about business, politics, or the life of the mind, who do not participate in creating their bodies as works of art. When I sit down at my makeup table, look in the mirror, and improve my face with pencil, shadow, mascara, and blush, I feel part of a tradition that includes Cleopatra, Colette, Simone de Beauvoir, and Gloria Steinem. When I try to think of women I respect whom I can't imagine sitting in front of a mirror and making themselves up, I think of two—Virginia Woolf and Simone Weil—who were probably anorexic. One way or another, it gets to you. That's why I suspect that many women who never had anorexia, who rather wish they'd had a touch of it, will be as fascinated by these books as I was. Although we may not follow the anorexic across the border into self-destructive illness, many of us, weighing ourselves daily, anxious about eating, wary of calories, obsessed with food, regarding our bodies as a willed achievement, can feel with her a frightening kinship. □

EVERYTHING BUT DIPLOMACY

BY ROBERT A. PASTOR

BANANA DIPLOMACY:
The Making of American Policy in Nicaragua, 1981–1987
by Roy Gutman.
Simon and Schuster, $19.95.

IN FEW AREAS did the Reagan Administration want to break more completely with past U.S. policy than in Nicaragua. Republicans viewed "the Marxist takeover" of that country, in July of 1979, as a symptom of U.S. weakness in the world, and their 1980 party platform demanded the end of President Jimmy Carter's aid program and the start of a U.S. effort to "support the efforts of the Nicaraguan people to establish a free and independent government."

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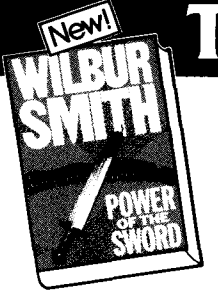

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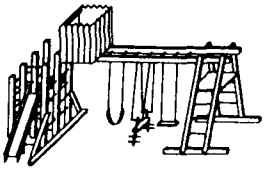

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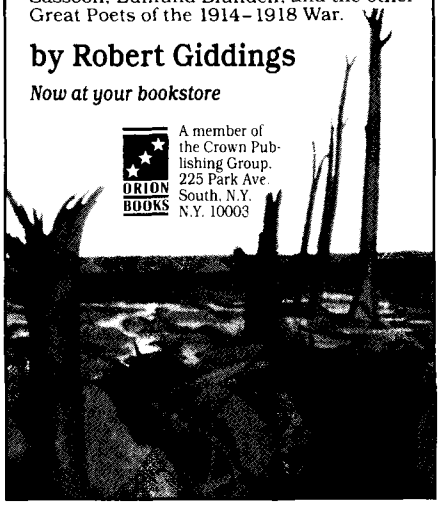

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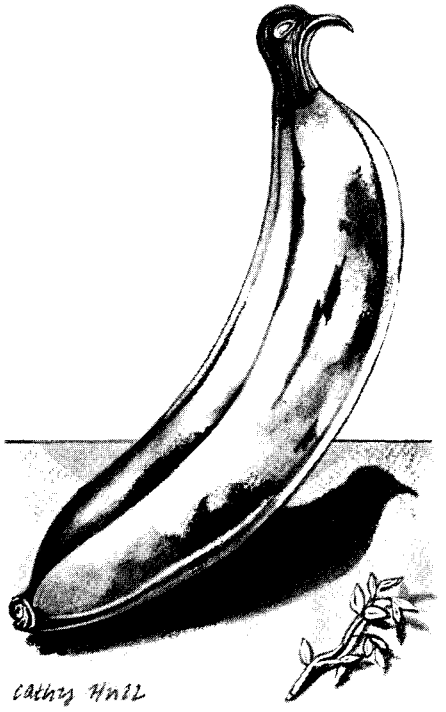
of the deal struck between Senator Jesse Helms and Representative Jack Kemp at the Republican convention which led to that ostensibly innocuous language. John Carbaugh, Helms's aide, was told to strengthen the platform's plank on Central America, and he proudly recalls writing that phrase with the express purpose of signaling Republican intentions to overthrow the Sandinistas.

After taking office President Ronald Reagan fired or pushed out many in the government who were associated with Latin America and assembled a new team that, in Roy Gutman's words, "had one thing in common: all its members lacked Latin American experience." After three months the Administration ended aid to the Nicaraguan government; seven months later the President signed an executive order authorizing the Central Intelligence Agency to organize and direct a counter-insurgency group that attacked the Nicaraguan government. Conservatives, however, had been working toward that goal even before Reagan was inaugurated. Gutman's book is at its best when it lets these conservatives, Carbaugh among them, describe how they maneuvered the Administration into embracing the contras.

Gutman is *Newsday*'s national-security correspondent and one of the most perceptive—and fairest—reporters on the Washington foreign-policy beat. His book follows the ricochet of bureaucratic politics in the Reagan Administration as it made policy toward Nicaragua from 1981 to 1987. The idea of supporting the contras, according to Gutman, is "a case study of the perils of fighting strategic battles in secret, on the cheap, and by proxy." Because the "freedom fighters" became a shining star in the conservative firmament, there are many on the right who claim to have been present at the creation. These include Carbaugh and a North Carolina friend of his, Nat Hamrick; an ambitious Honduran army officer named Gustavo Álvarez; a group of Argentine military officers who had been responsible for the "dirty war"; and disaffected Nicaraguans, including numerous National Guard officers. Gutman also discovers Anastasio Somoza's fingerprints on the fledgling guerrilla force.

These various groups cemented an agreement in August of 1981, with the help of Duane "Dewey" Clarridge, the flamboyant chief of Latin American operations in the CIA. The Honduran chief of military intelligence asked Clarridge whether the United States would renege on its commitment to overthrow the Nicaraguan government, as it had done with Cuba. Clarridge assured him: "Believe me, colonel, there will never be a new Bay of Pigs."

At the same time, however, Tom Enders, the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, was in Managua trying to negotiate a *modus vivendi* with the Sandinistas. He and Secretary of State Alexander Haig were unaware that the CIA had just committed the United States to the contras, and Haig, indeed, objected to the plan to establish the contras when it was formally proposed, in November of 1981.



President Reagan himself once joked that "the right hand [of his Administration] did not know what the extreme-right hand was doing," and this certainly applies to his policy toward Nicaragua. Reagan preferred to receive consensus recommendations rather than choose between the members of his Cabinet—a point that Haig did not understand. In practice this meant that the President approved vague objectives while each department was left to pursue its own project.

The CIA had its covert operation, the Pentagon had its military exercises in Honduras and around Nicaragua, and the State Department consulted with regional allies and made a show of negotiating with the Sandinistas. When Congress prohibited support for the contras, in 1984, the National Security Council, the President's staff, became, in Robert McFarlane's words, the "agency of last resort." Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North asked Richard Secord to establish an "Enterprise"—a private "off-the-shelf" operation that was accountable to neither Congress nor U.S. law—to run the contras until new funds could be obtained from Congress.

These shards of policy never added up to a strategy. A few people in the State Department periodically tried to use the leverage provided by the Pentagon's threats and the CIA's contra operations to pursue U.S. interests through diplomacy, but, as Gutman has noted, "any accommodation with the Sandinistas was open to attack from the right as a betrayal of the contras. The issue [of how to use the contras for realistic objectives] was postponed, and the problem [of how to pursue U.S. interests in Nicaragua] was papered over."

The debate within the Reagan Administration has been between the doctrinaire and the pragmatic conservatives, with the former generally winning. As John Carbaugh explained, Haig and Enders and the officials who succeeded them "realized they had to throw a bone to the right-wingers. They can't have the Soviet Union or the Middle East or Western Europe. All are too important. So they've given them Central America." When Reagan began talks with the "evil empire," some thought that he would begin serious negotiations with Nicaragua as well. But in fact a more flexible policy toward the Soviets compelled the Administration to be even more hard-line toward Nicaragua, lest Carbaugh's "right-wingers" jump from Reagan's train. One ambassador said that the people in the Administration who won the debates were those "who shoot down negotiations rather than people who negotiate."

The Administration grew so fixated on the contras and so certain that negotiations with the Sandinistas were a waste of time that they backed into the goal of overthrowing the government even though few believed that was possible. Bureaucratic intrigues prevented a consensus on other goals, and so the Administration did not try to use the contras to negotiate U.S. interests with the Sandinistas. Indeed, it tried to avoid or undermine other initiatives, such as the Contadora group and the Arias plan, because it feared that they would reduce congressional support for the contras.

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The result was a "formula for stalemate" within the U.S. government and between Washington and governments in the region.

The Reagan Administration therefore pursued an unrealizable dream—the overthrow of the Sandinistas—at exorbitant cost and in lieu of achievable objectives. Since the contra war started, in March of 1982, Nicaragua has suffered more than 50,000 casualties—an appalling figure in a nation of fewer than three million people—and the economy has plummeted backward thirty years. The war polarized the country, impelling numerous leaders to leave and join the contras. Virtually the entire contra political leadership, including Adolfo Calero, left Nicaragua *after* the CIA organized the contras, not before.

The success of the contra program was measured in terms of the damage it did to Nicaragua rather than in terms of how it advanced U.S. interests. Indeed, Robert McFarlane, the third of Reagan's six national-security advisers, admitted to Congress that the Administration never even did "a thorough and concerted analysis of our Nicaraguan problem [with] a clear definition of U.S. interests." Gutman's intriguing book is a crisply written and thoroughly researched report on the byzantine causes and tragic consequences of Reagan's policy toward Nicaragua. But it provides no analysis of U.S. interests, nor does it offer an alternative strategy for their successful pursuit.

THE UNITED STATES has three sets of interests in Nicaragua, and the contras were probably unnecessary to secure them.

Strategically, the United States should seek to limit Nicaragua's military relationship with the Soviet Union and Cuba. Although at first the Sandinistas were reluctant to negotiate this security interest with the United States, they were compelled to accept it tacitly, and by 1983 they had proposed the outlines of a security treaty that went some distance toward satisfying U.S. concerns. By that time the Reagan Administration was committed to the contras and refused to negotiate.

The second set of interests—to stop Nicaraguan support for insurgents in other countries—was addressed by both the Contadora treaties and the Arias plan. Both proposed international inspection teams to visit each Central American country to monitor and thus

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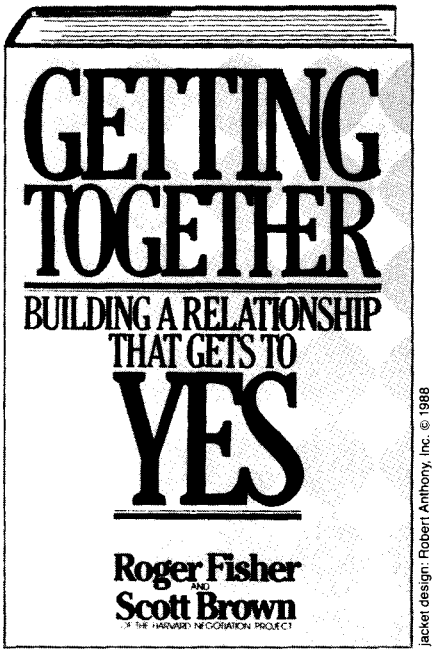

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Answers to the June Puzzles

"TRAFFIC JAM"

Stoplights. A. DESI-STS (*side* anag.) B. F-LAGGED C. W-RESTED D. CRYPTS (*STP* rev.) E. S(P)ENT *The Tour*. a. T(I)RADE b. E-SCARGOT (*e* + anag.) c. TRIGONOM-E-TRY (*motoring* anag.) d. YAW-IN-G (*way* rev.) e. G(E)NIUS (anag. + *e*) f. S(AN-I)TATION g. NIGHTCAP (anag.) h. PECTORAL (anag.) i. L-A(GO)-S j. SAH-A-RA(c) (rev.) k. A(SSE-SSE)D (*ess* + *ess* rev.) l. D(OWN)RIVER m. RAT-T(LET)RAP (*part* + *tar* rev.) n. PER-(F)ORATE o. EASELS (*a* for *d* in *Edsels*) p. S(A)-TIRE q. E-AVES r. SEVERE-D s. DIRE(C-TO)R (*rider* anag.) t. RIG-I-D u. DRAG(ON)-S v. STATIC (anag.) w. CAB(I)-NET x. T(ETH-ER)IN-G y. G-HOST z. T-RIVETS aa. S-WIN-DL-E bb. ELBOW (anag.) cc. WAR-FARE (*raw* rev.) dd. ERRANT (hidden) ee. TARIFF (anag. minus *c*) ff. FE(RR)ARI (*a fire* anag.) gg. I-RATE

T	I	R	E	A	V	E	R	E	C	A	P
E	T	A	S	L	E	S	I	D	T	C	E
R	A	D	S	E	S	S	A	R	O	T	H
I	R	E	S	C	A	R	H	A	R	I	G
A	R	T	E	L	E	G	A	L	R	D	I
P	E	F	D	T	T	O	S	B	A	C	N
E	R	F	O	R	A	T	R	I	G	I	O
D	N	I	W	S	R	M	O	N	O	T	A
L	E	R	N	T	E	E	T	E	N	S	T
B	T	A	R	I	V	T	R	Y	A	W	I
O	N	F	E	R	O	H	G	N	E	G	N
W	A	R	R	T	S	E	R	I	U	S	A

ACROSTIC NO. 35

"The pair were playing a game that defied intervention, they were matched like reel and rod and there was no unwinding. They juggled in jargon, dabbled in double-entendres, wallowed in each other's witticisms, . . . all at the expense of the Defendant."

—Daphne Du Maurier, *Mary Anne*

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prevent any transfers of material support to insurgents. The third set of interests—to promote democracy—is best achieved by implementing the Arias plan's calls for internal reconciliation and democratization.

Until the Central Americans took the initiative away from the United States, in August of last year, the Administration's strategy moved Washington away from its interests. From 1982 to 1987 the political space within Nicaragua was systematically reduced, while the government grew more militarized and more dependent on the Soviet Union. The policy also "spawned the biggest scandal of Reagan's administration," leading Gutman to the wry conclusion that "it had more in common with the foreign policy of the banana republics of the past than of a superpower in the late twentieth century." He writes, "Indeed, the Central Americans and the United States seem to have reversed roles." □

BRIEF REVIEWS

THE PIGEON *by Patrick Süskind. Knopf, $14.95.* The author of the elaborate and ambiguous fantasy *Perfume* has followed it with this short and relatively forthright novel about the necessity of privacy, although his protagonist is a ludicrously extreme example of that need. The fellow has a job and an overcrowded one-room Paris apartment, but he has contrived to become as solitary as an Irish hermit on an offshore rock. When his lonely routine is interrupted, he is thrown into panic. The story covers his one day of misery, and the author has succeeded admirably in compelling the reader to take a sympathetic interest in a character who comes as close as possible to being of no interest at all.

THE STONEHENGE PEOPLE *by Rodney Castleden. Routledge & Kegan Paul, $27.50.* Archaeological reports tend to focus on a single site (Karkemish or Mycenae) or a single specialty (pots or pollen counts), a fact that has inspired Mr. Castleden to assemble all the available information from all across Britain and to synthesize it in the hope of creating a general portrait of British Neolithic people and their society. The author is a geographer and geomorphologist rather than an archaeologist, and his view of the shape and quality of land gives an extra dimension to what has been learned about the location of prehistoric populations and their means of subsistence. While many of Mr. Castleden's suppositions are unprovable, they are well argued and consistent, based first on what archaeologists have found and second on what they have not found, such as any evidence of warfare. It is a bit startling to learn that the people who built Stonehenge would look to a modern observer like a gang of pretty but rather fragile fourteen-year-olds. Mr. Castleden rightly credits them with great patience and perseverance. As they seldom lived beyond the age of thirty, they must also have been quick learners with a very good system for preserving and transmitting impressive building skills and ambitious long-range plans.

TRAVELLER *by Richard Adams. Knopf, $18.95.* Mr. Adams's latest novel is an account of the Civil War, related by Robert E. Lee's horse. No doubt the author enjoyed pretending to be a horse. The trouble is, he did it too well. Two hundred and forty-some pages are too many to spend listening to a horse.

TRAIL OF HAVOC *by Patrick Marnham. Viking, $17.95.* Mr. Marnham has been a contributor to *Private Eye*, the English satirical scandal sheet that is sued for libel (and loses) as persistently, if not as regularly, as the sun sets. In the course of one of these libel suits the author found himself unpleasantly located in the dock at the Old Bailey, an experience that caused him to meditate seriously on how he got there. The suit in question harked back to 1974, when the hard-luck gambler Lord Lucan, having apparently murdered his children's nanny by mistake for his wife, disappeared. Mr. Marnham's book, subtitled "In the Steps of Lord Lucan," is an odd mixture of true crime story, sociological reconstruction, and analysis of the British libel laws, which are, by his account, very peculiar indeed and are the most interesting aspect of his rambling text.

GREATER NOWHERES *by Dave Finkelstein and Jack London. Harper & Row, $18.95.* The authors, middle-aged and at loose ends, decided to fulfill their youthful dream of a journey through the Australian bush. They had generous help from the Australian authorities and were hospitably received by the scattered residents of the area. They tried hard to enjoy their venture, but it is clear throughout their dutiful, dispirited account that they did not. A travel book ground out on a let's-get-the-job-done basis can hardly arouse enthusiasm in its readers.

THE HERMIT OF 69TH STREET *by Jerzy Kosinski. Henry Holt/Seaver Books, $19.95.* Mr. Kosinski's latest book is a discussion—possibly even a manifesto—on the predicament of a writer burdened by heredity, history, tradition, language, locality, and a memory that absorbs quotable lines like a sponge and holds them like a dam. The work is disguised as a novel and does indeed contain a loosely strung series of episodes, but its principal interest arises from word games, number games, and ideas sharked up from every text since Gilgamesh. (Well, almost every text. Mr. Kosinski is not superhuman.) Once the reader adjusts to the vertical leaps required by all the footnotes, the book is rewarding as a revelation of what a novelist usually, and mercifully, carries in his head but omits from his fiction.

SPIRIT AND ANCESTOR *by Bill Holm University of Washington, $50.00 and $24.95.* In celebration of its hundredth anniversary, the Burke Museum, of Seattle, offers photographs of 100 items from the institution's enormous collection of Northwest Coast Indian art. The objects range from dance masks to fish hooks, and all of them are, in their separate ways, beautiful. They have been expertly photographed by Eduardo Calderón, and each picture faces a page of text by Bill Holm. Mr. Holm, a veteran authority on Northwest Coast art, has adroitly extended the pedigrees of the individual pieces to encompass history, ethnography, and the principles underlying Indian design. This is a splendidly handsome and informative book about a remarkable culture.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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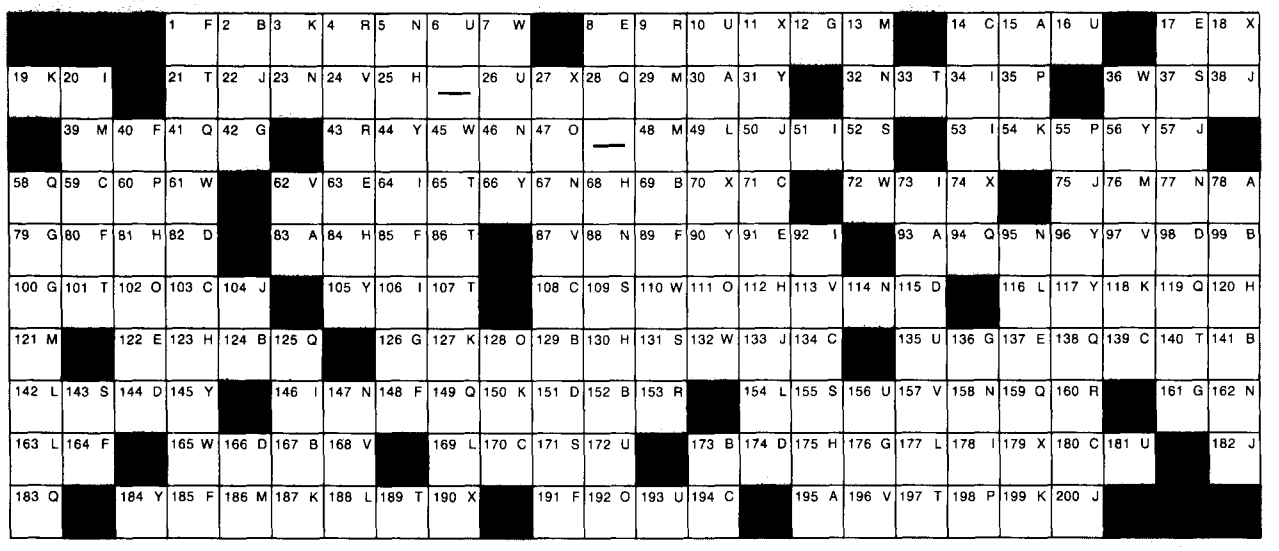
ACROSTIC NO. 36

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 35 appears on page 87.

A. Cheap, showy trinket — 78 30 93 195 15 83

B. Chatterbox; windbag (hyph.) — 99 141 124 129 152 2 173 69 167

C. Cruiser attacked at Pearl Harbor (2 wds.) — 134 59 14 170 103 180 139 108 194 71

D. Greek goddesses of vengeance — 166 98 174 115 151 144 82

E. Residence of Goethe, Schiller, and Nietzsche — 122 91 63 17 8 137

F. State motto of Montana (3 wds.) — 40 85 185 164 148 89 1 191 80

G. Locale of the Sorbonne (2 wds.) — 79 136 176 161 126 100 12 42

H. Middle Ages soldier of fortune (2 wds.) — 175 81 84 123 68 130 112 120 25

I. Narrative poem by Tennyson (2 wds.) — 146 73 51 178 106 34 53 92 20 64

L. Assistant foreman (2 wds.) — 200 182 22 133 38 75 50 57 104

O. Site of an 1881 shootout (2 wds.) — 150 199 3 54 187 19 127 118

Z. Get loose (2 wds.) — 49 177 169 154 163 142 188 116

M. Controversial figure of 1890s France — 29 186 121 39 48 76 13

N. Psychedelic Beatles opus (4 wds.) — 23 114 147 32 162 5 67 88 95 77 158 46

O. Hypothetical light-transmitting medium — 102 47 192 111 128

P. City on the Truckee River — 60 198 35 55

Q. Author of *Salomé* (2 wds.) — 183 159 138 94 41 58 119 149 28 125

R. Noisome — 43 160 9 4 153

S. Dandie Dinmont, e.g. — 109 37 131 171 143 155 52

T. Victimized by a Xanthippe — 33 197 140 189 86 21 101 107 65

U. Physicist and modern positivist (2 wds.) — 172 26 6 16 181 135 193 156 10

V. Dickens's impecunious dreamer — 24 113 87 157 62 97 168 196

W. Unclothed (3 wds.) — 132 36 7 110 61 45 72 165

X. Loss of service in volleyball (hyph.) — 70 27 74 11 18 179 190

Y. Tall drink made with gin (2 wds.) — 105 117 56 184 66 90 96 44 31 145

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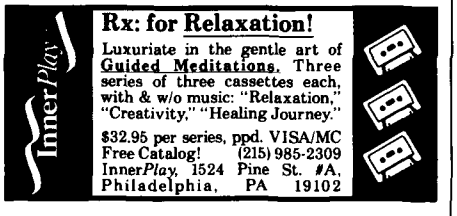

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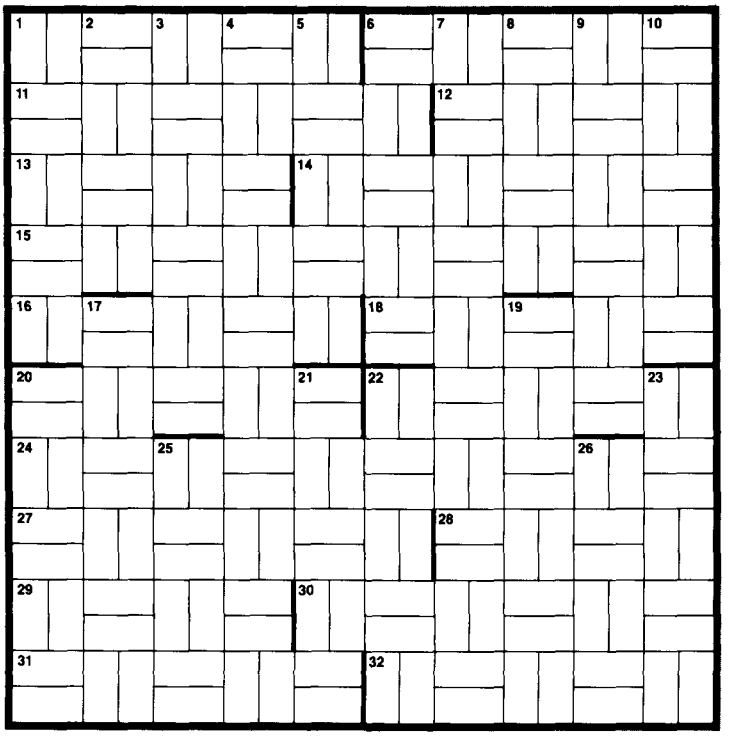
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SPLIT DECISION

(Acknowledgments to J. C. Coulson)

Every square in the diagram is to contain two letters. A square split horizontally accommodates two letters of a Down word, one of them shared by an Across word; a square split vertically accommodates two letters of an Across word, one of them shared by a Down word. When two letters of a word go into the same square, they remain in their proper order. Answers include four proper nouns.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 87.

ACROSS

1. Discover cryptic splits (8)
6. An animal keeping right in the same rank (7)
11. Enthusiast embraces one new expert in money matters (9)
12. A malicious feeling hurried Celtics' starter, also known as . . . (6)
13. . . . Bird, upset about hoop after hoop (6)
14. Flickering starshine becomes less bright (9)
15. Hires sailboat having a $100 profile (15) (*two words*)
16. A cook's last vessel returned to a hot spot (8)
18. Plane takes top pilot east of the ocean's edge (7)
20. City in a pass (7)
22. Musician I observed in Dire Straits (8)
24. Poor old mother's love, with Greek character's quirk, may get very kinky (15)
27. Run off and snatch back a riverman's prop (9) (*two words*)
28. Heading off aid for a navigator that's here (6)
29. A number following debut of circus barker (6)
30. Great help in code! (9)
31. Famed rider takes street's first turn (7)
32. Spy bungled around right in the middle of some tombs (8)

DOWN

1. Fed up with raucous music, get out of the clergy (7)
2. Pass from sight resembling a truck? (6)
3. Framework fences the Greek hog (9)
4. Slang word of approval turned up in puzzling message from a picture-maker (15)
5. Lines in a tragedy engaging vocalist (7)
6. Thornbushes around a river presenting obstacles (8)
7. Doughnut to eat, at that place in court, is last (15) (*four words*)
8. Slip by making errors about drinks (6)
9. Put your finger on a rum canister (9)
10. Songbird gets the bulk of the bacon (8)
17. Wilder and Racine attempt to change the weather (9) (*two words*)
19. Derelict store owned by business in a blaze (9)
20. Something that holds hack poet after school (8)
21. Old fish put inside to be cooked (8)
22. Seafood dip covering cup completely (7)
23. Injured pet housed in shelter (7)
25. French painter frames "Green Drawer" (6)
26. Oriental city has variety of blood, we hear (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

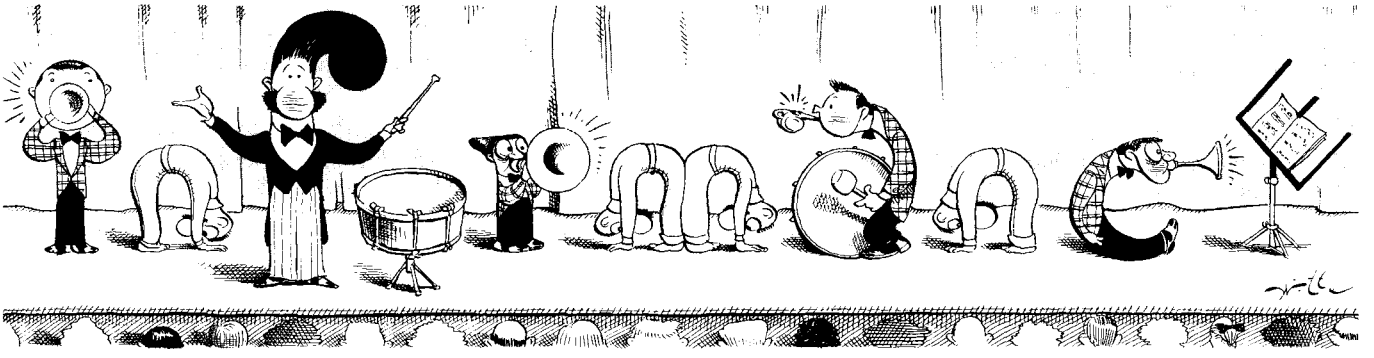
Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

heresthetic *noun*, strategic political maneuvering, management, and manipulation, the goal of which is to structure a situation so that one wins, regardless of whether other participants are persuaded to accept one's views. Common tactics include agenda control, strategic voting, and reformulation of issues. "This is what *heresthetic* is all about: structuring the world so you can win" (William H. Riker, *The Art of Political Manipulation*).
BACKGROUND: Riker, a political scientist and game theorist at the University of Rochester, derived *heresthetic* from the Greek word *haireisthetoi*, which has to do with choosing or selecting. Examples of *heresthetic* in action include the parliamentary trick used in 1980 to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment in the Virginia state legislature and Abraham Lincoln's outmaneuvering of Stephen A. Douglas in their debates. (Lincoln split the Democratic Party by asking Douglas a question about slavery, forcing him to take a stand that, no matter what his answer, would alienate half his support.) We were alerted to the existence of the word by a 1986 *Wall Street Journal* citation: "*Heresthetic* is largely an American art. . . . And it is still an open question whether the American experiment in representative government, led hither and yon by skilled manipulators, can resist the challenge of a determined totalitarianism." Derivative forms of the word include *heresthetician*, *heresthetical*, and *heresthetically*. Perhaps a particularly sophisticated *heresthetician* will one day be called a *heresthete*.

informance *noun*, an informal recital or presentation of an artistic work in progress during which a spokesperson, such as the composer, the choreographer, or a performer, speaks to the audience about matters such as the structure or the meaning of the piece, or the artist's goals and problems in achieving them: "The word *informance* is intended to integrate the informal and the informative aspects of a performance, with a suggestion of intimacy thrown in" (*The New York Times*).
BACKGROUND: *Informance* was coined in 1970 by the singer Judith Allen, of Affiliate Artists, in New York City, the group that pioneered this art form. Allen's coinage is a blend of the terms *informal* and *informative* with *performance*. Informances can be held anywhere but are chiefly found in nontraditional settings, such as factories, church basements, and prisons.

pulk *noun*, a sled about four feet in length and one and three quarters feet in height, shaped somewhat like an elongated dish with runners, crafted typically in fiber-glass-reinforced polyester with a cover and a seat protected by a windshield, and used with a tow shaft to pull a child behind a cross-country skier or hiker: "This children's *pulk* provides the method of transportation considered by ski experts to be the best, most enjoyable way to take small children over ice and snow" (Hammacher Schlemmer catalogue, winter supplement, 1988).
BACKGROUND: Here is an old word that denotes an old means of transportation now enjoying a new use. *Pulk*, also spelled *pulka*, a word whose ultimate roots lie in the Lappish word *bulkke*, came into English as early as 1796 via the Finnish *pulkka*, with the meaning "a Lapland traveling sledge." Hammacher Schlemmer patrons may be interested in some of *pulk*'s relatives. According to Sara Garnes, an associate professor of English at Ohio State University and a specialist in Icelandic and Norwegian, the related Lapp word *bulke* is a term of disparagement in Lapp dialects for a "small, poor, and ugly" *pulk*. Another dialect word, *bulkur*, means "a draught-sledge for transporting manure." The modern *pulk*, whose name has been divested of negative nuances, "became popular in European and Scandinavian countries following World War II, when disabled veterans needed a way to get around in snowy terrain" (*The New York Times*). It is still used by ski troopers in Norway and neighboring countries for transporting tents, sleeping bags, and other supplies. A recent *New England Monthly* article deemed *pulks*, which are recommended for "infants six months or older," a splendid substitute for the "less-than-foolproof rigs [made] out of Snuglis, sleighs, backpacks, and bicycle helmets" used by the ever increasing number of parents who ski cross-country.

wife *verb*, to be relegated to a life of housewifely tasks and concerns: "Liddy Dole's closest aides and supporters were afraid that this ambitious and visible woman would be *wifed*, a mysterious process by which candidates' wives are often turned into adoring Nancys. They were concerned that her identity and résumé would be undercut by a term as helpmeet" (Ellen Goodman).
BACKGROUND: The verb *wife*, meaning "to take a wife," has been in the English language since the year 1387; however, dictionaries have long labeled it obsolete or rare. At last we have a new, viable sense for this old word. The gerund *wifing* used in much the same way as *parenting* and *mothering*, but also considered rare by most dictionaries, is back in favor, as our accumulation of half a dozen citations attests. A sample: "As our institutions begin to ease the pressure, perhaps husbands will be less wearied and be able to do some extra *wifing*" (*Los Angeles Times*).



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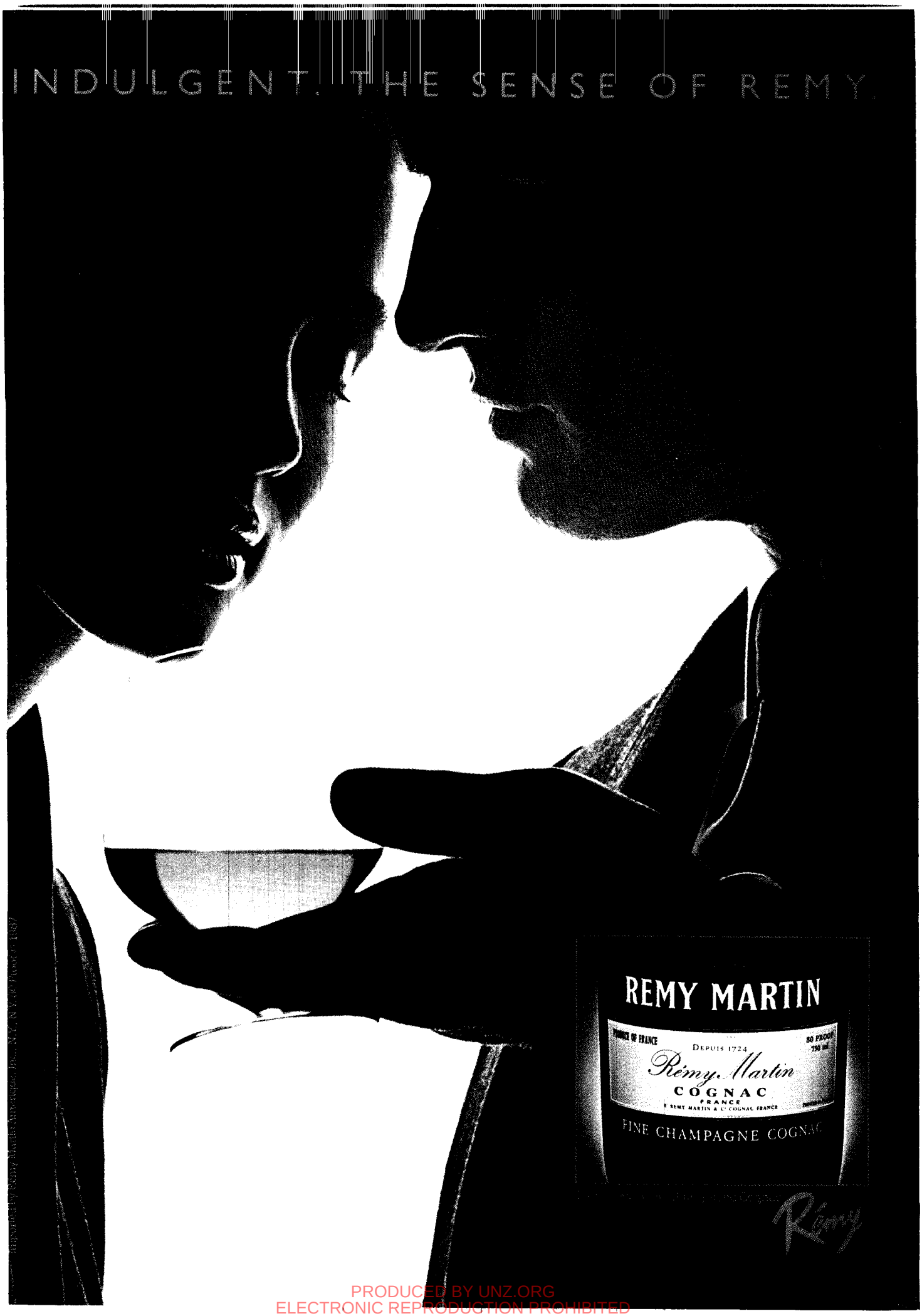

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